

PAMELA's CONDUCT

IN

HIGH LIFE.

as soon
Publish'd from her

ORIGINAL PAPERS

Pamela To which are prefix'd,

Several Curious LETTERS written
to the *Editor* on the Subject.

D U B L I N:

Printed for GEO. FAULKNER in *Essex-street*,
and OLI. NELSON at *Milton's-Head* in
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Cup. 406. h. 22.





THE
INTRODUCTION.

Madam,

I HAD last Night the Honour of being in Company with your Spouse, the Conversation happening to turn on the excellent Character of *Pamela*, (now made publick) he said Mrs. *Fervis* the House-keeper, mentioned in those Letters, was Aunt to his Wife, who had others by her, found among the Papers of Mrs. *Fervis*, written by *Pamela* to her Aunt, Copies of others to different People, and Originals of several which she herself had receiv'd, sufficient to furnish a Volume, if not more, and to compleat her Life.

This Account, Madam, occasions you the Trouble of my Address, as it would be an Injury to the Memory of that incomparable Lady, and to the Publick, which stands in need of such Examples of Virtue, to let them longer lie

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‘ in Oblivion; besides, Madam, you may make
‘ the pious *Pamela* be a Relief to the modest
‘ Poor (even after her Death) by suffering these
‘ Pieces to be printed: A Profit will certainly
‘ arise from their Sale, the Town being so sur-
‘ prizingly. (considering our present Degeneracy)
‘ prepossess’d in her Favour by the two Volumes
‘ of Letters which are publish’d, and as your
‘ easy Fortune sets you above applying to your
‘ own Use such unexpected Money, you may
‘ succeed your Aunt in the Post of Almoner, as
‘ you did in that of House-keeper to the illustrious
‘ *Pamela*.

I am, Madam,

Your very humble Servant,

*To Mrs. Mary
Brenville.*

B. W.

S I R,

‘ **I**N Answer to the Favour of yours, I assure
‘ you I shall readily come into any Proposal
‘ which may contribute to the perpetuating the
‘ sweet Odour of my late inestimable Lady’s Me-
‘ mory.

‘ Mr. *Brenville* informed you truly, with re-
‘ gard to the Letters I have by me, but I am
‘ no Judge as to their making either one or more
‘ Volumes.

‘ I did indeed succeed my Aunt in the Care
‘ of the Family in *Bedfordshire*, but you will
‘ observe in perusing the Letters in my Posses-
‘ sion, that I had the Honour of being admitted
‘ to that exemplary Lady’s Service some Time
‘ before the Death of my Aunt *Jervis*. I am
‘ mentioned

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' mentioned by my Maiden Name, *Vaughan*,
' House-keeper at the *Lincolnshire* Estate after
' Mrs. *Jewkes* was dismiss'd.

' Beside the Letters you mention in yours I
' have some loose Notes, which, possibly, with
' what I may be able to recollect of Passages
' while in her Service, to her Death, (a Period,
' when it occurs to my Memory, which will still
' call forth my Tears) may enable you to compile
' the Life of that Pattern of Humility and Piety.

' Whenever you please to fix a Day, I will put
' all the Papers I have into your Hands for your
' Perusal, and if you think they may be of use
' to the Publick, and an advantage to the Necessi-
' tious, I shall chearfully resign them to your
' Discretion.

' If you are not of Opinion that they will an-
' swer these Views, I must insist on your re-
' turning them, I prize these Papers greatly, and
' have been the better for often reading them.
' Indeed some of my Acquaintance who have read
' this literary Correspondence, have said it was
' with Pleasure and Profit, that they contain
' such excellent Instructions for our Conduct in
' this Life, as, if follow'd, may secure our Hap-
' piness both here and hereafter.

' The Reverend Mr. *M*—, to whom I
' lent them, said, for he knew my Lady, that
' none but herself could so well have drawn
' her Picture: She was what she appears in her
' Writings, a dutiful and loving Daughter, a
' most observant and obliging Wife, a humane
' and considerate Mistress, and a tender Mother
' to the Poor. I do not mention, continued
' the Divine, her Prudence with Regard to her
' Children, though I was an Eye-Witness of

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it, because the Papers, you have hitherto favour'd me with, do not reach to that Period of her exemplary Life.

You may observe, Sir, there is at the End of the second Volume of my Lady's Letters already publish'd, a summary Account of her Life, what Papers I have by me may, I believe, help you to one more satisfactory. You will in one of her Letters find the Lady *Davers*, notwithstanding the Resolutions she had made, notwithstanding the great Affection she had for her Brother, and the Apprehensions she had of his Resentment; notwithstanding her Complaisance for her Lord, and the Danger of incurring the Censure of all Persons of good Sense, and Admirers of Virtue, could not, when at my Lady's House (out of her Brother's Sight and Hearing) get the better of her Pride, and treat her on a better foot than she did her own Woman.

My Lady's good Sense and exemplary Humility would not allow her to relent or complain of this Treatment; so far from it, she took more Care to conceal it from her Husband than Lady *Davers* did from her Brother, for even before him she made appear a visible Reluctance to be barely civil. My Lord, on the other hand, who was no Stranger to this unreasonable Haughtiness of his Lady, shew'd his charming Sister, such he commonly called her, the Respect due to a Lady of the first Rank for Birth; for which, when he was once called to an Account by Lady *Davers*, he answer'd, that his charming Sister's Virtue, her Piety, and excellent Temper commanded not only his, but the Love and Respect of all who know her, except one senseless, haughty Lady.

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‘ Lady of his Acquaintance, to whom he wish’d
‘ half the (by her) despised *Pamela*’s Merit.

‘ My Lord one Day said to my good Lady,
‘ charming Sister, were you not the Quintessence
‘ of (of what we call) Goodness on Earth,
‘ you could never away with my Wife’s insulting
‘ Temper.

‘ She answer’d, My Lady is very good; but
‘ did she use me in the most cruel Manner, what
‘ would your Lordship think of my Gratitude to
‘ my Benefactor, my dear Master, could I resent
‘ even the worst Treatment from his Sister?

‘ It is true, my Lord, that good Lady cannot
‘ as yet prevail on herself to distinguish between
‘ the Brother’s Wife, and her Mother’s Servant.
‘ But is this wonderful? Has not my dear Master,
‘ in doing me the greatest Honour, given her La-
‘ dyship the highest Provocation? Time, my Lord,
‘ which asswages Grief, will, I hope, with
‘ my observant Respect, abate her Ladyship’s
‘ Anger.

‘ My Lady *Davers* herself would often gaze
‘ with Pleasure on her Beauties; nay, when by
‘ themselves praise her Virtue, and of a sudden
‘ fold her Arms round her Waste, kiss and pro-
‘ test she loved and admired her: In a moment
‘ after, as if recovered from a Trance, push my
‘ Lady away, and cry, *Pamela*, leave the Room,
‘ thou makest me demean myself. I love thee,
‘ but it does not become my Character that the
‘ World, or even thou should’st know it. Go,
‘ Wench, complain of thy rigid Stars that gave
‘ thee not a more conspicuous Birth, or cruel
‘ Custom and my elevated Rank, which will
‘ not, with Decency, allow me to reward thy
‘ Merit and oblige my dear Brother by shewing
‘ how much I prize and esteem it.

‘ My

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‘ My Master one Day reproaching her Ladyship for not calling my Lady Sister, she answered, Dear Brother, I have already gone great Lengths to please you, which really I blush at. Allow me Time, I may still go farther, but I cannot, as easily as you have done, forget the vast Difference there is in our Births. I acknowledge your *Pamela*’s good Sense, Humility, and Virtue; nay, I think her the most beautiful Creature that ever I yet set my Eyes on. But when I reflect upon the Meanness of her Origin, that Thought effaces all her Perfections.

‘ My Master who knew the Temper of both these Ladies, answered, My dear Sister, I will leave you to my Wife to work a Cure.—I am sure the good Sense of *Pamela* must prove too hard, at long run, for the groundless Pride of the Peerefs.

‘ But I am got upon a Subject which gives me so much Pleasure that I shall grow tiresome. What I have just now written I had from my Aunt, who was an Ear and Eye Witness of what I have set down.

‘ Mr. *Brenville* who desires to give you this himself, will do me the Favour to let me know the Day you will please to appoint, and I will certainly be in the Way and have the Papers ready.

I am,

S I R,

Your very humble Servant,

M. Brenville.

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To Mrs. Brenville

Madam,

MR. Brenville did me the Favour of the Letter your good Nature and Regard for the late amiable Mrs. B—'s Memory obliged me with. If it is not inconvenient, I will wait on you this Day sev'nnight. I take so long a Space that you may not hurry yourself in collecting your Papers.

I return you Thanks for your ready Compliance with the Request of,

Madam,

Your very humble Servant.

B. W.

To Mrs. Brenville.

Madam,

SINCE you favoured me with the Sight of your Papers I have applied myself solely to the reading them. Indeed, I could not anywhere have met with so agreeable an Entertainment. The lovely *Pamela* writes with Solidity and Judgment much beyond what can be expected from her Age, for these Letters, which you have obliged me with, mention her first Pregnancy only; and we may gather from the Volumes already publish'd, and her Journey into *Kent*, with which these Papers commence, that it must have been pretty soon after her Marriage, and she was, we learn, married at the Age of Sixteen.

Her

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“ Her Religion check'd her natural Vivacity, or (I discover by her Writing) she could have been very satirical. 'Tis visible the Lady wanted neither Wit nor Sprit, and as evident, that they were both subjected to reason and good Nature.

“ Your Aunt, good Mrs. *Jervis*, observes in her Notes that her Lady left *Bedfordshire* and set out for *London* and *Kent*, as the first Letter shews, a few Days after Lord and Lady *Davers's* Departure. That Mr. B—— represented so far that Lady's Obstinacy in her refusing to own his Wife a Sister, by giving her that Appellation, he could not, by even the Entreaties of his dear *Pamela*, be prevail'd upon to write to her, till after she was thoroughly reconciled to that charming Lady. That they, Mr. B—— and his *Pamela* leaving *Lincolnshire*, staid at the Seat in *Bedfordshire* till the beginning of *January*. That about the *Michaelmas* before her Ladyship was gratified in the Desire she had of Miss *Goodwin* being committed to her Care. That she was extremely fond of the Child, neglected nothing for the forming her Mind and giving her a virtuous and genteel Education. That she never visited any where without her, and kept her constantly in her Sight. That as on the one Hand Mrs. B—— was as a tender and prudent Mother to her, so on the other, Miss behaved as a dutiful and fond Daughter to her reputed Aunt.

“ I have consulted a Bookseller, who, I dare say very justly, bears the Character of a Man of great Probity. He looked over the Papers you have entrusted in my Hand, said they may make about thirteen or fourteen Sheets of
“ Print,

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‘ Print, on the same Letter, and the same sized
‘ Paper with the two Volumes already published;
‘ and if they were writ with as much Spirit, and
‘ the same elegant Ease as those which have ap-
‘ peared, and been so justly admired, he would be
‘ a Purchaser.

‘ I am now to ask your Permission, Madam,
‘ for his reading them. I answer for their being
‘ safely returned.’

I am, Madam,

Your very humble Servant,

W. B.

S I R,

‘ **A** S I know your own, I cannot doubt his
‘ Probity, whom you speak a Man of Worth.
‘ you may let the Bookseller you mention peruse
‘ the Papers; and if he proves a Purchaser, I wish
‘ him good Luck in the Sale, may he reap a Pro-
‘ fit and the Readers Benefit.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

M. Brenville.

P. S. ‘ I leave you to agree about the Price, as
‘ I can’t doubt your doing me that Favour, if the
‘ Papers are approved by your Acquaintance.

Madam,

‘ **I** Thank you for the Loan of your second Pac-
‘ quet which I read with great Pleasure. I
‘ shewed it the Bookseller with whom I agreed
‘ for the first Parcel. He is of Opinion they will
‘ make another Volume; but is willing to see
‘ how the first is received by the Publick before
‘ he purchases the second: For although the
‘ Town has done Justice to the Virtuous *Pamela*
‘ in

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in receiving the first Volumes with great Indulgence, yet there have appeared so many sensual Censurers of that Work; so many have made it their Business, either through a malevolent Nature, or to appear more penetrating than the rest of Mankind, or from an Apprehension that Virtue may charm, by the lovely Figure she makes in those Letters. So many, I say, have risen up to depreciate them, that he doubts the Volume, which he has already put to the Press, meeting with the same favourable Reception. Indeed, I can't say but he has Ground for his Apprehensions; for Vice has more Advocates than Virtue, and from whatever Cause it may proceed, we find the Generality of Mankind more ready to listen to Detraction and spread Calumny, than to join in and propagate the Praise due to Virtue. I have heard several criticise in publick Companies the two First Volumes; but, who were the Men? Young Fellows and Old Letchers, of most profligate Lives, who always made Religion the Subject of their Ridicule. I never yet heard a Person of good Sense and sound Principles mention those excellent Letters, but with the Character they merit and have acquired among People of Virtue and Judgment.

Two Pieces have appeared in Print to depreciate the Esteem they have justly gained, both however visibly calculated with the primary View of being paid for the Dirt they fling. The first of these, I mean, that which is entitled *An Apology*, &c. has some low Humour adapted to the Standard of a *petit Maitre's* Capacity; but, I believe, the Author, whoever he is, has not got much Reputation by this
Pro-

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Production, except among the Weak and Vicious.

' The Second has for Title *Pamela censur'd*; and is a Piece of *Curliſm*; the greater Part a Transcript from *Pamela's* Letters. Indeed, it is below Notice; however, I ſhall ſay this much of the Author, that he is unfair in his Quotations, and gives us ſuch an Idea of his own vicious Inclination, that it would not (I fear) wrong him to think the Shrieks of a Woman in Labour would excite his Paſſions, and the Agonies of a dying Woman enflame his Blood, and ſtimulate him to commit a Rape. He diſcovers ſo much of the Satyr, I mean not in his Wit, that I think his Book deſerves the Executioner's Hand to convey it to the Flames.

' I ſhall paſs by his Contradiſtions with Regard to the Character he draws of the Editor, or as he will have it *Author*, who appears in his Party-colour'd Writing a very *artful, ſilly* Writer, a Man of fine Senſe, and excellent in his Method of conducting the whole Piece, but at the ſame time vain, ignorant, and incorrect.

' This Author's firſt Remark, Page 26, is too poor to censure. 'Tis down-right *ſilly*. His next, p. 28, is like the *Roman* Perſecution of the Chriſtians, who ſewed them in Bears Skins and then baited them. How unfair he is, and how much of the Goat he has in his Conſtitution are viſible. *Pamela ſays*, ' *I juſt remember I got into the Room; for I knew nothing farther of the Matter till afterwards: I fell into a Fit with my Fright and Terror; and there I lay, till he, I ſuppoſe, looking through the Key-hole, ESPYED ME LYING ALL ALONG,*

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STRETCH'D OUT AT MY LENGTH; *and then he called Mrs. Jervis to me, who, by his Assistance, bursting open the Door, he went away, I seeming to be coming to myself; and bid her say nothing of the Matter, if she was wise. Poor Mrs. Jervis thought it was worse.*

What is there immodest in this Account, what to excite any Passions but those of Pity for a virtuous young Creature, and Indignation to a tyrannical lewd Man of Fortune? How do the Fright, the Terror, and Apprehensions of a defenceless Virgin kindle Desire? and when they have deprived her of Sense, how can we fairly from the Words of *Pamela's* Letter gather, that she fell in an indecent Posture? Well, but the Warmth of Imagination in this virtuous Censurer supplies the rest: He can't suppose that she could possibly fall but as he has painted her, and if the Editor has been defective in CONVEYING THE MOST ARTEFUL AND ALLURING AMOROUS IDEAS, if the Letters do not abound with Incidents which must necessarily raise, in the unwary Youth that read them, EMOTIONS *far distant* from the PRINCIPLES of VIRTUE. If they are not replete with *Images to enflame* the Censurer endeavours to repair the Fault. He, not the Editor, contrives to give an Idea of *Pamela's* hidden Beauties, and would have you imagine she lies in the most immodest Posture, such a one, as Mrs. *Jervis* thought Things had gone farther, but can this be gathered from *Pamela's* Account, or is not this virtuous Censurer endeavouring to impress in the Minds of Youth that read his Defence of Modesty and Virtue, *Images that may enflame?* Was not, says he, the *Squire* very modest to
with

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withdraw? for she lay in such a pretty Posture,
that Mrs. Jervis thought it was worse. Why
did Mrs. Jervis think this from the pretty
Posture? Nay, how could she think it from any
Posture? when the same Account tells us she and
the Squire were obliged to burst open the Door,
for Mrs. Jervis to get in to her Assistance:
Is it not more reasonable for Mrs. Jervis to
conclude as she did, from the unruly lawless
Passion with which she knew her Master tor-
mented, from the Obstinacy of his Temper,
and from the Hopes he might entertain, being
Master of a large Fortune, that he might, born
up by that, stem the Tide of Justice, and per-
petrate the greatest Villainy with Impunity?
We are told in the Letters that she fainted
away, and fell on the Floor stretch'd at her
Length, and as her Gown was caught in, and
torn by the Door, she must fall too near it, in
whatever Posture, to shew any latent Beauties,
but what is there indecent in this Relation? Is
there any particular Posture described? Oh, but
the Censurer lays her in one which may enflame,
you must imagine as lasciviously as he does; if
the Letter has not discover'd enough, the pious
Censurer lends a Hand, and endeavours to sur-
feit your Sight by lifting the Covering which was
left by the Editor, and with the Hand of a boiste-
rous Ravisher takes the Opportunity of Pamela's
being in a Swoon to——But I am writing to
a Lady, and shall leave his gross Ideas to such
as delight to regale their Sensuality on the most
luscious and enflaming Images.

As to his Question, whether the Squire was
not modest? I answer, the Squire shews he
had some Humanity, and was touch'd with
Remorse

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‘ Remorse at the Distress he himself occasioned.
 ‘ This, no doubt the Censurer, who seems as
 ‘ much divested of Humanity as a Stranger to Vir-
 ‘ tue or even Decency, blames the ‘Squire for in
 ‘ his Heart, thinks him a silly Country Booby, a
 ‘ half-paced Sinner, a Milk-sop to be capable of
 ‘ Compassion, and no doubt would gladly have
 ‘ had him gone thorough, that he might have had
 ‘ the Pleasure of imaginary Pimping, and have
 ‘ *surfeited his Sight*.

‘ But this unfair Censurer fearing he has not
 ‘ yet warm’d the Imagination of his Readers, lays
 ‘ *Pamela* in a Posture, and particularizes her latent
 ‘ Charms, P. 31. and then charges his own lux-
 ‘ urious Fancy on the Author, as he calls the E-
 ‘ ditor.

‘ *Pamela* talks very rationally to Mrs. *Fervis*,
 ‘ foresees Consequences, and concludes, *she that*
 ‘ *can’t keep her Virtue ought to live in Disgrace*.
 ‘ At this our Censurer cries out, *Fine Instructions*
 ‘ *truly!*

‘ But it is impossible with Decency to follow
 ‘ this luscious Censurer, really I had scarce Pa-
 ‘ tience to read, and therefore you will not ex-
 ‘ pect me to rake longer in his Dirt. I have
 ‘ written enough to shew you of what Stamp are
 ‘ all the Calumniators of the virtuous *Pamela*.
 ‘ How sensual and coarse their Ideas, how inhu-
 ‘ mane their Sentiments, how immoral their Prin-
 ‘ ciples, how vile their Endeavours, how unfair
 ‘ their Quotations, how lewd and weak their Re-
 ‘ marks. I am,

Madam,

Your very humble Servant,

B. W.

PAMELA’S



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IN

HIGH LIFE.

Dear Mrs. JERVIS,

Nothing material happen'd on our Journey. The Road and Inns are so well known to you, that I may very well pass them by without Notice. On *Friday* we arrived, without any cross Accident, in Town, which my dear Master says is now Empty, though by the number of People thronging the Streets, I thought, and innocently asked Mr. B—, if it was Market day, at which he laugh'd very heartily, to my no little Surpize, for I could not then comprehend how that Question could excite his Mirth.

I need not tell you that my dear Master's House in *London* is very fine, though not to compare with either of his Country Seats; but then the Furniture is much richer; what astonish'd me was, there is not an Ounce of Plate to be seen, except a few Silver Spoons. I took an Opportunity to ask *Jonathan* the Reason of this, and he

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answer'd,

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answer'd, that the Town-plate is always left at a Goldsmith's, while his Master is in the Country, and said he, as he does not intend to stay longer than necessary, to recover your Ladyship from the Fatigue of your Journey; for this Reason it is not sent for. He designs to see Nobody, either at home, or abroad, and has ordered that none of the Domesticks appear in his Livery about the Streets, to prevent Visits.

Saturday Morning, a very handsome Coach, the Coach-man out of Livery came to the Door at about Eleven, while we were at Breakfast, of which Mr. B—— having Notice given him, he said, come my *Pamela*, I will give you a transient View of the Town. I was dress'd, as you know I always am before that Hour, and my dear Master, the Tea-table being removed, took me by the Hand, saying, what may be an Entertainment to you, would I know be a Fatigue to your Parents, who will find no Novelty to amuse them: Madam, continued he speaking to my Mother, Dinner will be ready at three; if we should not be return'd, by that Time, don't expect us till Evening, and making a very respectful bow to my Father and Mother, handed me into the Coach.

We drove from his House, in *Arlington-street*, to *Westminster-Abby*. I was surprized to see so large a Town, and such a Number of Inhabitants, which exceeded the Ideas I had form'd of both. As we pass'd *Charing-Cross*, my dear Master made me take Notice of the Statue of King *Charles* on Horse-back; he told me, that after the Murder of that pious Monarch, this Statue was taken down and sold to a Copper-Smith at the Rate as old Metal is sold; that the Man, into whose *Hands* it came, being a Loyalist in his Heart, buried the Statue

Statue in the Ground, and it was thus preserved and replaced after the Restoration.

Being come to the Abbey, I was shewn the Tombs, *the glorious Circumstances of the Dead*, as Sir *Thomas Callicoe* says in *Sir Courtly Nice*. This Sight caused my reflecting on the short Duration of all worldly Glory, and the Folly of Ambition.

Having had an Account from the Man (who shews the Repository of the Remains of our Monarchs, as *they shew strange Beasts in the Market Towns*, to make a Penny) of every particular Tomb, My dear Mr. B——shew'd me the House of Lords, House of Commons, and *Westminster-Hall*.

He then put me into the Coach and ordered it to stop at the *New-Exchange*, where we alighted. He handed me to a Milliner's Shop, and asked the Mistress, if she thought it afforded any Thing worth the Acceptance of his little *Charmer*, who he had promised should be her Customer, and now said he, I come to make you an Eye-Witness of my Happiness, and to desire in your hearing that she will make good my Word. I answer'd, that his will wou'd always be a Law to me.

The Milliner, a very pretty Woman, and well bred, free from the Mean fulsome Rôte of Dealers, who by a flow of meanless Words, flatter themselves they can impose upon your Judgment, and make you pay for their fair Speeches, made me a short Compliment upon what Mr. B—— had said, and then answer'd him, that she was satisfied, the Change cou'd afford nothing which the Beauty of his Lady would not be a Disadvantage to, for who looked upon her cou'd not but overlook the richest Ornaments of Dress. Indeed,

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Madam, replied my dear Master, what you say is a Proof of an excellent Judgment. The Works of Art will never come to those of Nature: but let us see what you have that is curious.— Thought I, if I am really happy enough to appear thus lovely in the Eyes of my Lord and Master, and if what the Millener says should not be a Complement, if the Almighty has in his Mercy, given me an agreeable Form; O may he also grant his Assistance that I may not, by any foolish Vanities, intoxicated by my Exaltation, and by Example of the Thoughtless, make an ungrateful Return to my Creator, or to my dear Master, the Canal through which has flown his surprising Mercies, by forgetting to pay my incessant Thanks to, and Adoration of the divine Goodness, and by neglecting that observant Duty which I owe to my Benefactor, the indulgent Mr. B——. Alas! how soon will this Beauty, which is now admir'd, become loathsome to the Sight, and intolerable on the Face of the Earth, be mix'd with its kindred Dust, and Food for Worms! What now avails the great *Henry* the Vth, his Conquest of *France*, whose Tomb I just now saw, and how are the Bones of the beautiful Queen his Consort, whose Charms were more prevalent than all the *French* Forces, exposed and handled by the meanest Peasant! O Death, thou art a great Leveller.

I was, I may say, buried in these Reflections, while the Milliner was busied in turning over some Boxes, and Mr. B—— examining the fineness of some Lace; which was making up for the Dutcheß of *M——*. I believe I should have carried them farther, had I not been roused by Mr. B——, who taking me by the Arm, said, what, my *Pamela*! you seem pensive; you won't, I

hope,

hope, disappoint me ; I brought you out to divert and agreeably entertain your Thoughts.

You have, Sir, said I, in a most instructing Manner. What means my Charmer? Else where I will be more explicite, this is not a proper Place. He took me by the Hand, and whisper'd, I hope that Fiend Jealousy has not taken Possession of you, to disturb our Peace. I answer'd in the same low Voice, No, I call Heaven to witness, I am a Stranger to every jealous Thought. I know your Love of Truth, said he, and am satisfied. —

The Milliner open'd a Box, and shew'd my dear Master some very rich Handkerchiefs of *Turkish* embroidery : he desired I would chuse a Couple that were most agreeable to my Taste. I left the Choice to him, saying, that his liking them would enhance their Value with me.

He pick'd out two of the richest, paid seven Guineas for them, and leaving the Milliner, return'd to our Coach, which he order'd to drive to the *Royal-Exchange*. There said he, my *Pamela*, I will shew you the Props of the Nation, and the Fountains whence flow the publick Treasure, and support the Glory of the *British* Name, as the Nerves of War, and Bands of Peace, to which under God, ought in Justice to be attributed all the Success of those glorious Campaigns, which have immortalized the Name of *Marlborough*, which are, in a Word the Cause of that Plenty we enjoy, when the Olive Branch succeeds to the Laurel Wreath.

Pray, Sir, who, or what do you describe as the Author, or Authors of so many publick Blessings? How! can my penetrating dear *Pamela* be ignorant that I have been talking of the Merchants, and Traders? These for the transacting their Bu-

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finest meet at the *Royal-Exchange* every Day, and according to the Countries, to and from which they Trade, are to be found in particular Parts of that *Area*, or, under the *Piazza's*, distinguish'd by the Names of different Nations, as the *French Walk*, the *Italian Walk*, &c.

When we came to the *Exchange*, Mr. B—— handed me up a pair of Stone Stairs, which led us to Galleries built round the *Area*, here and there were a few Shops. This place, said he, when I was a Boy, was full of Tradesmen, and vacant Shops were gaped after with as much Avidity, by Dealers, as the Death of a cruel avaritious Parent, by his Son and Heir.

Oh, Sir, said I, 'tis a cruel Reflection that of a Child's wishing his Death from whom he derives his own Life. My dear, replied Mr. B——, when Parents set the Example, and the Love of Gold banishes Nature, no wonder, if Necessity has the same Effect on their Children, and makes them wish their Death, as it is the only End they can see of their own Miseries.

When we had passed through the Galleries I mention'd, and which doubtless you have often seen, Mr. B—— ordered *John* to open the Door of a Balcony. We went into it, and looking down, I saw such a Number of Men throng'd together, that I fancy'd one might have walk'd upon their Heads, yet, Mr. B—— said, there were not so many as on another Day. I heard one continued hum or buzz, proceeding from the different Discourse of those below, but in which no one articulate Sound cou'd be distinguish'd.

These, said my dear Mr. B——, are the Supports, the Props of our Country, to whose Industry we owe every Thing we hold dear, with regard to this Life : nay Liberty itself, the great-
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est Blessing in it, may be said to be preserved by these; for these have been found of Weight to curb the Ambitious Views of wicked and corrupt Ministers at Home: and these, by their Industry, are our Protection against any Attempts from Abroad, of making us groan under a foreign Yoke. The Trade these valuable Men, these useful and worthy Members of the Society, the Trade, I say, these carry on, is the Nursery of our Sea-men, by which the Royal Navy is supplied; and our Naval Force is the Bulwark of our Nation, it is I may say our Barrier Towns.

Methinks, said I, these Gentlemen represent a Hive of Bees. They may be well compared to that Industrious Flie, replied Mr. B——, their Industry produces excellent Honey: But in this, the Comparison will not hold good. The Bee won't allow any lazy Drones to partake of the Fruits of their Labour, and the publick Advantages which flow from the Merchants, support a great many who deserve no other Appellation.

We return'd to the Coach, and Mr. B—— ordered *John* to bid drive to the Tower: Here I was shewn a great many ancient Records, and some old English Coins, the Magazine, the Arms taken from the Spaniards in Queen *Elizabeth's* time. In the Window of the Room where these were kept, lay a rusty Ax, with which I was told *Mary* Queen of *Scots* was Beheaded. What a slender Bulwark, a poor Defence is the highest Rank, nay Royalty itself against the Vicissitudes to which our Lives are subjected! and what a Lesson does this Ax read me, not to rely on my present happy Scituation, and puff'd up with the Blessing, imagine it not subject to a Change, which may make me altogether as Wretched, as I am now Happy! These and such like Reflections employed

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employed my Mind, till Mr. B——, taking me by the Hand, said, my *Pamela*, I must now shew you the Regalia. Having seen these, and got again into the Coach, he ordered it drive to *Brawn's*.

In the Way, he told me this *Brawn* was the most celebrated Cook in *England*, and his House frequented, not only by the most eminent Merchants, but by the greatest Quality: That he formerly was Cook in the Kitchen of the House, of which he is now Master: That on the Death of the Vintner, some Gentlemen who had long frequented that House, and remark'd his Diligence, lent him a considerable Sum to take it and purchase the Furniture and Stock: That he has by a Continuance of the same Industry and an obliging Behaviour, raised a considerable Fortune, with a clear Reputation, and without Envy. Indeed, continued he, some attribute a great Part of his Wealth to his good Fortune at Play, for he will hazard a thousand Guineas a-night, and is so little moved with his Losses or Winnings, that no one, by his Countenance, can discover whether the Dice have turned for or against him. Few who play deep, and have the Luck to win, have also the good Fortune to preserve their Character. *Brawn*, however, is one of those happy Few, for he never had the least Reflection thrown on him, or the least Insinuation to the Prejudice of his good Name.

When we alighted, the Master of the House, who saw Mr. B——, came up and paid him his Compliments, saying, he could not have expected the Honour of his Company at this Season of the Year, concluding he was at his Country Seat.

Mr. *Brawn*, said my dear Master, I wou'd not have it known that I am in Town, as I leave it again next *Monday*. I have been to shew my Wife, whom you see, and who is a Stranger to the
Town,

Town, what is most worthy of a young Lady's Notice; and having shewn her your House, and the elegant Manner in which you receive your Guests, I think she has seen all.

Sir, answer'd Mr. *Brawn*, you make me a Compliment, to which I can make no Reply, and which I attribute to your good Nature. willing to be pleased your self, and glad to see others so. Will you give me Leave to shew your Honour a Room? With all my Heart, answer'd Mr. *B*——, for I have a Favour to ask you. You know, Sir, you command your humble Servant. Saying this Mr. *Brawn* went up Stairs, and we followed him into a Room very finely furnished. Now, Sir, said he, give me Leave to wish you and that fair Lady all possible Joy in a married State, and to desire the Honour of your Commands.

Mr. *Brawn*, reply'd my dear Master, in the first Place you will order me a Manchet and a Bottle of Champaign; in the next, three or four small Plates, I leave you to make the Bill of Fare; but the Favour I have to ask is, that you will your self prepare us a little Fricassee. Sir, said he, with great Pleasure. I assure you no one shall intermeddle in the Dressing any thing for your Dinner, I will my self have the Satisfaction of doing it. Saying this, he took his Leave, and Mr. *B*. and I chatted on what he had shewn me, till Mr. *Brawn* return'd, follow'd by three Servants. He set the first Dish on the Table, and the Servants set on that, each respectively brought.

The Dinner was a very rich Soupe, four Ortolans, a white Fricassee of two small Chickens, and a Ragout of Veal Sweet-breads. Every thing was elegantly dressed, and all the Service Plate, with the finest Damask Linnen. The Fricassee was exquisite; it excelled, by much, any that I have tasted,

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tasted, since Mr. B—— has raised me from my humble Condition.

We sat about half an Hour after Dinner; in which Time, pressed by Mr. B——, I drank three Glasses of *French* Wine, which the Master of the House assured Mr. B. was right *Pontac*.

We return'd home; and on my shewing an Inclination to retire to my Chamber, my dear Master engaged my Father and Mother at Cards; and gave Orders, that every Thing should be ready to set out on *Monday*.

I send you this by the Post, and you may depend on my complying with your Desire of writing often and minutely. I shall, by every Opportunity which offers, acquaint you with all that passes worth your reading. Writing I was always fond of; but I assure you it affords me a singular Pleasure when it is to Mrs. *Jervis* that I am addressing. I shall never forget the Obligations I owe you; and my present Happiness will never, I hope, so far intoxicate my Brain, as to make me forget what I so lately was; the Friendships you have often shewn me in many Particulars, and the good and parental Advice which you as oft have given me. These, my dear *Jervis*, will always continue me what I profess my self, with great Sincerity,

Your obliged Friend,

PAMELA B——.

My dear, dear Mrs. Jervis,

WE are, just now, my incomparable Master, tender and tenderly beloved Parents and self, safely arrived at the Farm-House, which the Indulgent,

indulgent, the benevolent Mr. B—— our common Master, our generous Benefactor, has allotted as a Refuge for my aged, poor, but honest and grateful Parents, from Labour, Want, and Contempt.

Oh! how shall I express my Gratitude to my ineffably, bountiful Creator, but by the most humble Prostrations, and Tears of Joy; but by conforming all my Thoughts, Words, and Actions to his Divine Will, (from a Principle of grateful Love for the many Mercies he has shewn, the many Blessings he has showered on me, most unworthy) but by an Imitation of his inexhaustible Goodness, as far as a finite Creature can copy after Infinity, to the Extent of that Power he has put into my Hands, and by my unfeign'd, incessant Praises and Thanksgivings, which, though Words are too poor to express, my compassionate Creator, the Shield of my Innocence, will read in a Heart swelling with Joy, and the most humble Acknowledgments, and exulting in his Goodness and Mercies; the Memory of which, I hope his divine Grace will too deeply impress ever to be obliterated by Vanity or the strongest Temptations.

Oh join me, my dear *Fervis*, join me in my Thanks and Praises; join me, thou once prudent and resolute Defence of my Virgin Innocence; join me all ye Angelick Hosts, ye Celestial Choirs, blissful Ministers of the great Jehovah, in the humble Oblation of my sincere Thanks, my unfeigned Praise.

Oh, my dear *Fervis*, Fears and Persecutions once supplied the Fountains of my Eyes; but now (blessed be the supreme *Being* of *Beings*) Joy and Pleasure supply the Torrent. My Heart is big within me, and I have stolen away thus to give it some vent, by imparting a Share to you; for I

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am satisfied you cannot know my Transports without an uncommon Satisfaction as I am not ignorant of your Worth.

Yes, my dear, dear *Jervis*, I know too, you will join my Prayers, that the Almighty may pour his choicest Blessings on my indulgent dear Lord, my Husband, my Master; but these Appellations, Lord, Benefactor, Master, Husband, do not satisfy my fond Heart, or are they adequate to his inexpressible Goodness and obliging Tendernefs; may the eternal Mercy continue to me his Regard, and bless him with a long, a healthful, a peaceful Life; may he live beloved and revered; die, O cruel Thought! universally lamented, and be eternally rewarded for his Virtues.

Oh, may Angels guard this dear Instrument of infinite Benevolence from all Dangers, all dreadful Incidents and Vicissitudes, to which the uncertain momentary Lives of us poor Mortals are permitted to be exposed, nay, even the best among Men!

—But—

The Ways of Omniscience are inscrutable—let us not presume to enter into the secret Decrees of the Almighty. *Hath not the Potter Power over the Clay?*

I am called, my dear *Jervis*, to Supper. I must hide this, lest the real Sentiments of my Heart, if left carelessly, may be construed Art.—Oh, how unjust, how ungrateful a Suspicion has escaped my Pen! Adieu—for a while.

When I broke off, my dear *Jervis*, my Heart was so full of Joy, and the most delightful Sentiments of Gratitude, that I could not enter, as I intended, upon a Particular of our Journey. I was hurried away by these transporting Passions of the Soul, which would allow nothing inferior to possess my Thoughts.

As I am conscious that I have, with true Sincerity, return'd my humble Thanks to my great Benefactor, and paid my Acknowledgments, rather with Tears of Transport, than with Words, to his generous Almoner, who, in so human, and so engaging a Manner, deals out his Benevolence, my Spirits are more compos'd; my Heart's in part discharged of the oppressive Joy, by the Performance of my Duty, and by imparting to you, as well as I could, the Emotions of my Soul, for I have not Words to give a just Idea of the Transports I felt. As I say I am now more composed, my dear, dear *Jervis*, I shall give you (remember if I am tedious 'tis at your Request) an Account of our Journey.

On *Monday*, at Five in the Morning, we being all ready, one of *Blunt's* Coaches with six Horses came to the Door, where Mr. *B*——'s had waited about a quarter of an Hour.

On Notice given to that Model of Humility, as well as of true Greatness of Soul our dear Master, he rose, and taking my Mother by the Hand said, come Madam, allow me to perform the Duty of a Son, and be your Support; Father, you will follow, and excuse my Fondness, if I desire you to leave that our common Darling, your Daughter, till I return and conduct her, for I dare not trust my Treasure, in other than my own Hands.

This excessive Respect and Tendernefs, made the Tears gush out of my poor Mother's Eyes; my Father could not restrain his, and indeed I accompany'd them very favourily.

My dear Master handed my honour'd Mother, into *Blunt's* Coach, and when my Father was gotten in, made a very respectful Bow, and did not leave the Coach Door till they drove off, preceded

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by *Abraham* and good old *Jonathan* on Horseback. My dear Master's Humanity would have left *Jonathan* in Town, but he begg'd so earnestly not to be shut out as an Invalid, that he was allow'd to follow his Inclinations.

When my beloved Sir came back, he took me in his Arms, and kissing me, with an eager Fondness, said, your good Parents are driven off, and have left, I hope, all their Cares behind them; for it shall be ever mine, (should the Misfortune which would prove the greatest Trial of my Fortitude befall me, the Loss of my dear *Pamela*, which merciful Heaven avert) to make the Remainder of their Lives as tolerable as such a severe Infliction upon them would admit; and they should find me Executor to their dear Daughters filial Piety.

I fell on my Knees, and embracing his, said, expect not other Return my dearest Master, my Life, my All, but that of a dutiful Observance, and an inviolable Affection, which could it admit Definition, would fall vastly short of what I feel, and what your Goodness exacts.

He took me up, clasped me in his Arms, and cried oh my *Pamela*! that will make me always your Debtor, and while you are my *Pamela*, my charming, endearing tender *Pamela*, I shall never be able to answer what I owe you.—While I am! my dear Protector, while I am! oh can you think it possible, that the minutest Part of your Goodness can slip from the Memory of your poor *Pamela*! oh that *while* was somewhat cruel. Never my Soul, O never wound mine with another Word which can betray the least Suspicion of your grateful *Pamela*, swerving from that Love and Duty your Bounty has riveted in her Heart. I know my Life, we ought not to build on our

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own Strength, but I have had such surprsing Instances of the Protection and Goodness of indulgent Heaven, on which alone I rely, that while I am constant in my Duty to my Creator, which I hope, thro' his Mercy never to neglect, I can promise that your *Pamela* will never be guilty of any Thing which shall give her dear Lord and Master one Moment's Displeasure.

I believe thee my *Pamela*, my dear, dear *Pamela*, in using the Word *while*, I intended only to convince thee that I should always be thy Debtor: For I am satisfied thy Goodness can never alter.——But come my Dear, let me put thee into thy Coach. He then called *John*, and asked if the two Maids were got in? He answer'd, yes, Sir, every Thing is ready.

What Sir, said I, do they go with you, when there was Place for them with my Father and Mother? Pray Madam, said the dear Dispenser of Joy and Gladness, our dear Master,——What Relation is there between your Parents and me? That Sir said I of a generous Patron and of humble Clients; that of a liberal forgiving Creditor, and Bankrupt Debtors. You had been right in the latter, had you said Creditors and Debtor: For I shall always think myself theirs, from whom my *Pamela* derived her Being. But my Dear, why did you not add that, between Parents and a Son? I shall honour them as my Parants, cherish them as my Parents, and be circumspect in my Behaviour to them as to Parents, and therefore, my Life, as I thought it would fall short of the Respect due to Parents, to put your Servants into their Coach, I order'd them to take their Places in your own.

My Servants! my Coach! yes, yes, my *Pamela*, as I am yours, yours entirely, yours in-

violably, for ever yours, all that can be called mine is, and shall be yours. Come my Jewel let me hand you to your Coach.

I was going to reply to this Tenderness, but he stopp'd me, by giving me several Kisses, and taking me by the Hand said, come along Prattle-box, if I don't stop that enchanting Tongue, I take such Delight to hear thee, we shan't set out To-day.

He led me down Stairs, put me into the Coach, and order'd *Robin* to drive carefully, and softly over the Stones. As we set out, some of the Horses neighed, and my dear Sir said, *Hannah*, I think this little Angel, this Mistress of yours, inspires Joy wherever she is. On my Conscience one would say, her Horses are proud and elated in drawing such a precious Burthen.

Oh Sir said I, the minutest Accident will give you an Opportunity to add to the vast Debt of Goodness I already owe you.

Dear Madam, said *Hannah*, I am sure my honoured Master thinks he can never do enough for you, and all the World are of the same Opinion, that I ever heard mention your Ladyship.

I am sure all his Servants hourly bless the Day he gave us so humane, so reasonable, and so good a Mistress: I am sure we are all the better for it, and are obliged to pray to Heaven to bless him for it, which I fear some of us were too negligent in doing, till your pious Example shamed us into our Duty, and made us reasonable Creatures, by considering that there is a future Life.

Thus Madam, my Master has, by you, not only provided for the Ease and Joy of his poor Servants, while they remain in his Family, which I hope, we shall none of us deserve to be driven from, as
long

long as we live, but also for their Happiness in the other World.

Indeed Madam, said *Rachel*, *Hannah* only tells you what we all think and say, since you have been our Mistress we have not had the least Squabble or Broil in the Family; and though you are so good and gentle to us all, yet we stand more in Awe of you, than ever any of us did of any other Master or Mistress: I believe it is because we all love you dearly, and fear, for that Reason, to offend you. I am sure that's the Reason that every thing you command is done with Cheerfulness; for if you but speak we fly, striving who shall have the Pleasure to serve you, and indeed it is a Pleasure, because you are willing and easy to be pleas'd.

Indeed we all love and respect you so much, that I believe a Frown from you would go to the Heart of the Servant that had deserved it. I am sure I should make lighter of a Slap on the Face from some Mistresses, than the going from you without the Reward of an obliging Smile of Approbation, with which your Goodness cheers our Hearts.

I dare answer, said my obliging Master, the Wenches speak the Sentiments of their Hearts; for 'tis impossible to be about my Charmer, and not love her to a Degree almost of Adoration. I speak from Experience.

Indeed, Sir, said *Hannah*, so do I, and from Observation too; for all our Neighbours in the Country love and admire Madam, and I have heard Ladies say, when I have come out of Church, Mrs. B——clipses us all, I ask'd Mr. *Longman* the Meaning of that Word, and he told me it was as much as if one should say, she puts us all down; and by my throth, Sir, and so my Lady

does, and yet we have a great many fine Gentlewomen about your Honour's House in *Bedfordshire*.

Thou say'st true, Girl, replied my dear Master, she does put them all down, and if any of them envy her, they are afraid to shew the least Signs of it, such commanding Power has Beauty, adorned with Virtue, over the Minds of all.

Oh, Sir, said I, do not tempt me to be vain; the strongest Trial of my Humility is Praise from you.

Thou can'st not, replied he, embracing me, be other than Angelic. Thou hast a Soul too elevated for so mean a Vice to rise to.

But won't you think, my dear Friend, that I am really vain in giving you this Detail.—No, you are too good, and I am sure you will rather attribute it to the real Motives; the doing Justice to my dear Master's tender engaging Affection, and the giving you the Satisfaction you required of me at my going to *London*; but to proceed in my Journal.

My dear Master endeavour'd to make me insensible of the Length of the Way by saying a Number of obliging Things, and making several agreeable Remarks on what we saw in the Journey.

When we were off the Stones, *Robin* drove at a round rate, but yet we did not overtake *Blunt's* Coach, which we found at an Inn, we turn'd in to about Eleven o'Clock. This made me reflect on the Danger of losing Time in any Affair, since 'tis always, (if retrievable) recovered with Difficulty. How then, my dear Friend, ought we to husband that allotted us on Earth to secure our future Happiness? How chary ought we to be of it! Since the Grave, to which each Moment leads us on, admits of no Repentance. Death
putting

Putting an End to our Time brings us to Account for the Use we have made of it, and 'tis that Use which will determine our irrevocable Sentence.

To proceed with my Account, my Parents met us at the Door on our alighting, and we went into a Parlour, where the Care of Monsieur *Colbrand* had provided Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, Diet Bread, Rusk, Bread and Butter, and butter'd Toasts for Breakfast, as he call'd it, tho' we had taken Chocolate before we began our Journey.

Mr. *B*—enquired very tenderly after my Mother's Health, and told her if she was fatigued he hoped she would thoroughly recover, as he did not intend to proceed any farther that Day, the Heat being intense might endanger her's, and his *Pamela's* Health; if it had not that ill Effect, continued he, it would however be troublesome.

If Mr. *Andrews* and I were by ourselves we should not much regard it; my Mother said he was always obliging; my Father answered, he had been so long exposed to Summer Sun, and Winter's Storms, in his daily Labour, that he was inured to all Weather. Well, Mr. *Andrews*, replied my dear Master, I hope your future Life will make you call to mind your past Toils with Pleasure. Then turning to, and embracing me tenderly, he enquired how I found myself. I answered I should always find myself well in his Company. *Colbrand*, said my dear Master, bid the Maids come in; you and I, Mr. *Andrews*, will take a Turn to the Larder, see how that's furnish'd, and then we'll go to Breakfast.

The Maids came in, my dear Husband and Father return'd in about half a Quarter of an Hour after them; we breakfasted, and Mr. *B*—was (indeed when is he not?) very entertaining Company.

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At his coming into the Parlour, he said Monsieur *Colbrand's* Diligence made our Tour to the Larder useless. At what Hour will you dine? My Mother replied, that she believed his usual Hour would be most agreeable. I am glad, said he, that you think so; Monsieur *Colbrand* will be obliged, as 'twill allow Time for a Soupe; and he'd think he made a sorry Dinner without it. *Rachel*, tell the Cook that we desire Dinner may be on the Table exactly at Three, and *Colbrand* that he may order a Soupe.

The Breakfast being removed, he asked my Father if he play'd at Back-gammon; upon his answering he could, he desired my Mother and me to go up and lie down to rest ourselves an Hour or two; for, said he, I am sure you must both be somewhat tired with a Journey of twenty-five Miles, so far are we now distant from *London*.

My Mother was not displeased at, and I was glad of the Proposal. The Landlady was called, who shew'd us the Way. Mr. *B*—would hand my Mother to a Chamber, and coming back to take me, said, Mr. *Andrews*, I will return immediately, and endeavour to make the Time as little tedious as possible.

I was indeed pretty much fatigued, tho' I endeavoured to hide it, and after having paid my Adorations to, and implored the Protection of Heaven, I threw myself on a Bed, and slept till Mr. *B*—awakened me with a tender Kiss. My dear Life, said he, I was very loath to disturb so calm a Sleep, but fear'd you would spoil your Appetite.

I thank your incessant Care; but sure I have not been very long asleep? No, my Dear, not above two Hours and a half. How! cried I, jumping off the Bed, is it possible? He step'd to the Table, and bringing my Watch, bid me take

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my Information from my own Eyes. Look-ye, said he, 'tis a Quarter past two, and you came up a little before twelve. I hope my Charmer is refreshed by her Sleep; tell me, were you not pretty much fatigued? Indeed, my dear Sir, I was. And are not you a naughty little Chit not to tell me so, we would have spent less Time at Breakfast; your Mother has been with us an Hour; I fear the old Gentlewoman was too much tired to be refreshed with a short Nap. *Rachel*, see if your Lady wants your Help, I'll come up again, and fetch my Angel. Don't venture to come down by yourself.

In about five Minutes he return'd, and handed me down Stairs to the Parlour: At three an elegant Dinner was served upon Table; as the Soupe was set on, I knew, said Mr. B——, *Colbrand* would take Care that a Soupe should not be wanting.

I take Notice of these little Particulars, as they shew our dear Master's Regard for my aged Parents and Self, and speak his innate Goodness, which finds a Pleasure in obliging, even his menial Servants.

When my dear Mr. B——tasted, he disliked the Wine, and sent for the Master of the House; he came in, and saying he really had not better, Mr. B——asked Leave to drink his own, and he would allow him Six-pence a Bottle. Sir, answered the Man, you command here, it would look saucy in me to refuse your Offer; but were I to have expected your paying any thing, I should have less Conscience than I profess to have.

I mention this, as an Instance of our dear Master's Forecast, (he having ordered a Dozen and a half of *French Wine, Burgundy and Champagne*

pagne to be put into the Seats of the Coaches, and as a Proof of his Considerateness.

We chatted at Table, after Dinner, till it was pass'd five, my dear Master and Father drank, with a little of my Mother's and my Assistance two Bottles; the Table was then brought with Coffee and Tea; having drank three or four Dishes a Piece, Mr. B——propos'd, as it was a lovely inviting Evening, to take a Turn or two in the Garden of the Inn, which is kept in very good Order.

Our Landlady, who opened the Door, asked, Leave to wait on us. We diverted ourselves here in walking and gathering Flowers: I made a Nosegay of the most fragrant, and the most beautifully colour'd, which I presented to my dear Mr. B——. He told me in receiving it, that I was injurious to those agreeable Productions of the Earth, since I eclipsed them both in Beauty and Fragrancy.

Indeed, Sir, said I, your obliging Compliment gives me unspeakable Pleasure, I dare not question your telling me your Sentiments; and I hope you will always think as you now do; but alas! these Flowers are too just an Emblem of perishing Beauty; they will soon wither, and what is now agreeable in me, will as certainly wear off.

Time, I acknowledge, replied he, is an Enemy to the Beauty of an outward Form; but then it makes us more than amends by ripening the Judgment, forming, and adding greater Embellishments to the Mind, which notwithstanding the irresistible Charms of your Person, gives the greatest Lustre to my *Pamela's* Character, and is the strongest, nay, the indissoluble Band of my Affection; but my Life, my Angel, 'tis Time to
go

into the House, the Dew will soon fall. We went in, and my dear Master invited the Landlord and his Wife to Supper, which was answerable to Mr. B——'s Fortune, and refined Taste.

My Landlord praised the Wine, and I dare say spoke his Thoughts, as he call'd for it often. My Landlady is extremely obliging in her Carriage, yet has nothing of that Servility in her Behaviour, so remarkable in most Inn-keepers. She has good Sense, entertained us with the Characters of the neighbouring Gentry, and I observed did not mix in with her Discourse the least detracting Word: She spoke them all Persons of Probity, Honour, Hospitality, and Economy, or would mention only such of them as deserved the Characters.

Though we went pretty early to Bed, we did not set out next Day till seven. We drove at about four Miles an Hour, till eleven; when we came to an Inn where Monsieur Colbrand, who set out two Hours before we did, was at the Door to receive us. We staid here till five, having but ten Miles more to our Journey's End, which we drove in little more than two Hours and an Half.

About half Way between the Inn and the House, where we now are, Mr. Longman, with about thirty Farmers, met and complemented us. Some of these are Mr. B——'s Tenants, some of them hold of the Manor, which he has now purchased.

They accompanied us to the Door, where they would have immediately taken their Leaves; but my dear Master, thanking them for the Regard they had shewn, desired they would first refresh themselves with a Glass of Wine, and said, I will take the Liberty, Gentlemen, to invite you all to dine here next Sunday; you see my Father and Mother,

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Mother, whom you will find valuable and hospitable Neighbours.

There were two clean lusty young Servant Maids, and two Husband-like Men, at the Door to receive us. To these Mr. *Longman* said, that elderly Gentleman and his good Spouse are your Master and Mistress, for whose Service you are hired: Pray take Care that your Behaviour credit my Judgment, by their approving my Choice. They bow'd and courtesy'd by way of Answer.

My dear Master and Father are just return'd from taking a View of the Estate, and *Hannah* come to call me. I must therefore break off.

Saturday Morning. Remember that I am now come to *Wednesday*, tho' not my Narrative, and beg Pardon, my dear *Fervis*, for leaving you so long without shewing you into the House; I brought you to the Door; *Hannah's* Message, just at that Instant, was the Cause of my ill Manners, for I could not let our common Master wait for me; but you are too good not to excuse me. Pray walk in, I am now in a pretty compact Hall, which has on the one Hand a neat small Parlour and Store-room; on the other a pretty large Kitchen and a Stair-case; the former leads to Out-houses, where are a Scullery and Dairy, which make one Side of a Court-yard, surrounded with Cow-houses, Stables, Sheds for Waggon, and other Implements of Husbandry. In the Hall is a large Table, at which twenty People may dine, *Russia* Leather, and two *Windsor* Chairs; 'tis hung round with Maps, and the Chimney has handsome And-Irons, with Appurtenances all quite new, and extremely neat.

^g The Parlour is plainly, but very neatly furnished, with two easy Chairs on Brass Trucks, the others are with matted Bottoms, and I guess them

them about three half Crowns a Chair. The Window Curtains of Ruffel, there is a Table will serve for eight, a Card and a Tea-Table, a Chimney and a Pier Glass, and a genteel Brass Hearth for Wood, with neat Tongs, &c. there are great many pretty Prints hung round the Room in Pear-tree black Frames edged with Gold, and Glass over the Pictures. In the Store-room there are several Necessaries, among others a Rack laden with Flitches of Bacon, and Hams, and a large powdering Tub filled with salted Beef and Pork; four Sacks of Flower, one of them of the finest Sort; some Hampers of Wine, and Boxes of Candles.

In the Kitchen is every individual thing necessary for a Family, even to Larding-Pins; the Dairy is also well furnish'd, and has now in it the Butter and Milk of thirty fine Cows of these two last Days Meals; the Stable-Lofts are full of Hay, and the Binns of Corn; there are four stout Cart-Horses, besides the Pad that my dear Mr. B—— gave my Father; in the Stables a Waggon and Cote, that is a small Cart, Wheel-barrows, Bloughs, Harrows, &c. in the Sheds: Here is another Yard surrounded with Barns; little in them but Straw.

In a Word, there is nothing wanting; but let us now go up Stairs. No, I think we had better first visit the Cellar, as 'tis called, 'tis in a Wing, which our dear Master has added to the House, containing that, and a pretty Brew-house, furnish'd thoroughly: The Cellar is well stock'd with small and strong Beer, and a Door opens into it out of the Hall, and another into the Brew-house from the Fore-Court-Yard.

Now give me your Hand, we will go up Stairs together, they are wide enough for two a-breast;

D

these

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these too our dear Master has new built, and furnish'd with Maps; here's a handsome Half-Space, and good Landing, which leads us to four pretty Bed-Chambers, neatly, but plainly furnish'd with every thing necessary, clean and good. In my Parents Room, beside other Necessaries, there is a handsome Chest of Drawers, and two large Trunks covered with red Leather, full of Sheets and Table Linnen. Up one Pair of Stairs more are the Servants Rooms furnish'd.

You see my dear Master is not beneficent by Halves: How does his Goodness bind me to him by the indissoluble Bands of Love and Gratitude? What Observance of mine, what Affection can make him, in Part, amends! may the great Fountain of Mercy who has given him, reward this generous Heart, and keep me ever stedfast in that Duty I owe to both the first bountiful, and the second tender Cause of my present Happiness. How happy am I! but we will now take a Turn into a neat little Garden, at the end of which Mr. B—— has built a pretty Summer-House, and stock'd it with well chosen Books. The Orchard is large, and planted with a Number of good Fruit-Trees.

I fear leading you thus thro' the House, Out-Houses, Court-Yards and Gardens has tired you, (tho' my Spirits are so raised I am insensible of any Fatigue) wherefore having shewn you the agreeable Retreat my dear Master has given to my aged Parents, I return.

At the Tenants going away Mr. B—— said, Mr. Longman, we are come to turn you out of Possession. I very gladly, replied he, give it up. My beneficent Master handed my Mother into the Parlour, where saluting her, and embracing my Father, he said, this House is yours, and may you

you both live many Years happy in it: That you may not think you have any Obligations on you, I shall desire Mr. *Andrews* to manage this Estate for me; the whole is 500*l.* per *Annum*, one Hundred I desire he will accept yearly for his Trouble, and should you be streighten'd, I entreat you will make use of what farther Money may answer my View, of rendering your Lives entirely easy. My Father was going to speak, when he prevented him, by adding, if you will thoroughly oblige me, return me no Thanks for performing Part of my Duty; you are my *Pamela's* Parents, and I can never do enough for those whom she so tenderly loves, or repay you the pious Care of her Education, which has made me the happiest Man breathing.

I threw myself on my Knees, clasp'd his Legs; but a Flood of Tears, which better spoke my Joy and Gratitude than Words, prevented my saying more than, O my lov'd Lord and Master: He took me up, holding me in his Arms, and every now and then kissing me, said to Mr. *Longman*, I hope nothing necessary is wanting? I hope not, Sir, replied he; here are the Keys of the Drawers and Trunks; give them to Mrs. *Andrews*; and, Father, continued he, we will leave our Wives a while, and visit your House; come, *Longman*, let us see how you have furnish'd it.

They return'd in a little time, and Mr. *B*— told Mr. *Longman*, he would be so free, as he was his Guest this Evening, to desire we might have Supper pretty early. My Mother, said he, and my *Pamela*, are, I believe, a little fatigued. Father, you know your Bed-Chamber, if you don't prefer another to it; wherefore I won't give Mrs. *Andrews* the Trouble of going to see it, till she withdraws for the Night.

D 2

Sir,

Sir, replied the good old *Longman*, your Supper will be upon the Table by Nine. That's obliging, rejoin'd our dear Master; but will you allow me to say, that I thought Mr. *Longman* both more polite and more hospitable than I find him. Pardon the Pun, but I think you give us a dry Reception; Mr. *Andrews* and I could dispense with a Glass of Wine, and I am sure it would be right in my Mother, and my Charmer, to keep us Company.

Really, Sir, answer'd the good old Man, I was so overjoy'd to see you all here, and my Lady looks so pleas'd, that the Pleasure I found, put it out of my Thoughts, or rather would not allow me to think at all; but, I'll instantly repair my Fault.

He was going out, but Mr. *B*—— catch'd hold of his Sleeve, and bid me ring a Hand-Bell that lay on a Table, near my Chair; *Colbrand* came, and my dear Master asking Mr. *Longman* the Name of his House-maid; he replied, *Margery*. Then, *Colbrand*, said he, send *Margery* here, and let *Jonathan* give her a Bottle of *Burgundy* to bring in. You have Glasses, I suppose, Mr. *Longman*. Yes, yes, Sir, she knows where to find them; bid her bring some, Mr. *Colbrand*, on a Salver, said Mr. *Longman*.

The Maid brought in the Wine and Glasses, but the good-natured Mr. *B*—— seeing her in Confusion, would not let her fill for us; but ordered her to set them on the Table, which she did, and was, I believe, heartily glad of being dismiss'd; for I know, by what I have myself experienced, the Pain a raw Girl feels when before Persons greatly above her; such are struck with an Awe, which renders them still more awkward, and their Over-Diligence, and Desire to do right, make

make them do wrong. I commonly sympathize with them, and am as glad as they, when they are discharged from attending.

We had supper upon Table exactly at Nine : at half an Hour past Ten we prepared for Bed, my dear Master, Mr. *Longman*, and Self having taken my dear Parents into their Chamber, Mr. *Longman* said, you are now, Sir, and my dear Lady, Mr. *Andrew's* Guests henceforward during your Stay here ; but 'tis Time I should allow you some Rest, and here break off. To-morrow I will resume my Journal, and wish my Account may be as entertaining to you as the Reflection on the Mercies I have experienced, and my dear Mr. *B*——'s tender Goodness and Bounty is grateful to me. May the great Being of Beings preserve you, my dear Mrs. *Fervis*.

My dear Friend *Fervis* ; — our dear Master, Mr. *Longman*, and my Father, rode out to look at the Stock, and visit the Grounds. I was up before my Mother, and having paid my Duty to my bountiful Creator, sat me down to read the Lessons of the Day, the 103d was one of the Psalms ; I could not help endeavouring to versify it. As I know you are too indulgent to me to be a severe Critick, I send it you without Apology.

P S A L M CIII.

DO thou, my Soul, thy grateful Tribute bring,
And chant the Praises of th' eternal King :
And O, may ev'ry Faculty of mine,
To bless his glorious, holy Name, combine.
In grateful Notes, my Soul, Jehovah bless,
And may his Benefits thy Heart possess :
May nought his Goodness from thy Mind erase,
And they excite incessant Love and Praise,
All thine Iniquities does he forgive ;
Cleanses thy leprous Sins, and bids thee live.

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*From dire Destruction thou'rt by him preserv'd,
Tho' from his Laws too often thou hast swear'd,
Yet has his Loving Kindness crown'd thy Days,
And tender Mercies giv'n thee Themes for Praise.
'Tis he has bless'd thee, both with Ease and
Wealth;*

*Giv'n thee the Eagle's Strength, and florid Health.
Th' oppress'd with tender Eyes doth God regard.
And righteous Judgment will their Wrongs reward.
To Moses did he shew his wond'rous Ways,
And his great Acts excited Israel's Praise:
O, merciful's our God, and gracious too,
In Mercies plenteous, but to Anger slow.
Our gracious Lord will not for ever chide,
Nor will he always let his Wrath abide.
Th' Almighty's Vengeance have our Crimes call'd
down,*

*Yet has he Mercy, not his Judgments shewn -
Altho' we sin, yet does our God forbear,
Tho' we provoke, yet does Jehovah spare.*

*Who is't can mete the mighty Space, which lies
Betwixt Earth's Surface, and the spangled Skies?
Great as this Space, th' Almighty's Mercies are
To such as pay him reverential Fear.*

*Far as is East from West, his tender Love
Does from his Sight our scarlet Sins remove.
As tender Parents feel their Bowels yearn,
And eye their Offspring with a fond Concern;
So does our God with deep Compassion view
Such, as for him an awful Rev'rence shew.
For the Almighty knows our brittle Frame,
And calls to Mind that from the Dust we came.
For as to Man his fleeting Days all pass,
Like the short Verdure of a Summer's Grass.
What is his Glory? what his Pomp? no more
Than transient Beauties of a Meadow's Flow'r:*

-Blasted

Blasted with *Wind*, its glowing *Beauty* dies,
 And the gay *Weed* in dark *Oblivion* lies.
 Not so *God's Mercies*, they can know no *End*,
 To *Children's Children* will his *Grace* descend,
 Of such as fear against his *Will* t'offend:
 To such, as from his *Covenant* dare not swerve,
 And his *Commands* religiously observe.

In the *Empyrean Heav'n* the *Holy One*,
 (Himself illocal) has prepar'd the *Throne*,
 And all *Dominions* his *Dominion* own.

Ye pow'rful *Angels*, who his *Voice* obey,
 To distant *Worlds* his high *Behests* convey;
 Bless ye the *Lord*, with grateful *Songs* proclaim
 The *Majesty* of great *Jehovah's Name*.

Bless him, ye *Hosts*, whose *Ministry* fulfil
 The *Mandates* of our great *Creator's Will*.
 Ye *Works* of his, the *Praise* of *God* record,
 In *Worlds* innumerable bless the *Lord*:
 And thee, my *Soul*, let *gratitude* inspire
 To bless thy *God*, and join th' *angelick Choir*.

Look back on what I was, my dear *Fervis*,
 consider my present *Situation*, and say, could I
 read this *Psalms* unmoved?

Well, my dear *Mrs. Fervis*, my *Master* re-
 turn'd just as I had finish'd my *Verse*, and
 was gone to my *Mother's Room*, who was dress'd
 ready to go down. We breakfasted, which was
 hardly over, when a *Coach* and *Six* stopped at the
Gate. It was *Sir Simon Andrews* and his *Lady*,
 who came to welcome us upon our coming into
 the *Country*: As he is a *Knight of the Shire* for
 this *County*, *Mr. B*—— was acquainted with him
 in *Parliament*. They have a good *Estate* about
 five *Miles* from hence; are a lovely *Couple*, have
 good *Sense*, and are very *polite*.

Their

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Their Visit was but short, Mr. B——, would have prevailed on them to stay to Dinner, but Sir *Simon* said, he expected Company at his own House, that was not however sufficient to make him delay doing his Duty in paying his Respects, as soon as he had Notice of our Arrival; that he hoped though our Stay was but short, we would do him the Honour to take his Soupe, and that he should have a good Neighbour of his Name-Sake.

They shew'd great Civilities to my dear Parents, to whom my dear Master has always paid a surprising Respect, especially before Strangers, which no Doubt the dear Man does to exact a Regard for them from others.

Mr. B——promised Sir *Simon* to return his Visit, but begg'd to be excused from dining with him, as he had but little Time to settle a pretty deal of Business. Well, replied Sir *Simon*, I must not be so unreasonable, as to seek my own Satisfaction, preferably to my Friend's Conveniency.

Sir *Simon* and his Lady had not left us half an Hour, before we saw three Gentlemen and Servants at the Gate, who ask'd for Mr. B——, Mr. B——invited them in, and they just staid to make us a few handsome Compliments of Course, and said they did not design this as a Visit, but taking the Opportunity as passing near the House, they thought it their Duty to turn half a Mile out of the Road, to pay their Respects in enquiring after our Welfare. That they would take another Opportunity, when good Mr. *Andrews* was more settled, and not be troublesome so soon after the Fatigue of a Journey.

These Gentlemen being gone, my dear Master with the two Companions of his Morning's Airing, got again on Horseback, and did not return till Din-

ner :

er: In which Time my Mother and I examin'd the Contents of the Drawers and Trunks, of which I have already given you an Account,

When Dinner was over, the Curate came to pay his Respects to Mr. B——, and to welcome him into the Country. I staid about a quarter of an Hour, but on my dear Master's calling for a fresh Bottle, my Mother and I withdrew to the Summer-House, where we diverted ourselves with examining the Books, which are most of them on Subjects of Morality, there are some of History, and some Treatises of Gard'ning and Agriculture. We had not been here an Hour, before honest old *Jonathan* came and told my Mother, that his Master would be obliged to her for a Dish of Tea, and the Favour of her Company; and yours too my dear Lady, if I interpret right the Word *Darling*.

We sent Word, that we'd instantly wait on him. After Tea the Curate was taking his Leave, but Mr. B——, who has a great Value for the young Gentleman, would keep him to Supper, and gave him a general Invitation (with Mr. *Andrew's* Leave as he said) while we continued in *Kent*: Adding he should take it very ill if he refused the Favour he had asked him.

The young Gentleman return'd a very pretty modest Answer, which spoke good Sense, and his having been accustomed to good Company. I was very agreeably entertained by the young Clergyman, who behaved with Ease and Decency. I perceived, by what pass'd between Mr. B—— and him, that he had lost no Time in his Studies, he was very chearful, and at the same kept up to the Dignity of his Cloth, shew'd a good deal of Wit, without the least Tincture of ill Nature; His Complaisance favour'd of no Meanness, and his Gravity

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Gravity sat easy upon him, for he seem'd to be under no Restraint, there was nothing affected in any one Part of his Carriage.

Soon after Supper I withdrew to my Chamber, to tire dear Mrs. *Jervis* with a tedious Account of Particulars, which cannot equally affect her and me; but it will be a Warning to you, for the future, not to put a Pen into the Hand of one who loves Scribbling. I wish you a good Repose, for I hear my Master ring, and I expect one of the Maids to let me know, (to use his own Words) that he attends my Leisure.—Just as I said! here comes *Rachel*. Well, dear, dear Mrs. *Jervis*, once more good Night; pray for my generous Benefactor, and your obliged *Pamela*.

Next Morning, when Breakfast was removed, my dear Mr. *B*—proposed returning Sir *Simon's* Visit: As we readily came into it, (my Father and Mother with a Satisfaction, which both my dear Master and I took notice of) Dinner was ordered to be on Table at One; somewhat to be got for the Servants by Twelve, and the Coaches at the Door ready, when we should rise from Table.

My Father asked why one Coach was not sufficient? to which the endearing Man replied, I am always sick if I sit backward: In my *Pamela's* Condition (this Word, and his staring full in my Face with a Smile, made me blush, and cast down my Eyes, as that Condition is visible) it may have the same Effect on her; and I will never so far fail in the Respect due to the Parents of my Charmer, as to allow them to sit there.

Sir, said my Father, the Parents of *Pamela* are too much honour'd in being allow'd any Place near you; but to make short, suppose now Dinner over, and that we are at Sir *Simon's*.

That

That Gentleman handed me in, and my dear Mr. B——my Mother: The Lady met, and conducted us into a large Parlour: The Conversation turned upon no one Thing in particular; we discours'd on general Heads, and soon as the Lady called for Tea, and Sir *Simon* for Wine, we in a manner made two Companies.

Among other Things, as the Glass went round, Sir-*Simon* said, I hope I shall have a sociable Neighbour of my Name-sake. I am certain, replied Mr. B——, you will have a worthy one. I don't doubt it, subjoin'd the Baronet. May I take the Liberty to ask you, Mr. *Andrews*, of what County you are?

Sir, answered my Father, I am an *Englishman* by Naturalization only; I was not born in this Kingdom.

Pray what are the Arms of your Family? This Question put me a little to the Blush.

I don't know, Sir, if you are serious; for I can't suppose you ignorant how much Mr. B——descended to raise my Daughter: However, Sir, what my Family bears, are *Gules, a Lyon Passant, Or.*

They are, said Sir *Simon*, our very Arms. Yes, replied my Father; and if your Family Pictures are still remaining in the long Gallery, on the North Side this House, I can shew you among them, his, who derived to me a Right to bear those Arms.

We were all, except my Mother, vastly surprized at this Answer.

Sir, cry'd Sir *Simon*, you surprize me very much; you seem acquainted with this House—I am, Sir; but have not been in it since your Father was in Coats—I believe, Sir, you have awaken'd the Curiosity of us all—No, Sir, not my

my Wife's——The Pictures are in the same Order my Father found them: I am very careful to preserve them: Will you give me Leave to wait on you to the Gallery——Are the Rooms not alter'd—No, Sir, I am too fond of Antiquity.—Then if you please, I'll conduct you thither.

I am satisfied none of the Company was more astonish'd than I was: We all follow'd my Father, who, as he went up Stairs, pointed to a Room, and said, that was the Apartment of the good old Gentleman your Great-Grandfather; the Furniture of his Bed-chamber, I well remember, was a green Velvet Bed and Chairs. They are there yet, said Sir *Simon*.

My Father went forward; led us to the Gallery, and, pointing to a Picture, told Sir *Simon*, that was your Great-Grandfather; the three after him were his Sons; *Humphry*, your Grandfather; *Henry*, his second Son; and *John*, his third.

This last died unmarried; he was called to the Bar, and there made a considerable Figure for his Time. *Henry* took to the Sword, and went to *Sweden*, where he married the Daughter of Baron *Strome*, Lieutenant-General, by whom he had one Son; his Wife dying in Child bed, he sent this Son to his Father at the Age of five Years.

The old Gentleman was very fond of him, which gave Mr. *Humphry* some Umbrage; for which Reason he was consign'd to the Care of Dr. *Jinks*, Rector of this Church, who bred him up.

This Doctor of Divinity was the second Son of Esquire *Jinks* of *Broom-hall*, about ten Miles off. That Gentleman had also three Sons; the eldest and second had University Education; the former of which was sent to travel, and return'd an Honour to his Country.

Here

Here Lady *Andrews* made a Curtesy, and said, that was my dear Grandfather, whom I remember with Gratitude to his Memory, for his Tenderness of me in my Infancy.

The third, continued my Father, was bound Apprentice to a Silk Mercer in *Pater-noster-Row*, where he afterwards set up, lived creditably, and died in good Circumstances.

The second Son, Doctor of Divinity, and Rector of this Advowson, was design'd for the Law, but inclining more to the Study of Divinity, by his Father's Indulgence, took Orders.

He had not been six Months a *Deacon*, when he then Rector, being killed by his Coach overturning, your Great-Grandfather (Sir *Simon*) presented him to this Living.

Humphrey married, and had three Children in the Life-time of Sir *Hugh*.

When this latter (I mean Sir *Hugh*) died, his Grandson, Son of *Henry*, was about ten Years of Age; Sir *Hugh* left him in the Guardianship and Disposal of Dr. *Jinks*, and by his Will ordered two thousand Pounds to be paid to the said Doctor in three Months after his Decease, as a Provision for this Boy.

The Doctor, who was married to a Relation of his Patron's, Mrs. *Dorothy Andrews*, had one Daughter about the Age of the little *Swede*; there was a great Friendship between these two, which increased with their Years, and rose to an unalterable Affection.

The Boy, at the Age of fourteen, was put Apprentice by the Doctor to his Brother the Mercer in *London*; having serv'd out his Time, received his Fortune, and entered into Trade, he asked the Doctor to give him his Daughter in Marriage, which, having consulted her Inclinations, he readily

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dily did, with fifteen hundred Pounds for her Portion.

The new married Couple lived very happily for some time; but Misfortunes, a Detail of which is too long to trouble you with at present, brought them to extreme Poverty; they had several Children which they brought up, but none liv'd to be married; at length, in the fiftieth Year of their respective Age, Heaven blest'd them with a *Pamela* to be the Support and Comfort of their old Days, and by her means has brought them back in the Decline of Life to the Country of their Forefathers.

I could not help crying out, O, how inscrutable, how wise, how merciful are the Ways of the Almighty! I thought nothing could have added to that Happiness, which the generous Mr. B—— has rais'd me to, from a most abject Scituation; but I own, as this Discovery must necessarily give him a particular Satisfaction, by the World (which often judges by Prejudice) looking on me as more worthy of the Honour he has conferred on me, I feel a Joy unspeakable: This indeed is the principal Source; not, Sir, but I am very sensible what Honour and Advantage it is to me to be own'd the Relation of so worthy and ancient Families as Sir *Simon's* and his Lady's.

My Lady was pleas'd to say, that Mrs. B—— would do Honour to the greatest.

Sir *Simon*, my Lady, and my dear Spouse embraced us all very tenderly. Mr. B—— said, the World, govern'd by Custom, may esteem and respect you more, when this is known; but it is impossible for me; my dear *Pamela* had before engross'd my Heart, I doated on her Beauties, honour'd (and washonour'd by) her Virtues; (as her Parents) you, Mr. *Andrews*, and my Mother,

ther, commanded my Respect, and your Merit gained my real Esteem.

I hope, said Sir *Simon*, Cousin *Andrews*, since we are thus nearly and doubly related, we shall often be together; that you'll command me in whatever may be for your Service; in a Word, that we shall not live like modern Relations. Sir, continued he, speaking to Mr. *B*——, I am proud of the Honour of your Alliance; but I hope, Cousin *Andrews*, you will favour us with your Story more at large.

I will obey you, Sir *Simon*, with a great deal of Pleasure, and give you authentick Proofs of the Truth, when I have the Honour to see you at Mr. *B*——'s House, which his Humanity has allotted for my Residence.——I believe there are some old Persons in your Village, who may call us to mind, especially Mrs. *Andrews*, who resided at her Father's fifteen Months soon after my Misfortunes overtook me. Is old *John Guyver* alive? He is, replied Sir *Simon*——Pray oblige me in sending for him.

We went back to the Parlour, and the old Man was brought to us. Honest *John*, said my Father, I am glad to see you look so hale; don't you remember that old Acquaintance of yours? pointing to my Mother.

Ha! answer'd he, What! why sure! can I believe my Eyes? Good Madam *Andrews*, our worthy Doctor's Daughter! Remember you quotha? aye, by'r Lady, an it were but Yesterday. Good Madam *Andrews* how dun you? and how han ye done these many Years? by my troth I am hugely pleas'd to see ye, thof ye grow somewhat auld; but we han been young as well as other Volks. My Wife *Jane*, your auld Maid, will be main glad to see you: And by my troth, if I

am not mistaken, this is Maister *Andrews* your good Husband——You are right, honest *John* replied my Father, and I rejoice to see you——Law ye, law ye, Maister *Andrews*, how Things will come about, we all here thouten ye were both diade; truly I am mainly glad to see you well and my good Madam.

Thank you kindly, Goodman *Guyver*, said my Father, we are glad to see you.——Well Maister *Andrews*, 'tis many a Year since you and I play'd at Cricket in the Church-yard in good Sir *Hugh's* Time: Lord, Lord, how Time slips away; some are born that was not thouten of and others are diade, that we donno missen, auld Friends are forgotten; how many Children have you?——Only that one you see there——By my troth, and a dainty one too——but methinks she looks a little plumpish about the Hips, an as if she would make you a Grandfather. I blush'd at this, and Mr. *B*——laughing, said, I hope she will, Goodman *Guyver*.——Is she your Worship's Wife an please you?——Indeed is she, Goodman——Than I dare say your Honour is very happy; she is a sweet Madam, and has Goodness in her Looks; God bless you both together. I thank'd the good Man, and said he was extremely complaisant——By my troth noa——I speaken as I think. Indeed, replied Mr. *B*——, you do her no more than Justice.

Law-ye, I thout so. My Mother said she should be glad to see his Wife——Ah! poor *Jane*, she's auld and crazy, she canno stir out, or I am sure she'd come with Joy——I will go to her——Will you? that's koind; nay, you were always good, I'll say that for you thof you were a hundred Mile off.

My

My Father ask'd if *Will Mullet* was alive? Ay, and hearty; honest *Will*!——Come, said my Lady, I will wait on my Cousin *Andrews*, to see her old Servant.

By my troth do, Madam, an I will give you a Cup of as good Ale as any out of your own House. Well remember'd, cried Sir *Simon*; Mr. *Andrews*, you have not made your old Acquaintance drink yet; my humble Service to you, Sir, pray, drink to your left Hand Man, (which was Goodman *Guyver*.) Sir *Simon*, I donno care for Wine, an you will order me a Cup of good brown Beer—One Glas won't hurt you——Noa, noa, hurt me, there's no Danger of that; but, troth, I donno like the Taste, and I love to drink a good Draught.

When the old Man had drunk his Mug of Beer, he said, come, Madam *Andrews*, an you'll see auld *Jane*. I'll shew you the Way to my poor Habitation as I may say. My Father saying he would keep her Company, Sir *Simon* propos'd that we should all walk down the Village, which Mr. B— consented to——Well, hark-ye then, Sir *Simon*, donno come till I have told *Jane*, that she may get herself a little tydy you know. I am sure I shall make her hugely glad, when I tell her that her auld Mistress is here, and coming to see her; so I'll go first, you know the Way, and so Maister and Madam *Andrews*. Sir *Simon* answer'd, it should be as he liked.

Goodman *Guyver* had alarmed the Village, and my dear Parents were stopp'd to receive Compliments, (some of them accompanied with Tears of Joy) at least a dozen times by old Men and Women, who had formerly known them. Goody *Guyver* embrac'd, kiss'd, and wept over my Mother, and express'd the tenderest Affection to both

her and my Father; she kiss'd me over and over, and call'd me a little Angel: We staid near an Hour, for all who knew my Parents resorted thither—It was a Scene which highly delighted me, and Mr. B—— said he never was so well pleased with any.

Here, said he, is Gratitude, and friendly Affection among these honest People, without any Mixture of selfish Views; it is their Heart, not their Interest, which instructs their Tongues; and their Caresses are so many authentick Proofs of your good Parents worth. Pray when we go, desire your Mother will slip these five Guineas into honest *Jane's* Hand.

Soon after we were in Goodman *Guyver's* House the Bells were set a ringing. On my asking the Reason, he said they rang for his good Master and Madam *Andrews*, and if so be that they had not rung he would have cut the Bell-Ropes. Mr. B—— sent the Ringers two Guineas.

We return'd to Sir *Simon's*, where we staid at his earnest request as long as we conveniently could to get home before it was dark. At our taking Leave he and his Lady promis'd to spend a whole Day with us very soon.

In our Return, this Discovery of my Father's was the Subject with which Mr. B—— entertain'd me; he was pleas'd, among other handsome Things, to say that my Parents concealing their Family, under the Necessities they were driven to, shew'd a sublime Way of thinking, and a Greatness of Soul, which spoke them both above giving their Esteem to any thing which was not of intrinsic Value; and he was satisfied they look'd upon Virtue alone; as deserving to be so term'd.

Well, my dear *Jervis*, we got home safe, and I am sure the Satisfaction this Account must give you

you will atone for the Length of this Diary. I wish my Lady *Davers* might be still kept in Ignorance of my Family, as Mr. B ——— has already stood the shock of her Reproaches, till I have by an observant Behaviour gained her Esteem, and she thinks me worthy to be call'd her Sister; to the End when she does me the Honour of that Appellation, her Brother may place it to the Account of her own Humility, and a tender Regard for him; I shall entreat him to conceal it from her, for this Reason.

She is a good Lady, tho' somewhat too violent; however, they are like hasty and sudden Showers, which are short, and follow'd by Sun-shine; set aside this Failing, and what Mortal is perfect? she is an excellent Lady, and a real Friend to the Poor.

I shall never forget her Goodness in offering to take me from her Brother to be the Shield of my Innocence; may she be rewarded for it hereafter; her Situation sets her above any Returns I can make, but those of my Thanks and Prayers, which shall constantly be offered for her at the Throne of Grace. That good Lady's Charity will I doubt not cover the little, and only Defect that can be laid to her Charge.

O, what Rewards attend the liberal Hand, and bountiful Heart; nay, were there no other than the Satisfaction found in relieving the Wants of the Wretched, in making glad the Mournful, bidding Joy succeed to Grief, it is alone sufficient to overbalance all the insipid (falsely term'd) Pleasures the World affords.

Often have I, though, at that Time, but the Distributer of my Lady's Bounty, felt my Heart swell with inutterable Pleasure, with Joy unspeakable, which has broke forth in Tears, when her Charity has cloath'd the Naked, filled the hungry, and

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and sent seasonable Relief to the modest Poor, who chose rather to suffer than expose their Want; and when I have heard their grateful Prayers offered to Heaven to draw down Blessings on their generous Benefactress.

O my dear Mrs. *Fervis*, I have often reflected on the Blessing promised to the Rich in the Words, *the Poor shall not cease from among you*. They shall always have Opportunities of doing Good, and in giving Comfort, be immediately rewarded here with inward Satisfaction, and hereafter with immortal Glory.

Were it possible for the Miser to know the Pleasure which arises from conscious Virtue, he would think 'it cheaply purchased at the Price of much of that useless Gold he imprisons in his Coffers, and which in Revenge (as it were) imprisons him, for his Heart is locked up with his Hoards.

While I was in the midst of these Reflections, my dear Master came in and surprized me; What are you writing, my dear *Pamela*?——A Letter to Mrs. *Fervis*, Sir.——Won't you indulge me with a Sight of it, you know I take a Pleasure in reading your Productions.——What can you imagine, Sir, can be entertaining in the trifling Accounts I give her of my Journey hither?——My dear *Pamela*, oblige me; may I take up and read this?——Sir, I wish you don't repent the Loss of Time you will bestow on it.

He read that Part first which I last wrote; and said, you are very good, my Angel, in forgiving my Sister thus generously; I own 'tis with Difficulty, though I love her tenderly, that I copy your Example.

O, my dear Sir, you are of too generous a Nature to be long angry. I have read that the Brave are the most humane, and I believe it, not only from

from what I have observed in your Temper, which my Duty obliges me to study; but also from the Reflection of a brave Heathen—What is that Reflection?—He says, that notwithstanding the Person disoblighing him is not of the same Flesh and Blood with himself, yet is he near of kin to him, as both their Minds are extracted from the same Deity: He is of Opinion, that it is not in the Power of any Man to do him a real Injury, and the Reason he assigns for it is, that no Man can force him to misbehave himself; wherefore he cannot find in his Heart to hate, or be angry with one of his own Nature and Family.

We are all, continues he, made for mutual Assistance, no less, than the Parts of the Body are for the Service of the whole; from whence it follows, that Clashing and Opposition are quite unnatural, and such an unfriendly Disposition is imply'd in Resentment and Aversion.

By the Good-nature which reigns in this Heathen, I guess your Author is *Marcus Antoninus*; but, my dear Jewel, don't expect to find merival the Virtues of that incomparable Prince—Why not, Sir, you have an Advantage over him?—I take you, my Darling; but he was a Heathen Christian, and we are Christian Heathens.

Don't include yourself, my dear Sir; the Age is too wicked, but there are a Number of good, and, no doubt, 'tis owing to their Piety that we feel not the avenging Wrath of a provok'd and tremendous God; yet so merciful, so compassionate, that could *Sodom* have afforded but ten righteous Persons, he would have averted the impending Judgment, by which it was dreadfully destroy'd.

But, my dear Sir, you have made me digress from the Subject: Can you let a Heathen go beyond you in a Christian Virtue; nay, the most amiable,

amiable, the Conquest of our Passions, in forgiving Insults or Injuries?

No, my little dear Oratrix; I forgive my Sister, and since you plead in her Behalf, I will be thoroughly reconciled sooner than I intended.

I design'd to make her Pride suffer some Time, for fear of a Relapse; but I can deny nothing, where such Beauty and Goodness join in a Request. —I am sure, Sir, my Lady's Goodness would not have allow'd your Resentment to have been of long Duration. 'Tis true she behaved with a Passion which did not become her good Sense, or her Birth and Rank; and afterwards with a Haughtiness, a Distance which was not suitable to the Character of your Wife; though my Lord made me amends in his Condescensions to *Pamela*, and Complaisance to her as Mrs. B—; but then, Sir, how great Provocation had you given her? when you reflect on the Cause, you will easily forgive the Effects.

Well, but my pretty Pratler, won't you let me see what you have written to Mrs. *Fervis*?—Tho' 'tis my Duty and Pleasure to obey you, yet I own I would rather you would not look into this Trifle; beside—beside what? I dare say you have not treated me as harshly in this as in your former Letters. No, Sir, but I am afraid you will be angry at one Expression with regard to you, which I chid myself for.—Nay, you must not suffer twice for one Fault; if you have taken my Part against *Pamela*, I ought to rest fully satisfied. Is this Sheet I see all? no, it cannot be. Let me, my Charmer, have the foregoing Part.—You shall have them all if you won't read them while I am by, and will promise me to shew them to no one else.—I except your Father and Mother.

I gave him the Papers, and he tenderly embracing me put them in his Pocket, saying they should be his Morning's Entertainment till Church-time.

Rachel is come to tell me Supper is going upon Table. Adieu, my dear Mrs. *Jervis*.

Friday and *Saturday* I staid at home; Mr. *B*—diverted himself with sometimes taking the Air, sometimes reading; we had no Visitors.

Sunday my dear Master was up very early, and in about an Hour after he had been dressed, the Horses were ordered to the Door, and he and my Father took an Airing round the Grounds, as they have constantly done every Morning since we have been here: They return'd, and we sat down to Breakfast a little after Eight.

We chatted on different Things, till the Table was removed, when Mr. *B*——said, my dear *Pamela*, you will I am sure be agreeably entertain'd at Church, for our young Curate is admired by all who hear him preach.

Sir, replied I, I had much rather be instructed in my Religion, and improved in my Morals, by Orthodox Doctrine, than have my Ears tickled with smooth Periods, and quaint Metaphors, delivered with proper Emphasis and Action.

But, my dear Critick, won't you allow that sound Doctrine deserves to be deck'd with all the Flowers of Rhetorick: Is a fine and virtuous Lady less engaging if richly dress'd? In Answer, Sir, I must say, sound Doctrine does not want these Ornaments, these Flowers of Rhetorick. It's Sublimity sets it above all Embellishments, as Truth is most beautiful when naked. There is a majestic Loftiness in the plain Diction of the holy Scriptures, which none of your florid Orators can come up to: Your Simile I think a very good one; for as the Glare of Jewels and rich Cloaths will attract

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tract the Eyes of such as are surprized by their Lustre, in Prejudice to native Charms; so the Jingle of Words will draw the Attention of the Ignorant, who regarding the Smoothness of Style, overlook the Instructions of the Doctrine convey'd in it.

You have turn'd the Simile against me; I find you are for a plain Discourse.

I must own I am pleas'd to see a Man of Learning descend to the Capacity of his Hearers, and more zealous for their Edification, than anxious for the Character of an eloquent Preacher.

I am then satisfi'd you will approve our young Curate, whose Diction carries with it this Beauty, it is intelligible to the meanest Capacity, and at the same time engages the Attention of the Learned; he never employs a foreign Word, if he can find an *English* one which carries the same Meaning; for Example, he would not use the Word *insuperable* for *invincible*, which every one is acquainted with; his Allegories are such as all understand, his Metaphors just, easy, and intelligible. Controversy, as it will not edify his Parishioners, he never meddles with. Metaphysicks he knows is of no Use to Husbandmen, and that it is his Duty to make them live up to the Dignity of human Nature, not his Business to puzzle them with abstruse Philosophy, and speculative Divinity.

That he may comply with this Duty, the excellent young Divine proves his Belief of the Doctrine he teaches by living up to it: He is ready at all Hours of the Night, without consulting the Weather, to attend and pray by the Sick; he visits his Parishioners often, examines their Families, instructs the ignorant in their Duty, catechises the Children every Week; if he hears of any Dissensions in the Parish, he makes it his Business to mediate

mediate Peace, by representing to each Party what is required of them as Christians, whose Profession is Meekness, Forbearance, brotherly Love and Charity; and what they ought to do as Men of Sense, who will maturely weigh the probable Consequences before they undertake any thing.

He shews them the Inconveniences and Expences of the Law, and lets them know they may as well decide their Difference, by leaving it to the Arbitration of honest and judicious Neighbours, as pay Attorneys Bills, Counsellors and Office Fees, to have the Sentiments of a Court: He is entirely void of Avarice, a rare Example of Humility, and charitable to the Extent of his Power.

The Rector of the Parish is extremely old, and as the Advowson is now in me, I intend to shew I admire his Virtues by encouraging them with the Living, (which is two hundred Pounds a Year) on the Death of the present Incumbent.

Pray, Sir, of what Country is this good young Clergyman?

He shall tell you himself, when you find a proper Opportunity to introduce the Question—What has he for serving the Cure?—Thirty Pounds; but my Lord—to whom he is Chaplain, and who is very fond of him, allows, for his better Support, fifty Pounds a Year more.

When it was Time, our whole Family went to Church. I was dressed, because such was the Command of my dear and honour'd Master, in the richest Suit his Bounty had given me, and with all that Profusion of brilliant Diamonds derived to me from the same dear and liberal Hand.

Mr. *Brown*, which is the Name of this young Curate, so justly admired, read Prayers with great Devotion, and with an audible Voice; he afterwards made a fine Discourse on these Words. So

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God

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God created Man in his own Image, in the Image of God created he him: Male and Female created he them, which is the twenty-seventh Verse of the first Chapter of *Genesis*.

He shew'd from this Text the Dignity of human Nature, and how Men sink beneath that Dignity by Repinings or Murmurings at the Decrees of Providence; by Envy, Hatred or Revenge; by being subject to their Passions, by mean Evasions, Tricks, or Falshood; by not acting steadily, and with prudent Forecast, and by preferring temporal to eternal Advantages.

This Part of his Sermon he contrasted, and set to View an opposite Procedure; he then shew'd how nearly all Mankind were related, having the same Origin, and their Souls being an Emanation from the same divine Breath: From hence he enforced the Duties of Humanity, Brotherly Love and Charity; and lastly, he took an Opportunity from the latter Part of his Text, to admonish married People of their Duty.

This is a Summary of his Discourse, delivered in a plain, but energetick Stile, which I thought beautifully engaging, his Action was easy and modest, and he seem'd eager that his Hearers should practice the Christian Virtues he had recommended (with a becoming Zeal.)

After Sermon, the Tenants and Free-holders, whom Mr. B—— had invited, came to our House to Dinner: they were those who had met us on the Road. Mr. *Brown* came and made a short Compliment, but would have declined dining with us, as we had so many Guests. Mr. B—— however prevailed upon him.

A very plentiful Dinner was prepared, and every Man had his Option of Wine or strong Beer. The Cloth being removed, Grace said by Mr.

Mr. *Brown*, Bottles and Glasses were 'set upon the Table, and my Mother and I having drunk the Grace Cup, withdrew. Mr. *Brown* ask'd me, if he might intercede for a Dish of Coffee. I answer'd, I fear'd Mr. *B*—— would be loath to part with such good Company.

You say right, my Dear, replied my dear Master, were it not to oblige you: Order some Coffee, and when 'tis ready I will shew you I prefer your Satisfaction to my own, by sending Mr. *Brown* to you. Sir, said the Clergyman, you make me a Compliment which I cannot answer.

I ordered Coffee to be made as soon as possible, we having been so long at Table it was near Church-time.

Mr. *Brown* came, and I ask'd him if he intended us the Favour of an Afternoon Discourse. He said it was not customary but as he had heard of the Invitation Mr. *B*—— had given the Tenants, knew they would return to the House after Prayers; and apprehended the Effects of Mr. *B*——'s Hospitality on the one Hand, and the Greediness of the lower Class of Men for Liquor, when to be had at Free-cost, on the other, he thought it incumbent on him to guard against these Effects, by keeping them as long as he could at Church, and to shew the Sin, Odiousness, and (often fatal) Consequence of this Swinish Vice, which debased the rational Man below the brute Creation, Swine only excepted: Wherefore he had composed a Discourse on these Words, *Who hath Woe? who hath Sorrow? who hath Contentions? who hath Babbling? who hath Wounds without Cause? who hath Redness of Eyes? They that tarry long at the Wine, they that go to seek mix'd Wine*——which are the twenty-ninth and thirtieth

tieth Verses of the twenty-third Chapter of *Proverbs*.

I thank'd Mr. *Brown* for the excellent Discourse he had given us in the Forenoon, and my Mother joined her Commendations: He answer'd that our Approbation was very grateful to him, as he thought us above the mean Vice of Flattery; but indeed that he was a Subject too low to fear any Attack from that Quarter.

In his Afternoon Sermon, which cannot be too much commended, I took particular Notice of a pretty Remark, very properly introduced; namely, that the Name of *Bacchus*, the Heathens God of Wine, came from a * *Hebrew* Word, which is pretty near of the same Sound, and signifies *weeping*, or *Tears*; and that probably the Heathens had taken the Worship of *Bacchus* from the *Jews*, who they imagined worshipped that fictitious Deity, induced to that Belief by the golden † Vine weighing a thousand Talents, placed in their Temple, in Memory of that brought on two Men's Shoulders; this, said he, a *Roman* Author (whom he named) hints ‡, saying that *the Jews were supposed to worship Bacchus, the Conqueror of the East, because their*

* Tis possible this was one of the following,

כְּבוֹר
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כְּבוֹר } *Fletus,*

to which alludes the Greek Βαρυος *Ejulatus*.

† Numbers, C. xiii. v. 23.

‡ This Author we suppose is *Tacitus*, he has the very Words. *Sed quia sacerdotes eorum tibia tympanisque concinebant, vitisque aurea in templo reperta, liberum patrem coli domitorem Orientis quidam arbitrati sunt.*

their Priests sang in Concert with Pipes and Timbrels, and a golden Vine was found in their Temple. Besides the Acclamations in the *Bacchanalian Revels Elelen, Elelen*, was probably from the *Hebrew Hallelujah*, and the *Greek** Word which signifies to keep the Feasts of *Bacchus* was derived from the *Hebrew Sabbath*.

The good Clergyman's Precautions were eluded, our Company came back, supped, and sat into drinking. My Father relieved Mr. B——, Mr. *Longman* relieved him again, and about twelve o'Clock the Company took Compassion on the Family, or more properly could drink no more; for several of them, as I have since heard, took a Nap on the Road, and let their Horses go home without them: had they gone home sober, Mr. B—— says, not one would have thought he had been made welcome.

Tho' my dear Mr. B—— had not drunk to intoxicate him, yet his regular Hours make him sensibly feel any accidental Excursion; he lay till twelve the next Day, and when he was dressed look'd I don't know how-ish: 'Tis a terrible Thing, said he, that a Man must be enslaved to a Custom, which makes him a Slave to Brutes; had I not kept these Hog-troughs Company, and given them as much *Wash* as the Swines could suck up, I should have had the Character of a proud and a stingy Man. How, my *Pamela*, does your worthy Father, poor Gentleman, I am sure he suffered upon my Account? Have you heard any thing of honest *Longman*? I saw he too had Compassion on me. I told him neither of them had appeared.

Just as I had made this Answer my Father came into the Parlour. Dear Sir, said Mr. B—— I

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thank

* No doubt *αελευ, bacchari.*

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thank the Charity you shew'd me last Night ; but I fear you have suffered by it.—Really, Sir, I pity'd you, and though I abhor drinking to Excess, I thought it might do me less hurt than you, as my Blood, cooled with Age, is not so soon inflamed: I did pretty well ; for the honest Farmers did not mind how I fill'd my Glass, though they every one in particular took care to fill Brimmers, which both Mr. *Longman* and myself encouraged, as we were by Turns upon Duty, for we saw they would be drunk, and I thought the sooner the better, that the Family might go to rest.

Indeed, Mr. *Andrews*, this is being *sadly merry*. My lovely *Pamela*, won't you give us some Coffee? *Jonathan*, (he happened to go through the Hall, and my dear Life saw him, for the Door was open) see if Mr. *Longman* is awake. Go softly, and don't disturb him if he sleeps: If he is stirring, tell him we are going to drink Coffee. *Jonathan* return'd, and said Mr. *Longman* was dress'd, and coming down: Then order the Coach, we'll take an Airing on——Heath, and let Dinner be ready by Four ; do you hear, speak to the Cook. My dear *Pamela*, you and your Mother will dine at your usual Hour, you ought not to suffer for the Debaucheries of your Husbands.

I am glad to see you so pleasant ; how many Ladies would be overjoy'd to hear their Husbands call your last Night's Compliance with Custom a Debauchery: We will dine with you if you please, and take an Airing too in *Blunt's* Coach——No, my dear, I believe your own may be the easier of the two. Mr. *Andrews*, *Longman*, and I will go in *Blunt's*, and I'll beg the Favour of Mr. *Brown* to keep you Company, he has travelled, and if you put him upon giving you an Account of his Observations in *France* and *Italy*, it will by so much

much be more entertaining than what you may hear from other Travellers, as you may be satisfied he will tell you nothing but what is strictly corresponding with the Truth.

Father, your Daughter has never seen *Maidstone*; what think you if we should give ourselves a Loose, drive thither, and dine at the Star?—Sir, that is just as you shall please: I am sure my Daughter will agree chearfully to whatever is agreeable to you.—I know her so good, I dare say she will. Mr. *Longman* came; *John* was sent to entreat the Favour of Mr. *Brown* to make this little Excursion with us; *Colbrand* ordered to go to the Star at *Maidstone* to bespeak a Dinner to be ready at Four; we sat down to our Coffee. Word being brought that the Coaches were ready, Mr. B—— bid them wait at the Gate to prevent Visitors, at least long Visits; and as only the Servants which were hired for my Parents, and one of my Maids were to stay at home, the design'd Dinner was forbid, there being a great Abundance of cold Meat in the House, which Mr. B—— ordered to be given to the Poor, after they had dined.

The Rev. Mr. *Brown* was so complaisant that he came with the Messenger. The first Compliment pass'd, he enquired after our Healths with a friendly Concern. I am afraid, said he, your Family suffered last Night. Really, Sir, replied Mr. B——, I wish my Guests had had more regard to your Doctrine.—I was afraid your Cellar, Sir, would prove too hard for my Pulpit.

When we were in the Coach I told Mr. *Brown*, that Mr. B—— had inform'd me of his having travelled, that doubtless he had made some curious Remarks, which would be very entertaining, if he would please to communicate them.

Madam,

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Madam, replied he, my Judgment was not ripe enough to make Remarks worthy of Relation. I set out at Eighteen, and was indeed three Years making the Tour of *Europe*, with the present Lord——, to whom I have the Honour to be Chaplain. His Lordship's Father was then alive, and to him (whose Memory will be ever dear to me) I owe my Education; his Charity took me from my Parents, (who could have brought me up to Day Labour only) and gave me a liberal one, which, with the present Lord's Bounty, is not only a comfortable, but a genteel Support: But what Remarks could my Youth make worth reading?——Are you then of this Country, Sir?——I am, Madam, and the Son of a poor Farrier, by my late Lord's Charity taken into his House; by his Humanity, enjoining his Chaplain to take Care of my Learning, brought up in the Study of polite Literature, and nurtured in the Paths of Virtue, and by his extensive Liberality sent to *Oxford*, to perfect my Studies, where his Lordship allow'd me every thing necessary to that End.

At Eighteen he recall'd me to wait on his Son in his Travels, a farther Instance of the Goodness of my Patron, whom I had not the Pleasure to see again; his Lordship paying the Debt of Nature, when his Son, the worthy Inheritor of his Virtues, as well as Estate and Title, was at *Paris*.

To this young Nobleman's Bounty I stand also greatly indebted: May the Almighty repay his Goodness with every temporal Blessing, while on Earth, and crown him with eternal Glory hereafter. These my sincere grateful Prayers will, I hope, be heard, as my Lord's good Sense, and virtuous Education

Education make him prefer the permanent to the perishable.

He lives as one who has always his End in View, and I dare say his Lordship has. He is extremely just in his Dealings; so remarkable for his Veracity, that his Word is looked upon infallible; no Tradesman ever asked him twice for his Money; no Tenant ever complain'd of Hardships, and no Poor ever went unrelieved from his Gate.

He has had indeed a great Estate, and puts the better Part of his Revenue every Year to Interest: I mean, Madam, he distributes it in Charity, for he looks upon himself rather the Steward of the Poor than the absolute Lord of his Possessions.

I am quite charmed with the Character you have given this young Nobleman, as I am satisfied. From that Mr. B—has given the Rev. Mr. Brown, it is without Mixture of Flattery, and what my Lord has really merited.

Madam, could I be guilty of that groveling Vice, which is the Indication of a weak and servile Mind, or were I, on the other Hand, capable to be awed into Silence, when the Interest of Religion, the Service of my God bids me *cry aloud, and spare not*, I should be unworthy the Cloth I wear.

Really, Sir, our degenerate Age has need of resolute Monitors.—Madam, I am of Opinion, from what I have observed in the small Compass of my reading, that the World has been pretty much the same. *Solomon* reproves many Vices and Follies, now daily practised, and I believe this Generation is as virtuous as the preceding, or more properly speaking, not more vicious; but we are more affected with what we see and feel, than by what we read, and are therefore apt to compliment

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compliment the past Age at the Expence of the present.

Indeed, Sir, said my Mother, my Observation in a long Course of Years has convinced me of the Truth of what you say.—But, Sir, said I, won't you favour me with some Account of your Travels, I am almost assured you took Notes.

I did so, Madam; but I should be ashamed any but myself saw them. However, to shew your Ladyship with what Readiness I shall always obey any Commands of yours, I will tell you a remarkable short Story, in which you will find my good Lord and Patron the Instrument of divine Providence to relieve and reward distress'd Virtue. On my saying he would highly oblige me, he began as follows.

Venassin is a Country under the Jurisdiction of the Pope, bordering on *France*; the Metropolis is *Avignon*. There are Courts of Justice establish'd for the terminating all Disputes, but the Sentence pass'd in them is not without Appeal to the Superior Court of Judicature at *Rome*, which occasions such who think that they have not had Justice done them to repair thither.

A certain Lady of Distinction, litigious and violent in her Nature, having lost a Suit, and thinking herself greatly injured, lodged her Appeal, and set out for *Rome* to solicit her Cause in Person, attended according to her Rank and Fortune.

She went to *Marseilles*, and took Shipping for *Genoa*, designing from thence to take Advantage of some other Vessel to pass to *Leghorn*, or to *Civita Vecchia*; she remain'd some Time at *Genoa* before such an Opportunity for her Passage offered, which, as she was impatient under Disappointments, made her grow intolerably peevish, and vent her Passion upon her innocent Servants.

At

At length she met with a Vessel, and agreed for her Passage, on the Master's assuring her he would depart in few Days; but he, who had not got his full Lading, and minded his Interest more than his Word given, procrastinated so long, that the Lady was quite out of Patience, for which, as I have said, her poor Servants suffer'd.

One Day the Girl who waited at her Toilet, named *Beatrix*, did not dress her Head to please her, which occasion'd a Storm of hard Words to shower on the Offender, who at length provoked, having more Spirit than Prudence, answer'd, that it was in vain to endeavour at pleasing her Ladyship; that she had tried all possible Means to do it, but she seem'd resolv'd to find Fault with every thing.

The Lady was so irritated with the Pertness of this Answer, that she rose in a Passion, and began to cuff the poor Servant, who took to her Heels to avoid the Effects of her Fury.

The Lady with Rage, in Pursuit of her flying Servant, did not see, but tumbled over a Stool that stood in the Way, and cut a deep Gash over one of her Eyebrows, against the Corner of the Chamber Door.

This Misfortune was charged to the Account of the poor *Beatrix*, who, she insisted, had purposely placed the Stool in her Way. Her Resentment was so very great, that she not only refused to admit her to her Presence; but when the Vessel was ready to set sail, her Baggage being all on board, she departed, leaving *Beatrix* behind, without paying her Wages, or ordering any thing to carry the poor Girl to her Parents. This was a severe, if not a cruel Punishment of a Servant's Sauciness.

Her,

Her Mistress, and the other Servants gone, pennyless *Beatrix* was turn'd out of Doors by the good-natur'd Inn-keeper, with whom her Lady had lodg'd and dieted, while she waited for a Passage.

She was in a very malencholy Scituation, a Stranger to the Language and Country, beside without one Penny of Money to assist her, turn'd into the Streets to shift as she could. She burst into a Flood of Tears, and recommending herself to the divine Protection, to that God who never fails those who put their Trust in him, resolved to go the Hospital; in visiting the Town with her Lady, as she had been to view that, among other publick Buildings, she luckily remembered the Way.

When she got thither, she was carried to the Governors, being known a Stranger: Upon entering the Room she threw herself upon her Knees, pour'd forth a Torrent of Tears, wringing her Hand, and when her Grief would allow Utterance to her Words, told her deplorable Story in *French*, and begg'd they would charitably take her into their Protection, till she could find Means to return to *Provence*, her Country, with some single Lady or Family of Credit.

None of the Governors understanding *French*, they sent for one of the Invalids, who was a *Frenchman*, and spoke good *Italian*, he served her both for an Interpreter and Solicitor.

When he had recounted her Misfortune, he represented the Dangers to which her Beauty (she was indeed very pretty) might expose her Innocence, solicited on the one Hand and impelled by Want on the other, if their Humanity did not take her into their generous Protection.

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The Governors answer'd, that none but the Diseased and Wounded could be admitted into the Hospital; as neither of these was her Case, it would be a Breach of Trust in them to receive her. However, as they heartily commiserated her unhappy Circumstances, they would, out of their own particular Purse, take care that she should want no Necessaries of Life, and put her into the Hands of a devout old Woman, where she might be skreen'd from all Dangers apprehended, till an Opportunity offered for her returning to her own Country in Safety.

This News changed the Cause of her Tears, which now flow'd from Joy and Gratitude; she begg'd her Interpreter, as she was at a Loss for Words, to express the Sense she had of their Generosity, for her, in Terms, if such there were, adequate to their Bounty and Compassion, and to her Thankfulness.

The Governors sent for an old Woman, who used occasionally to attend the Sick in the Hospital, and was remarkable for Devotion, Industry and Poverty, having no Support, but from her Labour, or nursing of sick Persons.

To the Care of this Woman, who spoke *French*, the Governors recommended the poor lately deserted *Beatrix*, giving her Money, bidding her see she wanted nothing necessary to support Nature; to be frugal in her Management, acquaint them when the Sum they then gave her was expended, and they would furnish her with more.

The thankful *Beatrix* took Leave of her good Benefactors, and with a light Heart follow'd the old Woman, who was called *Mona Bencoglio*, to her House, which, though meanly furnish'd was in very neat Order. *Mona* signifies Dame or Goody.

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The first thing *Beatrix* did after she had enter'd this Azyle, was to throw herself on her Knees and thank her Creator, whose Providence is over all his Works, for having inspired her with the Thought of applying to the Governors of the Hospital, and them, with Compassion for her distressed Condition.

As she was going to the Hospital wringing her Hands and crying, several with seeming Pity offered her, by Signs, a Retreat in their respective Dwellings; but she fear'd this outside Shew of Humanity might be a Covering to some Design upon her Virtue, and therefore continued her Way, resolved rather to perish by Want than live with Infamy. Glorious Resolution, cried I! and such as can never fail of Protection and Reward from the God of Purity.

The Sequel, Madam, of this little History will make good the Justness of your Observation. *Beatrix*, who was a Stranger to the *Italian* Manners and Customs, where Lubricity is cover'd with a Veil of Modesty, behaved as if she had been in her own Country, where the Women are gay and innocent; the little Freedoms they take are not imputed to their Levity, and where it is found a greater Difficulty to corrupt a young Girl, who will accept of a Treat and the Fiddles, than an *Italian* Matron with her Rosary in one Hand, and Manual in the other.

Beatrix, I say, Madam, behaved with that Liveliness and Gaiety peculiar to her Nation, went to Church Mornings and Evenings, and exposed herself at the Window, not dreaming of any Consequences attending this Procedure that could give her Uneasiness.

As she was (I have already told your Ladyship) very pretty, she soon had a Number of Admirers, who

who by her Behaviour (as at *Genoa* a Woman shewing herself to a Man at a Window, is interpreted to be an Approbation of his Pursuit) flattered themselves they should succeed in their Views.

Mona Bencoglio, who observed what passed unregarded by the innocent *Beatrix*, let her Interest prevail over her Devotion, or more justly speaking, thinking that by the means of *Beatrix* she might put an End to her Poverty, judged it a proper Time to take off her religious Mask, and sell her Cloak of Hypocrisy to the best Bidder.

Among others whom she observed enamoured of the pretty *French* Woman, watching her Window, and following her to and from the Church, she particularly remark'd two young Gentlemen of considerable Fortunes; *Signor Varino*, and *Signor Palavicino*.

These she singled out as the properest for her Turn, and resolved of these two, to favour him who should be the more generous in his Offer.

They were a couple of young Rakes, inseparable Companions, and made a Glory of their Debaucheries. These two, finding themselves Rivals for the Favour of *Beatrix*, agreed to leave it to the Choice of the Idol to determine which of the two should be the happy Man; engaging, when he who had the Preference should be satisfied with the Possession of her Beauty, that he should resign her to the other.

This Engagement being entered into, they were to take their Turns to endeavour to gain the old Woman, that they might have Admittance to *Beatrix*, whom they esteemed an easy Conquest, if the Obstacle of her Guardian could be removed.

Mona Bencoglio having taken the above Resolution, was determined to lay hold of the first Opportunity

portunity that offered to to speak to one or both of these Gentlemen. The next Morning, as she with'd, she saw Signor *Varino* follow her and *Beatrice* at a little Distance : When they were near the Church Door, she bid her *Ward* go in, and turning to *Varino*, said,

It is some time, Signor, that I have observed you very vigilant about my House, and a constant Attendant on me and my Ward to and from Church. I have not lived to this Day ignorant of the Designs of lewd young Gentlemen upon innocent and handsome Virgins; but give me Leave to tell you, that your Pursuits are here as vain as they are surprizing; for if the Freedom of that young Creature's Behaviour, which is natural to her Country, may have given you some Encouragement, the known Severity of *Mona Bencoglio's* Life, one constant Series of Acts of Devotion, ought to have dash'd your presumptuous Hopes.

Heav'ns ! cried *Varino*, are you the pious *Mona Bencoglio*, that Model of Christian Virtues? I am said she, and as you know my Character, I hope you will desist from your wicked Intentions, and put an End to the Trouble you cause me, in being always upon my Guard : Saying this, she turn'd from him, and went hastily into the Church, and kneeled by *Beatrice*.

At their Return home *Mona Bencoglio* said, my dear Child, you innocently do a great deal of Mischief. It is impossible for the Men to see, and not be enamoured with your Beauty; wherefore I advise you not to be so often at the Window, for I assure you there are more than one deeply in Love with you; when I desired you to step before me into the Church I reproved one of them.

Here

Here she told *Beatrix* what I have related to your Ladyship of her Discourse with *Varino*; 'tis from the Mouth of that Girl that I learn'd it.—— The old Woman proceeded, I sent one home with Flea in his Ear.

'Tis true he is of a good Family, handsome in his Person, very rich, very much in Love; and with all your Beauty you are left forlorn in a strange Country, supported by a scanty Charity, which is but sufficient to keep in Life; but notwithstanding the Strength of the Temptations on one Hand, and the low Condition to which you are reduced on the other, I have such an Opinion of your Virtue, that I dare say you will continue to rely on the Protection of Providence.

'Tis true, my Dear, you may set what Price you will on your Charms, keep a luxurious Table, be deck'd in Jewels, have your Servants and your Litter to attend you, and your present Wants would in great measure, if not entirely, excuse you to the World; but then, my dear Child, what are all these Vanities, they will pass away as a Dream, and we must die at last. God sees, and we must account for our Lives.

'Tis true, you may say that he sees your Wants too, and if you take a false Step in providing for your present Ease and Plenty, you may repent Time enough; indeed there is much in that; no doubt very great Sinners have gone to Heaven by means of Repentance.

Well, 'tis hard; I should be loath you should lose a present Advantage, and hinder your stepping out of Penury into Plenty; but then, my dear Child, Eternity! Well, I shall not trouble you with Advice, remember we are to live hereafter. I commit you to the Protection of the

Saints; let nobody come into the House in my Absence, I am obliged to go out on Business.

Saying this she shut the Door after her. The chequer'd Discourse *Mona Bencoglio* held to *Beatrice*, and in which she fancy'd she saw more of the Devil than the Saint, gave her some Alarms, but again, when she reflected on her constant Devotions, her honest Industry, and great Poverty, she flatter'd herself the mention of her Wants on the one Side; and of Advantages, on the other, was only to make Trial of her Virtue.

Returning from Church, the next Day *Varino* came up to them, and said, *Mona Bencoglio*, I beg the Favour of a Word with you in private. Go Tempter, replied the old Woman, I know the Naughtiness of your Heart, and that you can have no Business with me that's good; consequently not worth my Attention, Thorns bring forth no Figs.

Remember, answer'd *Varino*, that it is the Duty of a Christian, to judge favourably of our Neighbour. If my former Life has given you Ground to judge disadvantageously of my Morals, I have never acted after a Manner, that would give the World Reason to think, I want common Sense, and I am sure no one that has common Sense, would dare to offer any Thing to the devout *Mona Bencoglio*, but what the most austere Virtue might listen to: But, since you will not do me the Favour of speaking to you in private, which Request proceeded from my being unwilling to sound a Trumpet when I give Alms, I must tell it you before this *Signora*.—O you may say what you will in her hearing, she does not understand one Word in twenty.—Adieu, dear *Fervis*.

Thursday.

Thursday. I must then tell you, virtuous *Bencoglio*, that stung with Remorse on a Retrospection of my past Life, I immediately went, and made a general Confession of all my Follies and Immoralities. My Father Confessor order'd me for Penance, to give an hundred Crowns in Charity.

Now, as I know not where to bestow this Money, that it may be distributed among the greatest Objects of Compassion, I beg you will take it, as your Charity makes you daily visit the Distress'd, and bestow it where you think it is most wanted.

Believe me, *Signore*, I have much ado to refrain from Tears of Joy, at the blessed Change. O may you never relapse.—I hope not, and the Way to keep steady in the right Path, is often to converse with such, whose Lives are an Example worthy to be copied after, and as there are none excel you in good Works, I beg you will sometimes allow me, to pay you a friendly and religious Visit.

Signore, Signore, have you no other View in this? Is not this sudden Change to impose upon my Credulity, and to carry on some wicked Design against this Innocent, who is under my Care? —*Mona Bencoglio*, your over-Care makes you uncharitable. I own to you, I look upon her Beauty with Pleasure and Surprize; but with Thoughts pure as a Vestal. Nay, the viewing her inspires me with Thoughts divine, and when I look upon her Beauty, it makes me reflect with religious Fear on the Giver of it. Who can contemplate any of the beautiful Works of the Creation, without giving Glory to the Creator? No, good *Mona Bencoglio*, I carry my Views beyond transitory Pleasures, and I can see the Charms of your whole Sex, as in this *Signora*, united in one, without

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without Desire; at least any, but what is allow'd
holy and honourable. Wherefore, I hope your
Suspensions will cease, and you will allow me to
profit by your Conversation.

Really *Signore*, you speak with such Zeal, that
I must, I will believe you,——give me Leave then
to send in a Supper to your House this Evening.
——Why this Evening?——Because as I have
lately seen my Errors, and resolved upon a new
Course of Life, your Conversation will conduce
to confirm me in it.——Well *Signore*, since that
is your Reason, I can't refuse you.

To convince you of the Sincerity and Purity of
my Intentions, I will, if you permit it, bring
with me *Signor Palavicino*, who also, grown sa-
tiated with the Extravagancies of Youth, designs
to leave the World, and retire to a Convent. He
has Brothers to inherit his Estate, and keep up his
Name: But I who think it possible to lead a re-
ligious Life, though in the Hurry of the World,
and am the only Male of my House, should in-
jure our Family, if I did not endeavour to perpe-
tuate it, by entering into the holy State of Ma-
trimony.

Your offering to bring your Friend, is to me,
a farther Proof, that you have no ill Desigus, he
shall be welcome.

When they got Home, *Mona Bencoglio* repeated
to *Beatrix* all that had pass'd in this Conversation,
and added, I would have willingly refused his Sup-
per, but then I should have shewn a Distrust of
your Virtue, of my own Vigilance, and of his
Sincerity. Besides, as you are but poorly kept,
and have no Diversions, I thought a good Supper
and chearful Company, might enliven you, and
compensate for your being confined to that alone
of an old Woman, whose Mind being more on
Heaven

Heaven than on Earth, cannot be very entertaining to one of your Age. Well, Heavens be praised for this miraculous Reformation. Miracles are not ceased, as the Protestants say, here is a Proof to the contrary.

Beatrix said, the Devil, I have heard, can transform himself, and appear as an Angel of Light, and there are Men, ay, and Women too, who are wicked enough to have God in their Mouths, while they have *Lucifer* in their Hearts; who make a stalking Horse of, and cover themselves with Religion, to perpetrate the greatest Villanies. I greatly doubt this sudden Fit of Devotion, in two young Gentlemen who have not, you acknowledge, liv'd up to the strictest Morals. Don't attribute my Apprehension of a Design to any Vanity, I am not so silly as to think my Form any Thing uncommon, neither am I so ungrateful to Providence, not to thank him, that I am not deform'd or ugly: It is to the Character young Gentlemen bear, who give the Reins to their Passions, that you ought to impute my Fears. Youth with such, will compensate for the Want of Beauty, and if once a Desire is kindled, which I have been told they rather indulge than endeavour to stifle, and thus blow it to a Flame, they will stick at nothing, however unlawful, to gratify their Inclinations. I wish I may be deceived in my ill Opinion of the Gentlemen who gave you the Gold. You have heard the Proverb, *when the Fox preaches beware the Geese*.

Well replied *Mona Bencoglio*, your Fears, tho' I hope ill grounded, are of this Advantage, they will make me more circumspect; and if they are just, our young Gentlemen will have the Confusion to find his Mine countermin'd, and that Hypocrisy

pocrisy is too weak to oppose real Virtue and Piety.

If he has any base Design, the greater will our Triumph, and his Mortification be, but I think it impossible. Sure no Man, notwithstanding the Characters given you, can dare to make Use of Religion to mask his sensual Appetites: For, as there is none stupid enough to deny a God, so they must fear an avenging Thunderbolt from Heaven, to punish the Affront done to divine Majesty.

But my dear *Beatrix*, his Behaviour this Evening will put us out of Doubt, and determine our refusing or admitting his Visits for the future. Perish his Entertainments, if the Devil must enter with the Sop.

This Discourse removed the Suspensions *Beatrix* had entertain'd to the Disadvantage of *Mona Ben-coglio*, and she believed her the pious good Woman she endeavour'd to be thought.

I am afraid, my good Lady, my repeating this little History so minutely, may make it favour of Romance; but that it may not lose its Credit, or I the Opinion you honour me with of a Regard for Truth, I am to inform you that these Confabulations were all repeated by *Beatrix* to an Interpreter, and by him to the Magistrates, while I was present; so that I heard them twice, once in *French*, once in *Italian*; that I have a happy Memory, and being touch'd with the Story, I committed it to Paper.

If it was not presuming too much, replied I upon your Complaisance, I should beg a Copy of it. Madam, answer'd Mr. *Brown*, you can't oblige me more, than in offering any Opportunity of contributing to your Satisfaction.

Poor *Beatrix*, said my Mother, I am under some Apprehensions for her. But dear Sir, continue your Story, I assure you it is very entertaining—Indeed, Madam, replied Mr. *Brown*, 'tis a Pleasure to me to hear you say so, and in Hopes the Sequel will not be less agreeable I will proceed, if you had not rather defer it to our Return; for we are not far from the Town, I may be obliged to break off in the most affecting Part of my Story.

That, said I, would be a little mortifying, besides as I sympathise with poor *Beatrix*, who appears a Girl of good Sense, and as I fear the Difficulties, her Story will make her struggle with, are near at Hand, I would methinks retard them some little Time, lest, as you say, Sir, our arrival at the Town may make you leave off before she has overcome them, (as I conclude from the Beginning of your Story) and the Pleasure of sympathising with her, in her Deliverance.

Madam, said he, you will see the visible Protection of Heaven, which is the Shield and Armour of injured Innocence, in the unexpected Success given this Maid, when she, in a Manner, despaired of all. But as the wise Man says, *the Eyes of the Lord are in every Place, beholding the wicked and the good.*

Did we all seriously reflect, Madam, on this Omnipresence of God, his Power to punish, and his Goodness to reward, what Harmony would such a Reflection introduce? None would then harbour a Thought which ought to shun the Light, as we should always bear in Mind, that all the Secrets of our Hearts lie open to the Sight of the Almighty, whose Eyes can behold no Impurity.

Meek-

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Meekness, Brotherly Affection, and Charity would banish from the World, Pride, Hatred, Revenge, and all Selfishness. Why, my dear Madam, we should become new Creatures, and don't know if our Virtues would not, even in this Life, admit us to the Conversation of Angels, of which, it has been the Opinion of some learned Men, our Sins debar us.

Sir, said my Mother, I fear such a Reformation is rather to be wish'd than expected.

Yet, Madam, answer'd Mr. Brown, if we would follow the Dictates of our Reason, every Man ought to endeavour at this Reformation, as it is both easy, and for his present and future Interest. Certainly the good Man is much the happier Man in this Life,

God's Conscience is a continual Feast. With much more Peace of Mind must the honest Man pass his Life, than he whose Villanies employ his Brain for Shifts and Tricks to conceal them; and is forced to plunge into new ones, to cover former Rogueries. Such a one will be constantly uneasy in his Mind; must be in the Rack, alarm'd by Apprehensions, and guarding against Detection. He can never enjoy comfortable Rest in his Bed. But, Madam, as there is no solid Body, without its attendant Shade, so is there no Vice without its certain Punishment, even in this Life; this is so well known, and Vice has made so many (I may say) Martyrs to the Devil, that I need not descend to Particulars.

'Tis, Sir, replied my Mother, but too melancholy a Truth, that some suffer more to go to the Devil, than any of the Hermits of former Ages did to gain Heaven.

How

How many deny themselves the Necessaries of Life, nay, will starve themselves to cram their Coffers, who would not abstain from a Meal's Meat on the Score of Religion.

I knew in King *Charles* the Second's Reign, an old Gentleman, who with a considerable Estate in Land, and great Sums of Money, would visit his Acquaintance round, to sponge a Dinner, and when, as that rarely happen'd, he dined at his own Expence, his Meal was one Halspenny worth of Broth, and a Halspenny worth of Bread, in a little Cellar, where none but the most miserable Creatures resorted.

He lived in a great House of his own, but had turn'd all the Furniture, a Servant's Bed excepted, which he lay upon, into Money. All the Sums he received from his Estate, he put out to Interest, and would not hesitate at Extortion, if he could so cover it as not to be liable to the Law.

To this End he contracted an Intimacy with a cunning Attorney, who used to look out for Mortgages, and extravagant young Heirs, by whom he was so well paid for Procuration, and drawing Deeds, that he grew very rich, without any Hazard but of his Soul, and that, I am afraid, few Lawyers think of, or they would not, as they do, endeavour to pervert Justice, satisfying their Consciences that they are right in doing the best they can for their Client, however bad his Cause.

The Attorney I mention'd, once recommended to this old Gentleman a Person who was, by the Will of a very rich Man, left Heir to his whole Estate. The Relations of the Deceas'd disputed the Validity of this Will, and the Legatee having no Money to support his real or pretended Right, the old Gentleman was induced by his Attorney,

H

and

and Bonds for double the Sums, he advanced to support the Charges.

As the Estate litigated, was of very great Value, and the Lawyers found their Account in drawing it out to a great Length, the old Gentleman disbursed near three thousand Pounds, for which, as I have said, he had Bonds for Six, to be paid on a Sentence in Favour of the Legatee.

The Court having laid Hands on the Revenue, the Heirs began to be tired of the Length and Expence of the Suit, which, as their Circumstances were not extraordinary, they apprehended would prove their Ruin, by their being obliged to drop it: For this Reason, they made some Advances towards an Accommodation with the Legatee.

Their Lawyers, whom they had not consulted on this Step, had Notice of it from the Attorney before-mention'd, who (his Interest being as much concern'd) was not less alarm'd at the Apprehensions of an amicable Determination of the Suit.

The Lawyers on both Sides consulted how to defeat such a Design. After several Expedients were propos'd, consider'd and reject'd; the Attorney for the Legatee said, I know your Clients have, among others in their Possession, a Deed of Conveyance made to the Testator by his Legatee: Now, if you indict my Client for having forged the Deeds by which he derives his Title, Witnesses to prove the Forgery are not difficult to be found, you may amuse your Clients with a Pretence, that this Forgery being demonstrated to the Court, will greatly conduce to the setting aside the Will. Tho' we all know that it is impossible to over-throw it, yet it will answer our Ends, and start a new Litigation: Besides, I have a farther View, I will bring in old Mr. —, whose supplies the Legatee with Money, and put him into your

ur Hands, and if you don't squeeze him well, d give me my Share, you will be neither the le Lawyers, nor the honest Men I now take you be (as Practitioners I mean.)

They all come into this Proposal, the Legatee Consequence was indicted for the Forgery ; Witnesses were found to prove it ; the Heirs excited in the Discovery ; all Thoughts of Accommodation were laid aside : And old Mr.—— began to be in Panicks for his Money, which the honest Attorney on whom he depended, represented him as lost if the Forgery could be, as he had reason to fear, proved upon his Client.

There was however one Way to secure all. This Conclusion was giving new Life to old Mr.——, he hugg'd the Attorney, called him his better Angel, and begg'd he would exert himself, and save him from the impending Ruin.

The Attorney told him the only Way to do that, was to buy off the Witnesses on the other side.—— Ay, replied the other, but is it not that Corruption ?—— Give it a gentler Name, and call it, as you very well may, Practice. You must not tangle at Words, where you have such a large Sum at Stake.

A large Sum indeed, my entire Ruin if 'tis lost ; well, but how can I come at these Witnesses ? What must I give them to take the Air in the Country, till the Trial is over ?—— Why I will take Care to throw them in your Way. They are poor, and both of them unhealthy, so that what you give them is a double Charity. I believe 50 Broad Pieces each may secure all your Money, and the Legatee must give you a Fresh Bond for double the Sum.—Well, but had not you better manage this Affair, I will bring you the Money.

H 2

I, Sir ?

I, Sir? alas-aday 'tis quite—quite out of my way: beside, they would be shy of me, they would think I had some Design upon them; no, Sir, I am an improper Person to appear in it; they will never trust a Lawyer. I will do any thing to serve you, but my meddling in this Affair would irretrievably ruin it: I will contrive a Method for you to see them, for between you and me, I have by a trusty third Hand already tamper'd with them, and they are not averse to the counting Gold. In a Word (for *Maidstone* is now in Sight) the old Gentleman, by his Attorney's Contrivance, spoke to and bribed these Witnesses, was detected, and compounded the Corruption to prevent a publick Trial, at the Expence of two thousand Pounds, which had such an Effect upon him, that in a few Days after he very fairly drown'd himself in *Rosamond's* Pond, and dying intestate, his Brother's Son, a Gentleman of Worth and Prudence, in whom every amiable Quality was conspicuous, inherited two thousand Pounds a Year, and upwards of forty-five thousand Pounds personal Estate.

As he was conscious great Part of the ready Money was the Fruit of Extortion, he did a number of handsome Charities to poor House-keepers, and such confined Debtors as were reduced by Misfortunes, not only restoring them to liberty, but giving them sufficient to begin the World again in their respective Business, and in a comfortable Way.

We were, by the Time my Mother had finished her Story, enter'd the Town. Mr B——, Mr. *Longman*, and my Father received us at the Inn-gate, and led us to a Room.

My dear Angel, said the obliging, tender Mr. B——, I hope this little Airing will be of Service to

to both your Mother and Self, and will do Mr. *Brown* no harm, who leads too sedentary a Life; he is always, when not in the Performance of his Duty, poring on his Books.

Really, answer'd our Clergyman, they have been much more entertaining Company than any I could find, without going some Miles; but now, that Mr. *Andrews* and his good Spouse are come to reside in the Parish, I fancy I shall be less a Book-worm. I am afraid, replied my Father, the Advantage will be all on our Side; however, Self-Interest will make us endeavour to engage a Continuance of your Visits by every possible Means.—I am satisfied, said my dear Mr. B——, that both Sides will be thoroughly well pleased; as I am also that Mrs. *Andrews*, and my dear *Pamela*, have been very agreeably entertain'd on the Way.

Really, Sir, answer'd my Mother, I could not, neither could my Daughter, out of your Company, wish for better, since Mr. *Brown* has the Art to instruct, at the same time that he entertains you. 'Tis, Madam, replied the worthy Clergyman, a great Pleasure to converse with those whose Good-nature makes them willing, nay, desirous to be pleas'd.

Indeed, said Mr. B——, so it is, my Reverend Sir, for some have a great deal of Ill-nature, and little Judgment. That's very true, answered my Father, and such commonly are upon the Watch (I may say) for an Opportunity to censure, and are more intent upon the Diction than the Moral convey'd in it. That is, replied my dear Master, preferring Shade to Substance——To how many, said the good Mr. *Brown*, have we the Mortification to preach of these *Shadow-graspers*!

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Mr. B—— asked my Mother and me, if we would take a Glass of Rhenish before Dinner, on our declining it, come, Gentlemen, said my Dear we will then take one in the Room where Colbrand has ordered the Table to be covered. Oh here is the honest *Swiss* coming: Now observe, will lay any Wager when I ask what he has ordered for Dinner, he will begin with a *Soupe*, and two to one a *Fricassee* follows. Colbrand came in to tell us Dinner would be on Table in ten Minutes. Pray, said Mr. B——, what shall we have? Sir, answered Colbrand, there is a very good *Soupe*; at this my dear Master fell a laughing, and cried, I was sure of it; have you not also ordered a *Fricassee* of Chickens?—Yes, Sir.—Well, Colbrand, thou art a rare Caterer; if you have not refreshed yourself with a Glass of Wine, pray call for one. Come, Gentlemen, will you go with me to the other Room?

Mr. B——, Mr. Longman, and my Father, went to take a Glass before Dinner, and my dear Master and Father return'd within the Time limited to hand us into the Dining-Room, where we found Dinner just set upon the Table.

Scarcely were we seated, when a Gentleman on Horseback, attended by two Servants, came into the Yard, which our Room fronted: As he saw Robin there, and knew Mr. B——'s Livery, he asked if his Master was in the Town. Robin answered he was in the Inn, and just set down to Dinner. Then, prithee Friend, give my Service to him, my Name is W——, and tell him I should be thankful if he would admit me to his Table, for I am sure there is Plenty where he is, and I am ravenously hungry. We heard all very distinctly, and when Robin came in to deliver his Message, my Spouse bid him tell the Gentleman he

he did him Honour, and rose from the Table to introduce him, saying as he went, Mr. *Brown*, if Mr. *W*——'s good Manners, with Regard to the Ladies, don't prevent it, you will be attack'd.

I know, answered Mr. *Brown*, the Gentleman's Character, he is a profess'd Free-thinker.

Mr. *B*——, who received him at the Door, introduced, and brought him to me, saying, I am happy enough to call that Angel Wife. The Gentleman saluted me, and said he was sure it would be a Compliment of Supererrogation to wish either of us Joy; he took his Place at Table next me, as Mr. *B*—— obliged him to do: He saluted Mr. *Longman*, whom he knew; and my dear Master letting him know who my Parents were, he made them a genteel Compliment.

I think, Sir, said he to Mr. *Brown*, I had the Pleasure of being once before in your Company at Lord ——'s House—I had the Honour, Sir, reply'd the good Clergyman, to be with you at his Lordship's Table. I could not, said Mr. *W*——, easily forget you; for the Character my Lord gave Mr. *Brown* is so unlike that which most of your Cloth deserve, that I, from that Minute, made you an Exception to the Maxim, *Priests of all Religions are the same*.—Sir, give me Leave, by way of Reply, to quote the Words of the worthy Mr. *Nelson*, who was a Lay-Man, and though also a Gentleman, did not think himself above doing his Duty to his Creator, and paying Respect to his Ministers, as they were more immediately dedicated to his Service. As he is my favourite Author, and I have very often read his *Companion for the Festivals and Fasts*, I need no Book. These are his Words in his Preface.

“Among those crying Abominations, which, like a Torrent have overspread the Nation, this Age seems to distinguish itself by a great
“Contempt

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"Contempt of the Clergy, than which I think nothing can be a greater Evidence of the decayed State of Religion among us.

"This barbarous and unchristian Practice, setting all particular Reasons aside, can be resolved into nothing so surely, as into that great Looseness of Principles, and Corruption of Morals, which have too much infected all Ranks, and Orders of Men; and tho' it may pass for a current Maxim among some, that *Priests of all Religions are the same*; yet I am of the Opinion 'twill appear a much truer Observation by Experience, that *they of all Religions, who condemn the Priesthood, will be found the same, both as to their Principles and Practices; sceptical in the one, and dissolute in the other.*" When

I got home, my dear *Fervis*, I transcribed this, which Mr. *Brown* repeated by Heart, out of the Book. Mr. *W*—— answered, you may observe, Sir, as great an Advocate as Mr. *Nelson* was for the Priesthood, he does not except the Clergy from Looseness of Principles, and Corruption of Morals, which, says he, have too much infected all. Observe, Sir, all Ranks and Orders of Men: But, Sir, there are two Reasons which oblige me to decline this Topick; one, the Respect due to the Ladies; the other your Character, which I honour, and I dare answer, were all the Clergy as sensible of what their Function exacts of them, this Contempt, of which Mr. *Nelson* takes Notice, would be changed to Veneration; for, say what they will of the Doctrine they preach, I can't be persuaded but Example is more prevalent than Precept. It is not the Decay of Religion that causes a Contempt of the Priesthood; but it is the dissolute, the litigious, the uncharitable Lives and Tempers of some of the Clergy, that has caused

Decay of Religion, whence proceeds, as a natural Consequence, the Contempt mentioned; for how can any Man be induced to believe his Pastor serious, when he preaches the Christian Duties absolutely necessary to be practised, if we would be saved, when at the same time he observes him to shew the greatest Neglect of them, or practising the contrary to them?

Sir, answer'd Mr. *Brown*, the Clergy are Men subjected to Passions in common with others, yet if any of them are guilty of a Weakness, no Allowance is made for the Frailties of human Nature; the Errors one of our Cloth may fall into are magnified, and I may say proclaimed on the House-top; whereas the Virtues of a Number of worthy Divines are seldom more than tacitly acknowledged.

You say Example is more prevalent than Precept, I allow your Proposition; but then it may, I think, be also allow'd, that a bad Example will be more readily follow'd than one that is virtuous. The Reason is so obvious, that I need not assign it: But why, Sir, shall this be placed to the Account of the Clergy? Methinks it is making the Laity an ill Compliment, in depriving them of Reason, or at least a right Use of it. If the Pastor is wicked, will his Wickedness disculp the Layman? Won't a reasonable Man reflect, that he is accountable for his own Actions, and for them only?—Sir, if you please, said Mr. *W*—, we will pursue this Subject no farther. Mr. *B*—, how long have you been in our Country? Mr. *B*—answer'd him, and they entered upon publick News.

Dinner ended, more Wine was set upon the Table, and my Mother and I withdrew, having taken our Leave, to the Room we first were in. About half an Hour after the Company joined us, and Coffee was ordered. Mr. *W*—said he was
sorry

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sorry his Wife was not in the Country to pay me her Respects: He would not stay for Coffee, as he had twenty Miles to ride; but making his Compliments, took Horse.

When we had drunk our Coffee, Mr. B—ask'd me, if I wou'd take a Turn to view the Town? We went out and walk'd, I believe, three Quarters of an Hour. At our Return, my dear obliging Master said, my charming *Pamela*, as the greatest Pleasure of my Life is to please you, I have been thinking to entertain you with a Sight which I am sure will be new, and agreeable. We will, if your Parents and Mr. *Brown* agree to it, stay here this Night, and to-morrow Morning hire a Boat, go down the River *Medway*, and take a View of the Men of War in the Dock at *Chatham*. The Coaches shall meet us at *Rocheſter*, where we will lie to-morrow Night, and go home the next Morning.

I answer'd, that I fear'd it might be tiresome to him, as he wou'd be diverted with nothing new. How! replied he, and in your Company! I find every Day something new and engaging in my *Pamela*. Thou art an inexhaustable Source of Charms.—I answer'd, there is no Charm to me like that of being agreeable to my dear Mr. B—. He said, but Mr. and Mrs. *Andrews*, Mr. *Brown*, what say you to this Ramble? My Father answer'd, he was ready to wait on him; and Mr. *Brown*, that he thought it would be entertaining me with a fine Sight, and he was very willing to wait on him. Then cry'd Mr. B—, I think we are agreed upon the Voyage, for my *Pamela* has not made any Objections of Force to prevent it.—I hope, Sir, I shall never so far forget my Duty, as to object to any thing you think proper.—No, my little Angel, I dare answer you will never do any thing

would not wish. You are too good; but that is not all, my *Pamela*, I expect you will, as often as possible, contribute to my Satisfaction; and that you may not be ignorant how to do this, I will put you in a Method.—Sir, I shall joyfully pursue it.—You promise me?—I do, Sir, most faithfully.—Then never let me slip an Opportunity of obliging you. In pursuing this Instruction, you will make me still more your Debtor.—Your Tenderneſs, your obliging Goodneſs made me expect ſome ſuch endearing Injunction.

Mr. B—ask'd, if Cards would be an agreeable Entertainment: They were brought. Mr. B—and Mr. *Brown* play'd at Piquet; my Father, Mother, Mr. *Longman*, and ſelf at Whiſt, till the Supper was brought in.

We roſe pretty early the next Morning; and a Boat having been prepared over Night, after we had breakfaſted, went upon the River *Medway*, which afforded us a delightful Paſſage to a diſagreeable Town; I mean *Rocheſter*. We from thence went to the Dock, and were invited on board a Ship of ninety Guns, by the Commanding Officer.

'Tis impoſſible for me, my dear *Fervis*, to paint the Aſtoniſhment which this wonderful Machine cauſed me, govern'd and directed as it is, tho' it carries, as Mr. B——told me, eight or nine hundred Men, with their Proviſions for ſome Months, by a ſmall Piece of Wood, which the Lieutenant, who invited us on board, made me take Notice of.

At our coming away, Mr. B——invited this Officer to ſup with us; he answer'd, that he was going to *Rocheſter*, and would not reſuſe the Honour done him. Mr. B——gave ſome Money among the Men, and we returned to our Inn, where we

wefound the Coaches come from *Maidstone*. Mr. B———was highly delighted with the Lieutenant's Sea Dialect, which he understood; but was a foreign Language to the rest of the Company.

This Officer is a sober, grave Gentleman, near fifty Years old; he has been in most of the great Engagements, and has got no higher Preferment, tho' he has served from the Age of fifteen. Mr. B———seeming surprized at his not having the Command of a Ship; he answer'd, Sir, we old friendless and experienced Officers are look'd upon as Nurseries, to train up the younger Sons of the Quality, whose Interest gets them Ships, long before they know what to do with them; and we have the Mortification, very often, to be commanded by Boys, whose Ignorance of Sea Affairs makes them the Jest of even our Foremast Men. nay, some of these Striplings are so assuming, that they will insist upon Things being done which are quite wrong; and if you remonstrate to them, their Answer is, Pray, Sir, do you or I command this Ship? do you do your Duty, Sir; I know mine, and will have my Orders complied with. Why, Sir, is not this vexatious, to be thus commanded by a Milk-sop, whose only Merit is his Father being a Lord, or a Man of a great Estate and Interest in his Country?

Sir, said Mr. B———, I own 'tis hard for Officers, who have served long and well, to have raw young Gentlemen put over their Heads. I wish Merit alone was to give the Command. I shall be glad to see you at my House in Town, (Mr. B———tore off the Back of a Letter, and giving it him went on) this, Sir, is my Address. I shall be there when the Parliament meets, and you shall command my Interest. I think I have some, possibly

ably enough to procure you a Ship.---- Sir, I don't know how to thank you for this Goodness ; and to convince you, that I believe 'tis from a Man of Honour that I receive the Invitation and Offer of Service, I will do my self that, of paying you my respects.

The Officer wou'd stay no longer than the drinking a single Bottle after Supper. We went to Bed early, and were in the Coaches by Seven in the Morning. When we had got off the Stones, I desired Mr. *Brown* wou'd give us the Sequel of *Beatrix's* Story.

Madam, said he, I left *Beatrix* in a good Opinion of *Mona Bencoglio* ; the Discourse which I have already repeated, ended ; they went together to *Suppers* or *Evening Prayers*. Soon after their return home, an elegant Supper was sent in, which *Marino* and *Palavicino* immediately followed : They behaved with great Decency, and their Conversation (for which *Bencoglio* served as Interpreter) was modest and lively ; they withdrew early, and desired Leave to repeat their Visits. To this *Beatrix*, who began, from their Behaviour, to dismiss her Fears, was not averse.

Just before they took Leave, *Palavicino* said, Good *Mona Bencoglio*, your virtuous Life and low Circumstances are so well known, that I have wonder'd, the one being so much admired, the other should not be bettered ; but the Generality of Mankind are more ready to give their Praise, than part with their Money ; wherefore I beg you will accept this Purse, which your Merit gives you a just Title too,---- preferably to many others who find Relief, from their want of that Modesty which prevents your Application for Relief.

Mona Bencoglio had the Modesty to accept the Purse, as she knew it would have been ill Manner to dispute the Commands of a Superior.

After the two Gentlemen were gone, she told *Beatrix* in what a handsome Dress *Palavicino* had clothed his Charity, and counting the Contents of the Purse, found fifty Crowns.

That Night, the Praise of these young Gentlemen employed her Tongue, till it was silenced by Sleep. The next Day they went to Church pretty early, *Varino* kneel'd near them, and held *Mona Bencoglio* in discourse all the Time of Mass; it afterwards appear'd, that then she struck her Bargain for the betraying *Beatrix* into *Varino's* Hands; for he and *Palavicino* had drawn Cuts who should first have Possession of her, and Chance had determined for him. The Price she stood upon, and paid her was four hundred Crowns.

At their Return home, *Bencoglio* told *Beatrix* that *Varino* had propos'd to her a little Party of Pleasure on the Water, as far as *Softre*, about five or six Miles from *Genoa*, where he had a fine Country House, but that she had reject'd the Proposal; for, my dear, said she, though I am with you, and should be a sufficient Protection against any base Designs, (I dare answer the good Gentleman has none) yet if this innocent Excursion should be talk'd of, as the World is extremely censorious, our Innocence would clear neither you nor me, and we ought to take Care, not only to be virtuous, but also to save Appearances.

Beatrix reply'd, that she had done mighty prudently; and her Precaution was such as might be expected from her Character. My dear, said she, we can't be too much upon our Guard. Reputation once lost, is hardly, if ever, retrieved. Indeed, Virtue is in the Opinion of some, no other

than the Judgment the World makes of our Conduct : That is, in other Words, all Virtue consists in Prudence. A Woman who is really innocent, if her Behaviour causes the Censure of the World is no longer virtuous ; whereas she who gives a Loose to her Passions, and gratifies Desire, indulges to her Interest, while she acts with Precaution, shall carry the Reputation of a Vestal to the Grave with her.

True, *Mona Bencoglio*, we ought to give no Ground for Censure, replied *Beatrix* ; but I think we ought also to have as much Complaisance and Regard for ourselves as for the World, and do nothing which may bring us under the Reproach of our own Conscience.

Ay, my Dear, that thing call'd Conscience has often given me occasion for Reflection, for what is represented by it as criminal with one, is not view'd in the same Light by another.---- I mean that the Conscience of another shall either think it no Crime, a Matter of Indifference, or possibly lawful, nay commendable : For Example, a zealous Turk would think it a very great Crime to drink Wine ; a Christian esteems the drinking Wine lawful : Again, the Conscience of a Christian, who had married two or more Wives, while his first was living, would reproach him as having committed a very heinous Crime ; and the Conscience of a Turk, who had as many Wives as he could maintain, would be very easy on this score. The Conscience of a *Roman* Catholick would trouble him if he neglected Confession at *Easter* ; the Conscience of a Protestant tells him 'tis a political, unnecessary Imposition ; whence I conclude, and I think, with Reason, that Conscience is the Prejudice of Education ; were it other, it would be the same in all Men, of what-

ever Sect or Nation. I may say the same of Virtue ; I mean Chastity in our Sex, which we prize so highly, that many among us to preserve it will suffer all the Inconveniencies of Life. In the *East-Indies* I have heard that a Widow who takes a second Husband is esteem'd as infamous, as with us the most common Prostitute, and yet in *Europe* she who has had three or four Husbands suffers nothing in regard to her Chastity, notwithstanding these repeated Marriages are, to me, a strong Indication of Lubricity. Concubines were allow'd among the *Jews*, the chosen People of God : *David*, who is particularly distinguish'd as a Man after God's own Heart, and his Son *Solomon*, deem'd the wisest among Mortals, had a great Number of these kept Mistresses ; and we may conclude, that neither the religious, nor the wise King would have entertain'd them, if it had been criminal in the Sight of God, on either their or the Women's Side.

Beatrix, who repeated to me this Harangue, knew not well what to answer, tho' she made a right Judgment from it of *Mona Bencoglio*. She replied, that if others were in Error, they had the more Reason to thank God, who had afforded them greater Light : That if there were any People who now worshipped Stones, Reptiles, or the Works of their own Hands, it could not be made use of as an Argument, that a Christian ought to follow an Example, which should move his Pity for their Blindness. That before her Argument could be admitted, the Christian Religion must be given up ; and as to the Point of the *Jews* being allow'd Concubines, she might remember that temporal Enjoyments were, under the Law, the only Promises of Reward for their Virtues ; but that revealed Religion taught a more sublime Doctrine,

Doctrine, and rewarded such as adhered to it not with transitory, but eternal Blessings.

Signor *Varino* came in as *Beatrix* had done speaking, and *Bencoglio* told him the Subject they were upon. He came up pretty close to the Object of his Desire, and by his Interpretress said, that he never found Religion had the Power to get the better of a natural Byass, even in those who made Profession of conquering their Appetites, carrying on an incessant War against Sensuality, and retiring from the World, had vow'd Obedience, Chastity and Poverty: for he had observed as much Pride, Luxury, and Concupiscence among the profess'd Religious, as among the most profess'd Libertines. All the Difference he had remark'd was that the former acted with Caution, the latter without a Mask; and consequently, if it is a Crime to gratify the Passions which Heaven has given, the Libertine is less guilty, as he is not a Hypocrite.

He sat him down next to *Beatrix*, and after a little Space, by his Interpretress, said, forgive, charming Creature, a Fault, if it is one, which you your self have occasioned; but, can it be criminal to love what is beautiful? Beauty cannot be seen without Surprise, I mean such as you are bless'd with, and not insensibly stealing into the Heart. I am proud to own you have full Possession of mine, and that my Happiness is entirely dependent on you.

Beatrix answered by the same Canal, that such a Discourse was very improper for her Ear; Fortune having placed so wide a Distance between them, that she should be vain or criminal if she listened to it.

Mona Bencoglio, when she said this to her in French, replied, you could not make a more prudent

dent Answer ; he is really desperately in Love with you, and the more Difficulty he finds the better Bargain you may make.

This was extremely shocking to *Beatrix*, who found her Guardian leagued against her : She had by this Speech left no room to doubt the base Design form'd against her Honour.

My dear Master is just come in, I must run to receive him ; so good Night, my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, may Heaven ever protect and reward you ; for had the wicked Mrs. *Jewkes* been in your Place at a certain Time, I should possibly (but Providence is all-powerful) have been the wretched, despised, instead of the now happy *Pamela*.

Dear Mrs. *Jervis*, I always set down with Pleasure to converse with you, who are never out of the Eyes of my Mind. Tho' we are severed by a Space of many Miles lying between us, yet you are, while I write to you, in some Manner, present. As every one is apt to indulge to themselves, and are commonly selfish enough to pursue their own Satisfaction, without considering what the Consequence may be to others, you will easily account (if I am tiresome) for the long Detail I send you. However, my dear *Jervis*, bear with me, because the Trouble I give you is the Effect of a sincere Esteem and Affection.

I broke off with *Bencoglio's* shewing herself in her genuine black Hue. Mr. *Brown* proceeded, *Varino* offered to make a Settlement which should enable *Beatrix* to make a Figure answerable to the Beauty of her Form ; that is, said he, such a one as shall cause the Envy of the greatest Ladies. To give her a Sum of Money down, send her to *Softra*, where she should be received and attended as his Wife, which he would acknowledge her to

be,

be, and give her a Bond of four thousand Crowns never to marry.

The Devil's Agent having interpreted these Offers which she term'd extremely generous, added, What is there more that you can require, except a political Ceremony? your own mutual Consent it is that makes the Marriage, not the Priest's pronouncing you Man and Wife; for it is not in his Power to do more than to read the Contract by which you engage to become such. This is so true, that if either Party is ever found incapable of making good this Engagement, the Law allows of a Divorce.

Beatrix answer'd, that she knew the Laws of God and Man had instituted Marriage; and however subtle *Bencoglio* might be in her Arguments, or *Varino* lavish in his Offers, she would be neither talk'd nor brib'd out of her Innocence.

Go, reply'd *Bencoglio*, you are a Fool, you will by this Obstinacy (if it is not rather Cunning) over-stand your Market; don't carry the Jest too far; you'll repent it: for, should the Gentleman recover that Reason your Beauty has deprived him of, you must never hope such another Opportunity of being rais'd from your Poverty and servile Condition. Let me rather suffer the greatest Want, answer'd the virtuous Maid, than Infamy. I trust in God for Deliverance, and will not seek it of the Devil.

Then said *Bencoglio*, this Resistance is real: It is not the Result of Art. I will die, reply'd *Beatrix*, to keep my Resolution, which is fix'd on the solid Basis of Religion.

'Tis enough, my dear Child, I am thoroughly satisfied of your Virtue; but I fear I have carried my Tryal too far to easily regain your good Opinion; let me embrace you; lay aside your Fears; you

you have no Reason to be under any farther Apprehensions ; you have stood the Test, and have come out as refined Gold. *Bencoglio* then turned, and spoke some Time to *Varino*. After he had answered he gave her a Purse of Gold, which the old Woman chinking in her Hand, said, Signor *Varino* offers this Purse as a Reward of that Virtue, which it was brought to corrupt, and has promis'd to desist from any farther Pursuits ; wherefore he begs you will not refuse it.

Beatrix would not receive the Gold, tho' earnestly press'd to it by the old Woman ; she suspected some deep Design, some villainous Handle might be made of it to her Ruin.

Varino seeing she could not be prevail'd on to accept his Present, took his Leave and left them. *Mona Bencoglio*, who saw *Beatrix* alarm'd, did all she could to recover her former good Opinion, protesting in the most solemn Manner, that she was not guilty of any sinister Design ; that Appearances indeed were against her, but she would, by the Sequel, be convinced she had only her Good in View. I have, continued she, I acknowledge, to procure your Happiness, ventured to incur Censure, and appear to *Varino* the wicked Woman he wish'd me. I have deceived you both, and I hope for the Advantage of both ; for your temporal, and his eternal Welfare. I am certain you will both thank, and reinstate me in your good Opinion. I know him in Love with you to Distraction, and thought the allowing his Visits, and seeming to become the Instrument of the Wickedness he design'd, and I was resolv'd he never should have Opportunity to perpetrate, would rather more enslave him ; and when he had Proof of your Virtue, of which I never once doubted, he would (as the vilest among Men re-

vere,

ere, though they will not practise it) become as much enamour'd of the Beauty of your Mind, as he is of that of your Person, and rather obtain you on your own honourable Terms than for ever lose you. That this and this alone she had in View, she attested all the Saints.

Beatrix knew not what to think of these Protestations, which did not however entirely remove her Fears; if they were true, her Suspicions wrong'd the Woman who wish'd and endeavour'd to procure her Welfare; if she confided too much in them, and they were only a Cloak to cover some farther Design, her Security might contribute to her Ruin. She resolv'd therefore to behave as if she believed them, put her Trust in the Protection of Heaven, and be as much as possible upon her Guard. Having taken this Resolution, she begg'd Pardon of *Mona Bencoglio* for having wrong'd her Virtue in her Thoughts, and thank'd her for her good Intentions.

Two or three Days being pass'd, and *Varino* not appearing, either at the House or in their Way to and from, or even in the Church, *Beatrix* began to think *Mona Bencoglio*'s Protestations real, and that she had been deceived in the Passion she had fancied *Varino* possess'd with; but this Opinion soon gave Place to fresh Apprehensions. One Morning an elderly Woman kneel'd by her at Mass, and whisper'd in *French*, you are in the Hands of a Devil incarnate; I am your Countrywoman, and having by Accident heard Signior *Varino*'s Passion for you, and your Resistance, am oblig'd in Charity, as well as in regard to your being a *Frenchwoman*, to bid you apprehend the worst Design you can figure to yourself. She having said this, slip'd a Note into her Hand, removed to a farther Distance, and seem'd intent on her Prayer.

Mass

Mass being ended, as *Beatrix* and *Bencoglio* went out of Church, the *Frenchwoman* pass'd them. Said *Bencoglio*, that Woman, who just now went by us, if I may judge by her Devotion, and the Alms she daily gives, is an Example of true Piety. I don't know who she is, but I see a great many good Religious, shew her great Respect, by which, and her Charity, I believe she is in good Circumstances.

Beatrix made no Answer. When they got home she opened her Note, which was to the following Purpose I have heard that *Varino* will, this Night when you are asleep, be let in by *Bencoglio*, and you will suffer all that can be dreaded from Lust and Violence ; be at Vespers this Evening, I will kneel near you ; and, if 'tis possible for you to deceive the Vigilance of the old Dragon who watches you, follow me and you will find an Asyle in the Houses of her who pities you, who is

Your Friend,

DU-PINE.

P. S. The Governors of the Hospital are incens'd against you by false and villainous Reports made of your Conduct.

Mona Bencoglio lived in a little House in a narrow Street, where, as Force was resolved upon, other Means being inefficacious, the Neighbourhood might be alarmed by her Cries ; wherefore, it was necessary to remove her by Stratagem to a more convenient Place, to perpetrate the Villainy intended.

Beatrix, like one in a Ship on Fire, knew not whether she had best run the Risque of staying where

where she was, threaten'd with impending Ruin, or venture to put herself into Hands, where possibly she might incur as great Danger. She look'd upon *Bencoglio* as a most vile Hypocrite; and there was a Possibility this Advice might proceed from the Charity of her Countrywoman. She resolv'd to trust in God, whom she heartily invoked, and rather confide in a Woman, who might possibly be good, than in one whom she knew to be positively wicked.

Accordingly, when at Vespers, she look'd round for her (at least pretended) Protectress; but she came not in 'till the Service was almost ended, and kneeling near, ask'd, What was her Intention? she answer'd, to rely on Providence and you. You'll find your Account in it, reply'd t'other, and withdrew to a little Distance.

Mona Bencoglio, seeming to be more watchful over *Beatrice* than usual, made her despair of giving her the Slip, and resolve, let what would be the Consequence, to rely on the Protection of Heaven, which she religiously implored, and refuse to return to her House: However, a Woman, after Prayers, saluting (luckily as the destined Victim thought) *Bencoglio*, and engaging her in Talk, she followed the *French* Woman.

Beatrice, who apprehended Danger from every Quarter observed all the Streets and Turnings, and remark'd particular Buildings, that she might know a little of the Town, as such Knowledge might possibly stand her in Service. At length, her new Protectress led her into the Street in which was the Hospital, whither she had flown for Succour. In the next adjoining to it the *French* Woman enter'd a large House, *Beatrice* followed, though with an aching Heart, and sincere Prayers to Heaven to protect her. Only one Servant, a
Woman

Woman about Forty appeared. The Mistress called for a Glass of Wine and Water, drank to *Beatrix*, and after a little Space of Time, the Girl refusing to drink, enquired how she came into the Hands of that wicked Woman, that Wolf in Sheep's Cloathing *Mona Bencoglio*.

Beatrix told her the Manner of her Mistress's leaving her, and that the Charity of the Governors of the Hospital had placed her with *Mona Bencoglio*. I heard, indeed, said she, that they had sent you thither ; but as there is no trusting to Report, I was willing to have it from your own Mouth. That wicked Woman had a vile Design upon you. Did nothing in her Behaviour give you Reason to doubt her outside Devotion corresponding with her Heart ? In answer to this Question, *Beatrix* related all that had pass'd in *Mona Bencoglio's* House. Well, my dear, replied *Du Pine*, you have narrowly escaped Ruin ; but you are now in Safety. She then enquired after her Parents, pretended to be, or really was, of *Provence* ; for she named several Families in *Montpelier* (which is within half a League of the Village where *Beatrix* was born) and seemed to rejoice, that they were well when *Beatrix* left *France*. They had a Chicken for Supper, tho' it was pretty late before they sat down to Table : After Supper her new Protectress entered into a long Detail of her Family, and by what Accident she came to and settled in *Genoa*. About Eleven at Night somebody knock'd at the Door, the Maid opened it, and came in, followed by Signor *Varino*.

Poor *Beatrix* gave a great Shriek at the Sight of him, perceived she had been betray'd, and guessed the Reason (I have given your Ladyship) for her being decoy'd thither ; which, by *Varino's* Confession, was the true one.

Du Pine asked her if she saw any thing so frightful in that Gentleman to cause such a Terror ? Yes, said she, I fear, in him and you I see my Ruin. Look-ye, said *Du Pine*, I shall not stand upon Ceremonies with you, for I find I can't be worse than you imagine me ; you have already cost this Gentleman a great deal of Money ; he will not lose it, and I think he'd be a Fool if he did. He comes with a determin'd Resolution to enjoy you, if you won't be perverse he will make good the Offers already made you ; if you will not consent we must force you to your Good.

Beatrix was going to remonstrate the Wickedness of such a Procedure, when *Du Pine* cut her short, by saying, she knew more of Religion than such a Girl could teach her, since the best Customers she had were Churchmen, nay indeed the main Support of her House. That Religion was indeed of great Use to such as knew how to turn it to their Advantage with Dexterity ; but to drop that Subject, which is now nothing to the Purpose, said she, will you consent to be made easy for the rest of your Life, in Exchange for a romantick Treasure, or rather have it forced from you, and be left wretched ?

I will neither consent, said she, nor be forced, while I can defend myself, tho' I lose my Life in that Defence.

Is that your final Resolution ? It is, said *Beatrix*, I commit my Cause to God, depend on his protecting my Innocence, or receiving me to his Mercy, if I die in the Defence of it.

On this Answer she spoke to *Varino*, and after some Discourse between them she turn'd to *Beatrix*, and said, the Gentleman had rather be obliged to your Condescension than employ Violence ; he reiterates his Promises, if you will con-

sent to make him happy. On saying this, to intimidate her, as the poor Girl supposed, and to work upon her Fears, she threw open a pair of folding Doors, which discover'd a dark Room. *Varino* threw himself on his Knees before *Beatrix*, and kiss'd her Hand, whether she would or not. She also kneel'd, and in *French*, without reflecting that he did not understand it, begg'd him no longer to pursue her Ruin ; but rather, as it became the Character of a Gentleman, to be the Protector of her Innocence, shedding at the same time a Torrent of Tears. *Du Pine* at this Instant took her by the Shoulders, as she was kneeling, and threw her on the Floor, speaking to *Varino*, as *Beatrix* imagined, to lay hold on the Opportunity, which he basely endeavour'd to do with the Assistance of *Du Pine* ; but that Instrument of the Devil going to stop the Girl's Mouth, was oblig'd to leave *Varino* to try his own Strength singly, *Beatrix* biting her Hand in a frightful Manner ; for she tore the Ball of it so much in her Agony, (I may not improperly so call it) that she was forced to have a Surgeon. *Varino*, who had gone so far, was resolv'd, and certainly had perpetrated his Villany ; but *Beatrix*, by the Direction of Providence, spying his Sword, which had fallen off the Table to the Floor, and was within her Reach, drew it on a sudden, and collecting all her Strength with throwing him (who was almost out of Breath) from her, before he had recovered himself, clapped the Point to his Breast, and protested that if he stirr'd or any one approach'd her, she would immediately plunge it into him. She then got up, bid *Du Pine* open the Door, and let her into the Street, or she would shew her no Mercy. The wicked Woman seeing her look so furiously,

furiously, apprehending she would keep her Word, was glad to have her gone.

The Moon shone very bright, and *Beatrix*, with the naked Sword in her Hand, went directly to the Hospital, and knock'd up the Porter, of whom she begg'd Protection and Shelter for that Night: The Man did not understand her, but by her Cloaths being torn, her Cap off, her Hair about her Face, (by the Struggle) and a Sword naked in her Hand, guess'd some Violence had been offer'd, and made Signs to her to come in; pointed to an Arm Chair, brought her a Quilt, and wishing her a good Night, went into an inner Room, and lock'd the Door.

Beatrix, who apprehended Danger in every Place, and from every body, durst not venture to close her Eyes, but watch'd for Day-light, which at length brought her Joy and Comfort.

The Porter got up, open'd the Gates, and soon after two Pilgrims, whose decent Habit shew'd they were not of those idle Vagabonds who make a Trade of Pilgrimages, came in. *Beatrix* no sooner saw them, but she ran and threw herself at their Feet, begging, with a Shower of Tears, they would protect a distressed innocent Stranger. How great was her Transport, when one of them answered in *French*, Rise, Daughter, and bless God, who is the Protector of the Innocent, and Refuge of the Distress'd, that he has directed you to us, who have not only the Hearts, but possibly the Power to assist you, and whose Profession it is to relieve the Neceffitous. Then taking her by the Hand, he placed her on a Stone Bench in the Porch, and he and his Companion set down on either Hand of her. *Beatrix*, at their Request, gave them a particular Account of all that had happen'd to her from the Time she had left *Avignon*.

By the Time she had finish'd her Story the Governors of the Hospital met, and the Pilgrims having asked an Audience, were admitted to the Board, where one of them, by an Interpreter, the same who had perform'd that Office before for *Becatrix*, spoke to the following Effect.

Illustrious *Signiori*, the Habit we wear has been so often abused by Vagrants, that far from esteeming it likely to recommend, we rather apprehend it may prejudice us in your Opinion ; but when I tell you that we are Priests of *Languedoc* in *France*, and that you are convinc'd we have no other Request to make but that of Information as to the Truth, you will have more favourable Sentiments of us.

We came this Morning to your Gate, by the Time it was open'd, to visit the Sick, and to administer to such as might stand in need of our Assistance ; (especially to those of our Country) not that the Charity and Care of the illustrious Governors we think defective, but as it is a Duty incumbent on all Christians, and in a more especial Manner on us, who have the Honour to be admitted to the Priesthood.

On our entering your Portico, this young Woman, to whom your Porter had afforded Shelter this last Night, threw herself at our Feet and begg'd we would protect her. She told us your Charity had placed her with an old Woman, who corresponded very ill with your pious Design of giving an Azyle to the Distress'd, and had combined with others to ruin her.

As on the one Hand we would omit no Opportunity of doing that Good, which the Almighty has enjoin'd and enabled us to do ; so on the other, it is but common Prudence to guard against all Surprize and Imposition. Tho' the Story she has told

old, and the Sword your Porter shew'd us; induce our Belief of what she has advanced, yet as we could not doubt the Complaisance of the illustrious Governors, we have taken the Liberty to address our selves to this Board, to be inform'd of that Part of the Story which relates to you is Truth : If you confirm it, we will not only de-fray her Charges to *France* ; but as we are ourselves returning, will be the Guardians of her Innocence till we put her into safe Hands.

The Governors immediately commanded Chairs for the Pilgrims and *Beatrix*, whom they also ordered to sit down, and having given a satisfactory Answer to the Question made them, desired the Girl to give them a minute Account of all that had pass'd, which she did ; and they congratulating her Escape, advised her to return fervent Praise and thanks to God, who had given her Force to withstand the Temptation, Strength and Courage to resist the Violence, and had farther provided for her the Protection of those two good Fathers, her Countrymen. They then sent for the Porter, and order'd him to refuse Entrance to *Mona Bencoglio*, and to see that she never had Relief from the Hospital.

The two Pilgrims and *Beatrix* took their Leave ; the Girl with all possible grateful Acknowledgments for the Charity the Governors had shewn her. The Pilgrims led her to the *Theatin* Nuns, into 'which Convent she was received at the Request of her new and real Protector, on what Terms she could not say, the Pilgrims there speaking *Italian* ; tho' they had address'd the Governors in *French*, that *Beatrix* might understand what they said.

What pass'd in the House whence *Beatrix* escaped we know not ; but the Design upon that

poor Girl being defeated did not discourage *Varini* and *Palavicino* from making still farther Attempts: They, by their Spies continually dogging the two Pilgrims, not only discovered that *Beatrice* was at the *Theatin* Nunnery, but also the Day for which her Protectors had hired a small open Boat to carry her to *Lao*, and from thence to proceed on their Journey with her to *Provence*.

The Day for their Departure being come, the two Pilgrims with *Beatrice* embarked and set out. The young Gentlemen, who had a Felucca also ready, went with *Mona Bencoglio* to a Magistrate, before whom she swore two *French* Priests had, as she was inform'd, carried off a young Girl entrusted to her Care, and desired a Warrant to pursue and bring them back, which was granted; and the Gentlemen, arm'd with this Authority, pursued, overtook the Fugitives, as they term'd them, brought them back, put the Priests into the Hands of the Suffragan's Officer, who led them to Prison, and were hawling poor *Beatrice* through the Streets, to carry her back to one of the Houses already mention'd, when Providence so ordered, that my Lord, his Tutor, my self, two *Swiss*, and two *English* Servants came through the Streets, to go on board a Vessel for *Civita Vecchia*.

My Lord seeing this young Girl hurry'd along by Violence, and hearing her to cry out in *French* for Assistance to a poor Stranger, stepp'd up, and ask'd the Girl in her own Language the Reason of her Cries. O, charitable Sir, said she, save me from Ruin; save me----save me----

One of the Gentlemen came up pretty briskly to my Lord, and said, Stranger, I would have

you mind your own Business, and not be inquisitive, we act by Authority.

My Lord, nettled at the Manner in which he said this, answer'd, it was the Business of every Gentleman to protect the fair Sex : That he must excuse him, if he insisted upon enquiring of that Girl the Reason of her Cries ; if you will not permit me by fair Means I will compel you to it, laying Hand to his Sword.

We were, as I've said, seven of us, and had all Swords. My Lord laying Hand to his, one of his *Swiss* immediately collar'd the Gentleman, (we had by this Time a Mob about us) the Girl cried out, they will ruin me, if you don't protect me. The Gentleman said, let me go, I will shew you our Authority, and I hope you will be satisfied.

Accordingly he produced the Warrant ; but my Lord insisted on the Girl's being carried before the Magistrate who had granted it, and appealing to the Mob, had the good Luck to have them all on his Side.

We went with the Gentlemen and *Beatrix*. One of the *Swiss* serv'd her for an Interpreter to the Magistrate. She told the Story you have heard ; the Governors of the Hospital being sent to, confirm'd what related to them ; the Porter produced the Sword. *Mona Bencoglio* secur'd, and threaten'd with the Rack, confess'd all the Circumstances I have related ; the Reason for *Du Pine's* inveigling the Girl to her House, and the Design of forcing her when there. Having heard the whole, the Magistrate sent to the *Suffragan* to acquaint him, that he was satisfied the Pilgrims (who were put into Prison) were innocent of the Crime laid to their Charge, and to desire they might be sent to him.

This

This the Suffragan instantly complied with. When the Pilgrims were come, the Magistrate made them a handsome Compliment, said, their Countenances alone were sufficient Evidence of their being incapable of the Crime with which they had been charged. That he had been surprized by an Oath, which he thought too sacred for any one to take with such infamous Views; but that he would teach, by the Example of the real Criminals, others to take Care not to make Religion and Justice Instruments for the Perpetration of their Villanies.

After this short Speech he condemn'd *Mona Bencoglio*, and *Du Pine* (who on the Confession of the former had been also taken) to be whipp'd through all the Streets of *Genoa*, and to be banish'd the Republick. The two Gentlemen he condemn'd to pay five hundred Crowns a Piece, one five hundred to the Use of *Beatrix*, the other, to that of the Pilgrims, and to lie in Prison till the said Fine was paid.

One of the Pilgrims stepping forward, said, illustrious Signior, we desire to be excused from receiving any Reward for being the Instruments of Heaven to save this Innocent.

Then, answer'd the Judge, the injured young Woman shall have the Whole. *Varino* begg'd a Quarter of an Hour's Respite, and they would pay the Money. This was granted; he sent for a Banker, who paid it down in Gold, which the Judge giving to *Beatrix* said aloud, let all, in this Girl's Story, observe the Providence of God, who protects and rewards the Virtuous, tho' (as his Ways are inscrutable) he may suffer them to undergo severe Tryals. Had this vertuous Girl been allured by strong Temptations, and by so much the stronger, as she was a Stranger and in
Necessity,

Necessity, or had she been overcome by Want of the glorious Resistance she made, her Lot would have been Infamy, and Poverty; for she would have been turn'd to the publick Stews, when those lewd young Gentlemen had been tired of her, as they probably would soon have been. But her Fear of God (which is indeed the Beginning of Wisdom) has not only provided her a Portion, but has gained her the Applause of all who now know her Story.

My Child continued he, speaking to *Beatrix*, persevere in your Duty to your Creator, and he will never leave you destitute. It is he only, who lies to unjustifiable Methods for Relief, that is, and indeed deserves to be wretched. The Magistrate then thank'd my Lord for his Resolution and Charity, which had given him the Opportunity of doing Justice, and desired the Pilgrims to continue their Protection to *Beatrix*.

It was so late before this Affair was determin'd, that my Lord could not think of going on Board that Night, wherefore he resolv'd to return to our Inn. This being concluded with his Tutor, his Lordship invited the two Pilgrims (whom he judg'd Men of some Dignity in the Church, both by their Behaviour, and the Refusal of the five hundred Crowns) to sup with him, and to suffer the honest *Beatrix* to be one of the Company.

Pray Sir, answered the Elder of the two, in good *English*, may we know to whom we are oblig'd for this courteous Invitation? We were all surpris'd at hearing him speak so good *English*; and my Lord's Tutor replied, Sir, it is the Son of the Lord-----, who prays the Favour of your Company.

I hope, rejoined the Pilgrim, your last Accounts brought the agreeable News of his Lordship's

ship's Health; I have the Honour to know and be known to that valuable Nobleman, and will wait on his Son with Pleasure, as his Invitation is an Honour done me. I hope, Sir, said my Lord, you will allow us the Favour of *Beatrix* supping with us, I revere her Virtue.

Sir, answered the Pilgrim, you command every Thing in my Power. If there is Room in your Inn, we will there take up our Quarters for To-night, and set out To-morrow Morning on our Return. I hope we shall meet with no more Interruption.

I will accompany you, said my Lord, till you are out of Danger of any Insults from those young Gentlemen. *Beatrix's* Virtue exacts of me this Regard. The Pilgrim replied, the generous Offer was what he might expect from the Son of so worthy a Father, and was such a one as he could not refuse, though he knew it would be something out of his Rout; but I hope, said he, Providence will reward you by a more speedy and a prosperous Voyage.

I am afraid, my dear *Jervis*, I have by this Time tired you, I am sure, as much as I love and use myself to writing, I have tired myself; in the Morning I will, if I have Leisure, make an End of this little History, and go on with the Occurrences of the Day. I hear my dear Master coming up, adieu. P. S. I will continue my Diary.

Saturday. I will, my dear *Jervis*, knit the Thread of my broken Narrative, and proceed without Ceremony or Introduction to this subsequent Part. When Mr. *Brown* had gotten to the Particular where I left off, we enter'd upon a Heath, and I happening to look out, saw the Coach in which my dear Master was, drive out

of the Road to a large Oak, where it stopp'd, and they who were in it alighted. *Robin* follow'd them, and Mr. B----- coming to the Door, handed my Mother and me out, saying, This, Ladies, is your Inn; you must Breakfast under the Shade of this ancient Tree. *Abraham* is here Landlord. Well, honest Host, continued my obliging humane Master, what does your Larder afford us.

Sir, answer'd *Abraham*, I have cold Chickens, cold Ham, and Neats Tongue, and I can promise your Honour a Glass of good Champaign and excellent Rhenish. I never, said Mr. *Brown*, heard of this Inn, which I have known some Time, was so well provided. It does not promise much by its Aspect. Oh Sir, replied *Abraham*, you must never to trust to Appearances. I hope, Gentlemen and Ladies, I shall content you, and gain your good Word. Saying this, he brought a small Hamper out of the Boot of *Blunt's* Coach, spread about a Dozen Sheets of Whited-Brown Paper, gave every one of us a Sheet for a Napkin, with a Slice off a large Loaf for a Plate, &c. desired we would sit down, and he would set Breakfast on the Table, which was what he had named. The Air had given us all Stomachs; we made a very good Meal, and were very merry. *Abraham* played the Part of Inn-keeper with a good deal of Humour, and my dear Mr. B----- was mighty gay and entertaining.

While we were at this rural Breakfast, Mr. M----- and his Lady pass'd by in the Road. My Master, who knew the Livery, and could see a Gentleman and Lady in the Coach, said there goes honest *Sam. M-----* and his *Bawble*. But they are well match'd, they are a pretty Couple, and I know not any Woman whose Beauty comes so near that of my *Pamela*. I wish, said I, the Compa-

Comparison may never be carry'd farther, and *Pamela* be wretched enough to be thought much a *Bawble*. I have known, replied Mr. B-----, with a stern Look, a Lady make her own and her Husband's Life very uneasy by unreasonable Fears, which magnify Objects like a Perspective, but in this they differ: The Glass shews what is, and Fears see what is not, nay possibly what cannot exist in Nature. Heaven forbid, I should ever cause you a Moment's Disquiet, said I, bursting into Tears, if I know myself, I would prefer your Ease to my own Life. My *Pamela*, answer'd he, smoothing his Brow, you are too sensible, calm your Fears. It was not I who gave that Lady the Appellation, which alarm'd you, and which was given her from her great Simplicity, for you shall scarce find a greater Ignorance in a Girl of ten Years old. Saying this, he took me in his Arms, kiss'd and tenderly embrac'd me. I compos'd myself as much as I could, and put on as pleasant a Look as possible for me. I tremble at the Thoughts of his being angry, even with a Servant.

When we had breakfasted, Mr. B----- said we will go into the Drawing Room, that the Servants may sit down, and led my Mother on the other Side the Oak, Mr. Brown offered me his Hand, and we sat some little Time, and chatted on what I had observed in the Royal Dock at Chatham.

When I mention'd the small Piece of Wood, that directs the Course of the Ship, my dear Master said, that, my *Pamela*, is called the Rudder, and may not improperly be compared to the Tongue of an able Orator. *Demosthenes* with that small Member govern'd and directed a great Republick. *Cicero*, with the same Member, proved too hard

For *Cataline*, and the Tongue of *Antony* proved the Downfall of *Brutus*. The Tongue is productive of great Good, but requires an honest Heart, and a good Head for its Companions, or it may prove the Source of as much Evil. For as it has often kindled foreign Wars and intestine Divisions, so daily experience shews, where it is not check'd by Reason, it causes continual daily Broils. Sure thought I, this Lesson is not meant for me, I have given him no Ground for it, and he says I am too sensible. I won't then suppose it given for my Instruction, but I will not forget it neither.

When we were again settled in our Coaches, and pursuing our Journey, I entreated Mr. Brown to finish his History, for I was curious to know, if they discovered who the Pilgrims were, but especially, who he was that talk'd *English*.

Madam said he, if you please we will defer that Part to another Opportunity; we have but seven Miles to Mr. *Andrew's* House, which at the Rate Mr. B——'s Coach leads us, will not allow a Space of Time to go through that Part. I have said before you, the Distresses into which the Almighty suffer'd the innocent *Beatrix* to fall, I have shewn her struggling under them, with the Courage of a Christian Heroine, you have seen her triumph, when she despaired of Succour, if not from Heaven, and that Justice which by Surprise lent its Authority to compleat her Ruin, bring it on the Heads of her Persecutors, and reward her virtue, and I leave her in the Hands of pious and good Men, out of Danger of any farther Attempts upon her Honour. Well might this Girl say, with the Royal Prophet; *Thou, Lord, will give thy Blessing to the Righteous, and with thy favourable Kindness will thou defend him, as*

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with a Shield. The Lord also will be a Defence for the Oppressed, even a Refuge in due Time of Trouble. And they that know thy Name will put their Trust in thee, for thou, Lord, hast never failed them that seek thee.

Methinks Sir answered I, I discover such a Loftiness in the Diction, such a masculine Beauty in the Metaphors, such Gratitude in the Thanksgivings, such a Warmth in the Praise, such Love, such Humility, such reverential Fear, and yet, such Earnestness in the Petitions of the Psalmist, as eclipse all the cryed up Beauties of modern Compositions. I fancy, I see more in them than the Words express, and, I don't know how to express it, as if they labour'd under a Weight of Thought, and were over-charged. Tho' I own my Ignorance, I am not capable of understanding all.

Madam, said he, you have made a right Judgment of those sacred Writings; there are in them a Solidity and Sublimity, in the plainest Dress, which all that the Moderns have compos'd deck'd with the choicest Ornaments they could borrow from Rhetorick fall short of, nay so much, that they will bear no more the being examined together, than the Chrystal being placed by the Side of a Diamond.

'Tis visible the Psalms were written with great Fervency, and the authors pour out their whole Hearts in their Addresses to the Almighty. Grateful Love and awful Veneration guided the Pen of the Royal Prophet, and of the other Writers. They felt what they writ: Whereas our Moderns are directed by Art, and unmoved by the Subjects they treat.

Nature will always triumph over her humble Imitatrix.

This

This, Madam, is the Reason, that we shall sometimes hear very eloquent Discourses from the Pulpit, which have but little Effect on the Auditors, and very plain Sermons, which shall thoroughly affect them. Oratory in the Mouth, and Luke-warmness in the Heart, will not move the Passions any Thing like a plain admonition, delivered with a visible Zeal for Religion, and real Concern for the Souls of Men.

Oh, Sir, said my Mother, I can never be tired with reading the Psalms, they seem indeed to be written by an Author not only of a superior Genius, but of an exalted Rank, a Majesty discovers itself in the Royal *David's* Expressions, and if I did not know it, I should say, he, who was the author of this Work, thought greatly, thought like a Prince.

What an awful, and high Idea does he impress on the Mind, answer'd I, in speaking of the Power and Greatness of God, in the hundred and fourth Psalm, *Thou deckest thyself with Light, as it were with a Garment : And spreadeth forth the Heaven like a Curtain. Who layeth the Beams of his Chambers in the Waters : And maketh the Clouds his Chariot, and walketh upon the Wings of the Wind.*

How short, how full, how just a Description is here of Omnipotence ! Nature is shewn us in the Hands. and obedient to the will of the tremendous Creator.

Mr. *Brown* said, the Psalms, Madam, teach what is the true Sublime. Here is no String of Epithets, no Circumlocations to convoy his own Conceptions of ineffable Majesty. His Description of Omnipotence is extremely simple ; plain in its Dress, yet it strikes, it hangs upon the Mind, and the longer we think, the longer we examine this fine Picture of the God of Nature, the deeper

sinks the Impression, we in a Manner see the Heavens expand, and the elements pressing to obey the Mandates of the God, obsequious and rejoicing in the Honour of their Functions.

But, Madam, while we admire this Work, and its excelling that of any prophane Writer we have, led away by our considering this the Production of meer Man, over-look'd the true Reason of the Sublimity we admire, and which gives it that Excellency. I mean, Madam, that this is the Work of inspired Writers.

By your speaking in the Plural, replied I, 'tis evident, you think the Psalms (which I have always thought the Compositions of the Royal Prophet *David*) written by different Authors. Madam, answered he, have you ever read the Bishop of *Ely*'s Paraphrase on these Divine Poems? But, I have asked, before I was aware, a needless Question; for if you had, you would not have been in that Error. I saw the Works of that learned Prelate, among the Books in Mrs. *Andrews*'s Summer House. I refer you to that Paraphrase.

Sir, said my Mother, since we are on the pleasing Subject of Holy Writ, will you give me your Sentiments on the Book of *Job*, whether you think there really ever was such a Man in the Land of *Uz*, or whether, as I have heard some say, it is as much a Parable, as that of *Dives* and *Lazarus*.

Madam, replied the young Clergyman, the Reason some doubt the Sufferings of *Job* being real, is, from his Name, which is taken from a *Hebrew* Word, signifying Hatred or Enmity, as he experienced that, not only of the Devil, but even of his Friends: However, it is the Opinion of very learned Men of our Church, that it is a true History. St. *Origen* says, that *Job* was before the Time of *Moses*, and many *Hebrew* Writers

ters place him in the Time of *Isaac* and *Jacob*. This History we are informed, by Tradition, was written in the *Syriac* Language, and translated by *Moses*, to comfort and support the *Israelites*, under the Affliction of an iniquitous and cruel Slavery, and to teach them, by the example of *Job's* Sufferings, Patience, and an humble Resignation to the Divine Will. But, Madam, whether this Example is real, or only parabolical, 'tis certain, that Reason teaches us, it is not only our Duty, but the highest Prudence to copy after it; for repining can only make our Infections more severe. Who can resist the Will of Omnipotence, or dispute the Decrees of Omniscience?

Sir, answered my Mother, the Reflection on God's Goodness, which will not inflict on his poor Creatures more than he will enable them to bear; that he knows what is best for us, and as he made, knows how, without our Interposition, to govern the World, has always made me easy under Troubles, to which his infinite Mercy has put an End, by the generous Mr. B——.

We were by this Time within Sight of our Village, of which Mr. *Brown* advised us. When we alighted, we found a Servant belonging to Sir *Simon*, who having delivered his Master's and Lady's Compliments, let us know, they designed themselves the Honour (to use the Fellow's Words) of dining with us the next Day, if we were not engaged; and desired they might be received, not as Strangers, but as Relations. Mr. B—— returned the Compliment, and in handsome Terms let them know we should expect them.

My dear Mr. B——, kept Mr. *Brown* to Dinner and Supper, we chatted all Day on different Subjects, and the young Clergyman was not only entertaining, but edifying Company. After he

was gone, and I was going to my Chamber, my dear Master ask'd, if Mr. *Brown* had gratify'd my Curiosity with relation to his Country? I told him he not only had given me an Account of that, but, with great Humility, of his Birth also——What, he told you his Father was a Farrier?——Yes, Sir.——He thought, no doubt, he told you the pure Truth; but his Father was Lord——, whom he calls his Patron, and his Mother a Gentlewoman of Family, over whose Affections my Lord had too much Power. The Farrier's Wife nurs'd him, and he has hitherto been kept ignorant of this Secret, the Knowledge of which I believe would be a great Trouble to him. Well, my dear *Fervis*, I have led you a fine Jaunt. I am now going to prepare for Bed, and I heartily wish you a good Night; may the Almighty ever have you under his Protection.

My dear *Fervis*, tho' my last was dated on *Saturday*, yet my Journal was carry'd no farther than *Wednesday* Night. On *Thursday* Sir *Simon* and his Lady dined with us, and as we were at the Tea-Table, after Dinner my Lady desired my Father to give them the History of his Misfortunes.

Madam, answer'd my Father, I shall obey you, tho' 'tis with some Reluctance, I must acknowledge, that I call to mind the former Part of my Life. I have already told your Ladyship that I've had several Children; two Sons lived to be Men, the Elder I took Apprentice to my self, and when he knew his Business, having served his Time, I set him up in *Pater-noster Row*, where he enter'd into Partnership with a young Gentleman about his own Age, Brother to Sir *Jeremiah Brooks*: They enter'd into a Scheme to engross the Custom of all the Quality, by regaling their Customers,

treating

treating with rich Wines and costly Suppers, and Dinners ; which Manner of proceeding drew a Number of Lords and Ladies to their House ; Some to laugh at their Extravagance, and help to Ruin, by encouraging them in it, and others to loiter away a few idle Hours, be well entertained, and carry off their Stock without any Design of having their Names cross'd out of their Books.

I foresaw the certain Consequences of this, and often remonstrated to them what it must infallibly end in. It was all in vain, they were intoxicated with the Vanity of being caress'd by the Nobility, and went on as far as their Money or Credit would allow them. When Demands began to come so thick, that they could not answer the Bills drawn on them, and were ready to break, my Son applied himself to me : He produc'd his Books, in which indeed were large Sums due by a great many *Right Honourable* Persons ; but I found by Experience not one of them *honourable* enough to do *Right*. To keep off the evil Day, in hopes he would see how wrong he had been, and recover by another Scheme of Life, I was bound for twelve hundred Pounds, and Sir *Jeremiah* advanc'd the same Sum for his Brother ; this retrieved their Credit, but they grew nothing wiser, kept on the same Course, and in less than two Years a Statute of Bankruptcy was taken out against them. My Son was thrown into Jail, where he soon died with Grief, and his Bond, in which I was his Security, fell to me to discharge. Sir *Jeremiah* compounded for his Brother, and sent him to his Seat in the Country, where he took to Sotting, and soon dispatch'd himself with strong Ales and spirituous Liquors.

My second Son chose to be a Bookseller. When he had serv'd out his Time, I gave him more than my Circumstances could well allow to set him up :

up: He depending too much upon his own Judgment, ran into great Works, above what his Stock would bear, and thus was soon indebted to Stationers in considerable Sums; Copies for which he had given a great deal of Money, did not answer in the Sale, and his Creditors began to be clamorous. To make him easy I borrow'd seven hundred Pounds upon our Joint Bond, and he clear'd off most of his Debts. I was in hopes, as he seem'd to be more cautious in the Management of his Affairs, that he would recover this false Step; but he fell into a much more blameable Error, that of frequenting the Theatres and supping at Taverns, where, by Degrees he spent the greater Part of his Time, leaving the Management of his Shop to a Journeyman: In a Word, this soon lost him all Credit, and hurry'd him into a Jail. I got him released from his Confinement by giving my Bond to his Creditors to pay them five Shillings in the Pound in twelve Months. The Interest, I had, procur'd him a Purser's Place in an *East India* Ship, but he died in the Voyage.

The two first Bonds were in the Hands of substantial Men, who were satisfied in my punctual Payment of the Interest. Those I gave for compounding my younger Son's Debts came upon me at the Expiration of the Time, they amounted to two hundred Pounds, the greatest Part of which Sum I paid off; but these Payments obliged me to delay some Bills of my own, which somewhat hurt my Credit; and as there are People ready enough to do ill Offices, my two Bond Creditors were alarm'd, and insisted on their Money.

To satisfy their Demand, as I had a much greater Stock in my House and Shop than the Amount of their Money, I borrow'd it of a Banker in *Lombard-street*, on an Inventory of all my

my Goods, and a Bond and Judgment, which he executed in a little time, and turn'd me and my Wife (I had then no Children living) into the Streets entirely stripp'd, consequently friendless.

I went to a Silk Mercer of my Acquaintance, who offer'd me thirty Pounds a Year as a Journeyman. I staid with him about six Months; but the Banker, on my demanding an Account of my Stock, Household Goods and Plate, pretended they did not near satisfy his Debt; and not to be troubled with my repeating this Demand, threw me into the Compter on an Action of two hundred Pounds: However, he discharged me on my giving him a general Release; but this Discharge, at that unconscionable rate, I could not immediately procure, and for that Reason had before mov'd myself to the *Fleet Prison* by a *Habeas Corpus*.

In a few Days after I had been remov'd to this Prison, Mr. *Greaves*, a *Bedfordshire* Gentleman, by his Attorney's Neglect of putting in his Answer to a Bill in Chancery, was sent to that Prison for a Contempt of Court.

This Gentleman, by the Direction of Providence, distinguish'd me from the first Day, and ask'd me that Night to sup with him. As 'tis pretty natural, when we see any one distress'd, to enquire into the Source of his Misfortunes, this Gentleman ask'd me the Cause of mine. When he had heard my Story, he answer'd, that his Confinement must necessarily be of very short Duration; but while it lasted I should be welcome to his Table: That if I could any way recover my Liberty, would come down to *Bedfordshire*, and accept of a small House, and twenty Pounds a Year, to gather in his Rents, something better might there offer, and he might be of farther Service me.

This

This was not to be rejected by one in my unhappy Scituation, and I thankfully embraced it: A few Days after Mr. *Greaves's* Answer was put in, and he discharged. As he was leaving the Prison, taking me aside, he said, Mr. *Andrews*, when you obtain your Liberty here is my Address, write to me, and I will order Money for your coming down. In the Interim give me leave to present you with these three Broad-pieces.

About three Weeks after this Gentleman was released from his Confinement I was also discharged, as I have already said. I wrote to Mr. *Greaves*, and he sent me an Order for five Pounds, with which Mrs. *Andrews* and I went down, resolving to forget, and be forgotten by the World, as I neither knew, nor was known by any individual Person in that County.

Mr. *Greaves* received us very humanely, and kept us at his House till that, he design'd for our Habitation, had some few necessary Repairs made; he then gave us possession of it, lent us a few Goods, and a few Days after rode over his Estate, visited and presented me to his Tenants, as the Person who was to receive their Rents.

I continued four Years in this Employ, and was thoroughly happy, (Mr. *Greaves* had his Rents punctually paid, and the Tenants, perfectly easy, troubled him with no Complaints) when it pleased God to provide for the Support of my old Age, by the Blessing of my *Pamela's* Birth in the Year 1694, the fiftieth Year of mine and my Wife's Age, for we were both born in 1644.

About the same time Mr. *Greaves* had a little Farm of about forty Pounds a Year became vacant by the Death of the Occupant, he advised me to enter upon it, and he would stock it, and take the Money he should lay out at such Times, and in such

such Parcels as would suit my Conveniency: I gladly accepted this generous Offer, and gave him my Bond for the Money; but, by the Death of Cattle, I never could get before-hand to take up this Bond in the eight Years he lived after I was settled in this Farm; tho' I made shift to pay the Yearly Interest, and my Rent, and to keep up the Stock to the Value of what he had put into the Grounds, with which the honest Gentleman was satisfied.

After Mr. *Greaves's* Death, in whom I lost a worthy Patron, his Son took Possession of his Estates real and personal, and tho' they were both considerable, Equipage, Play, and Pleasures, very soon dissipated the latter; and being in great Distress for Money he came into the Country to see what his Tenants cou'd advance him, and to exact the Money due to his Father by Bonds and other Securities, by which he raised about two thousand Pounds; but that Sum could not long last him as he lived.

Among others I was call'd upon to take up my Bond: which, as I was not able to do, he insisted on my giving him a Warrant of Attorney. This I could not refuse, tho' I foresaw in setting my Hand to the Instrument, I sign'd my Ruin.

Young Mr. *Greaves*, who kept the best Company, and enter'd into all the Gaiety of Life, return'd to *London* pretty well satisfied with his Recruit, which was a new Fund for Play, and he had the good Fortune that Winter to win one Night ten thousand Pounds of the Duke of —, which Sum was next Day (being a Debt of Honour) punctually paid him, tho' his *Grace* was noted for the very worst Paymaster of his Tradesmen among the Quality. This Custom among the *Great*, has been ever Matter of Surprize; they think

think it a Point of Honour to pay Money, of which, perhaps, they have been robb'd; but think it no Breach of Honour to rob the Man who believes them incapable of deceiving him. What is the taking Goods upon Credit, without Design of paying, other than a licit Robbery? and how ungenerous is it to ruin a Tradesman, because he had confided in, and had a good Opinion of your Probity? Nay, it is ungratefully base, and shewing they (who are mean enough to run *in Debt*, because their Rank protects their Persons) think the Man a Fool for believing them honest. But I digress too far.

This run of good Luck prevented our having any uneasy Visits from our Landlord; I return'd him his Rents, and we were all satisfied on both Sides: but this Calm lasted not above fourteen Months. Mr. *Greaves*, with Expence and Losses at Play, was become as needy as ever.

He came into the Country, and assembled his Tenants; such among them as had Money he took it from them for Fines, and let long Leases at a Rent proportion'd to the Fine paid; but all that he could raise was short of his Expectation. He thought I did not exert myself to serve him, or made that a handle to quarrel with me, seize my little all, turn me, my Wife and Family out of his Farm, and me in particular out of my Business. However, he had the Justice to give me the Surplus of what paid his Bond, when my Stock and Goods were sold, which was about fifteen Pounds; with this Money I purchased a few Household Goods, took a little House, and set up a School for Reading, Writing, and casting Accounts; but the Number of my Scholars was too few to give us Bread, wherefore I was compelled to Day-Labour to support my Family.

Pamela

Pamela was about this Time somewhat turn'd of Eleven. A Relation of Mr. *Greaves*, a Tradesman at *Bedford*, used sometimes to be at Mr. *Greaves's* House with his Wife, and a Daughter of the Age of my Child, he asked me to let *Pamela* go with them to *Bedford* to keep his Daughter Company. You may believe, as it was a sober Family, I readily consented. At his House my Child had the good Fortune to be seen and liked by my good Lady your Mother, Sir, (looking on Mr. *B*——) her Ladyship sent a Servant with a Letter to ask her of me; and I (happy in the Offer) gladly put the Girl into such good Hands. The Sequel of my Story you all know, except one Particular, which is, that the good Lady, I have just mention'd, sent me every *Christmas* five Guineas, but with a strict Injunction never to mention this Benevolence during her Life.

I would never let *Pamela* know more of my Story, than that I had been a Tradesman of some Credit; that I had had several Children, and was ruined by the Engagement I had entered into for my two Sons: I fear'd the Knowledge of being deriv'd from two such ancient and unblemish'd Families as that of *Andrews*, and that of *Jinks*, might make her vain, and nothing is more contemptible than a proud Beggar.

The Company returned my Father Thanks for the Trouble their Entertainment (as Sir *Simon* was pleas'd to term his Story) had given him. My Lady said, Sir *Simon* has written to Mr. *Jinks*, of *Broomhall*, that so near a relation is return'd to the Country, and I am sure he will do himself the Honour to wait on Mr. *B*——, and embrace his Kinswomen. You must, Cousin *Andrews*, expect a number of Visitors, for you know the old

M

Say-

Saying, *all Kent's a-kin*. Indeed both Gentry and common People seldom marrying out of the Country, makes it in a manner literally true.

Sir *Simon* ask'd Mr. *B*—— if he design'd to be at the Horse Race on *Cox* Heath the next *Monday*. My dear Master answer'd, he had not heard there was to be one; but since you, Sir *Simon*, tell me there is, I won't fail being there, for 'tis a Diversion I love, continued Mr. *B*——, and it may be an Amusement to my *Pamela*, if she approves of keeping me Company. Sir, replied I, 'tis impossible for me to be more happy than when with you; but I own a Horse Race is so far from affording me any Diversion, that it gives me Pain to see that generous Beast, whose natural Emulation makes him exert his utmost Strength to quicken his Speed, and to get the better of his Rivals, whipp'd and spurr'd by the Rider so unmercifully; this is a very shocking Sight, and it affects me so much, that when my Lady has taken me with her in the Coach to these Meetings I always turn'd away my Head, when the running Horses pass'd by, after the first Time I observ'd the Emulation of the Beasts, and the Barbarity of the Jockeys.

Indeed, Madam, said Lady *Andrews*, you have given the very Reason why I have desired Sir *Simon* to excuse my going with him.

'Tis true my *Pamela*, said dear Mr. *B*——, I am always pleas'd to have you in my Eye, but would not procure my own Pleasure by your Pain. Mr. *Andrews*, continued he, will you keep me Company. Sir, answered my Father, I shall always think myself honour'd with your Commands, and will as readily execute them.

I'll make a Proposal, said Sir *Simon*; my Wife and I will call here on *Monday* Morning, take
Mrs.

Mrs. *Andrews* and your Lady in my Coach ; if you chuse to ride I will accompany you on Horseback, or go into your Coach, and the Servants lead the Saddle-Horses to the Heath, for we can't well see the Race in a Coach ; Our Wives shall go strait to *Maidstone*, where Lady *Andrews* wants to buy some Trifles ; we will go to the Heath, join them at three o'Clock, dine together, and return in the Evening. Well, this was agreed upon.

Sir *Simon* and Lady staid till Five, and then took their Leave : My dear Master and Father rode out, my Mother took a Book in hand, and I a Pen to chat with my good Friend Mrs. *Fervis*, if that Term may be allow'd, where all the Prattle is on one Side only. Adieu, my Friend, good Angels be your Guard.

My dear Mr. B——— hearing the Hounds out got on Horseback, hunted with Mr. *Wheeler*, a neighbouring Gentleman, and did not return till Three ; Mr. *Longman* and my Father rode about the Grounds, my Mother set her two Maids to spinning, and kept them Company in the same housewifely Employment ; and I, having read some time the Meditations of the Emperor *Antoninus*, went into my Chamber, and continued my Journal, at which Mr. B——— on his return catch'd me, and with a tender Embrace said, my dear *Pamela*, how pleas'd am I to see you thus employ'd ; this Method, of which I am glad you are fond, will make me very circumspect in my Conduct, for I would fear Censure from my little Charmer more than from all the World beside. We are told that there are certain Ministers about the Person of the *Chinese* Monarch, who minute down every Word and Action he says or does, and every Day put these Papers into a Chest,

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which is not open'd till the Emperor's Death, and then are expos'd to the Publick, which accordingly revere or censure his pass'd Life ; but methinks your Method gives me an Advantage over that great Monarch, he cannot by these Notes be acquainted with the Errors he may fall into ; consequently, not knowing, cannot avoid relapsing into them by seeing in what Light they are view'd by others ; but while you allow me to read yours, I may reap that Advantage.

Sir, answer'd I, give me leave to reply in the Words of Colonel Coddington.

*I read thee over with a Lover's Eye ;
Thou hast no Faults, or I no Faults can spy ;
Thou art all Beauty, or all Blindness I.*

He snatch'd me eagerly in his Arms, gave me twenty Kisses, I believe, and then stepping to his Bureau brought my Papers, and said, here, my Angel, I thank you for the Entertainment these have given me, but you will excuse my Criticism ? You will, Sir, replied I, do me great Pleasure in giving me room to think any thing of mine could so far engage your Attention.

Then, answer'd Mr. B——, I have these Faults to find with your Paraphrase, you sometimes take so much Liberty, that you scarcely keep your Author in view ; and at others, you almost tread upon his Heels ; forgive me my Charmer, I would have thee as much Perfection in thy Writings as thou art in thy Mind and Person ; but thou art a young Poetess, and will daily improve. Come, give me the Sequel of these Papers, and let us go to Dinner, for that's ready, and so is my Stomack I assure you.

I gave him all the Papers but the Sheet I was writing, he put them into his Bureau, and embracing

bracing me again, when I thank'd him for his Remark, led me down Stairs. After Dinner we took a Dish of Tea. Mr. B—— being tired lay down, and slept about two Hours, which Time I employ'd in reading Dr. *Sherlock* upon Death.

When my dear Master had taken his Nap he sat him down to amuse himself with the trifling Minutes I wrote you, on which he was pleas'd to make me some agreeable Compliments. Afterwards he said, my *Pamela*, I beg you won't on what I have said after your Paraphrase of the hundred and third Psalm; for by that, which I assure you excels what I have hitherto seen of your Versification, we shall see what Strength your Muse gathers with Time. I promis'd him I would let it stand without Alteration.

Well, Madam, said my dear Master to my Mother, what may you have earn'd to-day by your Wheel? Really, Sir, answer'd my good Parent, your excessive Bounty has make me in a manner contract a Habit of Idleness; I cannot boast of the Work I have done. Madam, replied he, Providence has made me the happy Instrument to reward your laudable Resignation, and exemplary Humility and Piety. Look on me as your Son, and what I do the Effects of filial Duty, and if you will indeed oblige me, you will never more mention your being obliged by me.— Mr. *Andrews*, I fancy you, *Longman* and I could cope with a Bottle of *Burgundy*. Ay, said I, and somebody else would not be angry if she was ask'd to drink a Glass.— Say you so? then, *Longman*, see if you have Interest enough with *Jonathan* to get us a couple of Bottles. No, no, said I,— Yes, yes, said he, I would not have my Boy baulk'd, 'twould be hard he should meet with Disappointment from the World before he comes into

it: This Answer set my Face in a Glow, for he had hit the Nail on the Head; I had an Hour before eagerly wish'd for a Glass of *Burgundy*. When a Bottle was uncork'd he fill'd me a bumper, I drank it with such Greediness, that not only Mr. *B*——, but my Parents, and Mr. *Longman* took notice of it; and my Mother said, my Dear, I am sure you would not be displeas'd if Mr. *B*—— help'd you to just such another Glass: Answer me without Evasion. Madam, I replied, I am surprized at myself, for I should only find Fault that the Glass is too little. Mr. *B*—— embracing me said, now, my *Pamela*, you are obliging, and calling *Jonathan*, order'd a Beer Glass, fill'd it up, and bid me drink just so much as I liked. I clapped it to my Mouth, and left not a Drop, tho' it contain'd a Pint. Mr. *B*—— laughing said, well perform'd, my Girl, why thou art a boon Companion; every Day brings to light some new Virtue in thee; e'en make an End of thy Bottle. Truly, Sir, said I, a very little Persuasion would induce me to follow your Advice. To make short, my dear *Fervis*, I drank out the two Bottles before I was satisfied, and tho' all this Wine had no Effect on my Head, as I apprehended it might, by way of Precaution I went to my Room, and having perform'd my Duty to Heaven, hurried into Bed, where I slept without (I believe) stirring Hand or Foot.

Mr. *B*—— call'd *Jonathan* to bring more Wine, and ordered him not to forget to put a couple of Dozen Bottles of *Burgundy* into Sir *Simon's* Coach on *Monday* for his Mistress. Think you, Friend *Jonathan*, we have not tasted a Drop of these two Bottles? this my Mother told me next Day. *Jonathan* answer'd, much good do her sweet Heart an it were a Hoghead. What Time

Mr.

Mr. B—— came to Bed I know not, for I never heard him.

Saturday we saw nobody, and nothing pass'd worth sending you an Account, except my drinking a whole Bottle of *Burgundy* at Dinner, and two at Supper to my own Share, without finding any Alteration by this large Quantity of strong Wine.

I would fain have one of these Men of *Reason*, who are for calling upon the Creator to account to their *Reason* for his Decrees, and refuse Belief to whatever is not demonstrable as a Problem in the Mathematicks, to assign a *Reason* why a pregnant Woman shall not be affected with six times the Quantity of Wine, which at another time would deprive her of Sense and Motion; or why, if her Appetite is not gratified, the Child she goes with shall bear the Mark of the Thing she longed for. Alas, how limited is our Knowledge of Nature, and how great our Vanity in thinking we can penetrate the *Reasons* why the eternal Will has enjoined such a Faith, or the Performance of such Duties! *Well*, said the Philosopher, *all that I know is, that I know nothing*; and, indeed, the Knowledge of our own Ignorance is, in my Opinion, knowing a great deal.

My dear *Jervis*, I pray the Almighty to have you under his Protection; believe me this Prayer is from the Bottom, the very Bottom of my Heart; for I am with great Sincerity, and a thorough grateful Sense of what I owe your Friendship, your devoted Friend.

Sunday Evening. Mr. *Brown* this Day gave us two very edifying Sermons, for which he had the Thanks of our Family. When we return'd from Church in the Afternoon, I retired to my Chamber, and opening the Bible at the 37th Psalm, was prompted

prompted by a strong Inclination to paraphrase Part of it in Verse, or more properly to make an humble Imitation of it in Rhime, of which I send you a Copy.

PSALM XXXVII.

WHAT, tho' the Wicked prosper in their Ways,
And Health and Riches crown their latest
Days ;

Though Plutus with his Gold a Suppliant waits,
And Fortune asks Admittance at their Gates,
Obsequious to perform what they require,
And, instant, gratify each fond Desire :
Indulg'd in Ease, although they Strangers are,
To all the Ills in Life, to ev'ry Care ;
Shalt thou be vext ? grieving, shalt thou repine,
Or envy'ing wish their happy Lot were thine ?
Shoud'st thou God's Providence impeach for this,
Or of the Rules of Virtue think amiss ?
Woud'st thou, enamour'd with their Pomp and State,
Dare to be wicked, that thou might'st be great ?

What causes now thy Anger or Surprise,
Or thou may'st view with wishing envious Eyes,
Of short Duration is, shall pass away
Like the short Sun-shine of a Winter's Day :
Like verdant Grass, or the gay-wary'd Flow'r,
(Whose Beauties, unregarded by the Mow'r,)
Promiscuous falls, and levell'd with the Earth,
Is wither'd by the Heat which gave it Birth.

Make thou thy Happiness in this consist,
To trust in him, by whom thou dost exist.
Precarious Riches are ; as vain is State ;
The Good, alone, are truly rich and great :
In God confide ; and from, whate'er's thy Store,
Relieve with cheaful Heart th'industrious Poor.

Feed thou the Hungry, and the Naked cloath,
Nor let thine Eyes the nauseous Prison loath ;

Give

Give Charity thine Hand, she'll lead thee—there
Wilt thou see enthron'd, the Fiend Despair.
Drive thence the Fury, and do thou impart
With lib'ral Hand, and with a tender Heart,
Comfort to Captives, who no Comfort know;
But labour under complicated Woe.

Visit the Sick, nor be deterr'd by Fear
Of his Distemper, or contagious Air,
Is not th' Almighty present ev'ry where?
Comfort the Man on whom Afflictions fall,
And be thou good, in doing Good to all.

Shoud'st thou thy self severe Misfortunes prove
(E'en God's Chastisements are th' Effects of Love;)
Be not dejected, or depress'd with Care,
But have Recourse to God in fervent Prayer:
Delight thou still in him, and in his Ways,
Nor do thou cease the Tribute of thy Praise.
Do thou perform the Duty he requires,
And he will grant thee all thy Heart desires.

Shoud' envious Calumny attack thy Fame,
And vile Detraction odious make thy Name;
Yet will thy God thy Innocency clear,
And all these stand'rous Clouds shall disappear;
Nay, as the Sun just breaking from a Cloud,
Which for a while its Glories did enshroud,
Seems to have gather'd Force, and shines more bright,
So shall thy Innocence be Sight to Light:

Yet in the Interim do thou resign,
Confide in God, and dare not to repine;
Say not, such thrive whose Dealings are unjust,
Yet I'm oppress'd who place in God my Trust.
Wait thou with Patience, on Omniscience rest,
Who made the World, knows how to rule it best.

If prosp'rous Villainy excites thy Rage,
Reason consulted, will the Storm assuage:

But

*But if at once the Tempest don't abate,
Beware you're not impell'd to imitate,
What made you Wrath, and what you ought to hate.*

*For howsoe'er such prosper in their Ways,
And prosp'rous Villanies may Envy raise:
Yet Justice shall o'ertake their flagrant Crimes,
And they be swept away before Times;
Whereas all such as patiently resign,
And humbly wait Jehovah's Will divine,
Shall in this Life be bless'd with inward Peace,
And in the next, with Joys that never cease.*

*Think not the Wicked flourishes too long,
Or that in ought thy God can e'er be wrong.
Who to his Wisdom shall prescribe the Hour,
To cease his Patience, and exert his Pow'r?
Altho' the Wicked in their Strength appear,
To brave Adversity, and laugh at Fear;
Tho' like a solid Rock which mocks the Tides,
And all the the Fury of the Storm derides,
They seem secure; yet on this Truth depend,
A little Time will all their Greatness end:
Burst the swoll'n Bubbles, their very Names shall die,
And with themselves in dark Oblivion lie.
The Meek, submitting to their God, shall be
With Peace rewarded, and Prosperity,
Which he'll entail on late Posterity.*

*The wicked Men against the Just may rise,
And for his Ruin various Plots devise;
Ridiculous their Wiles to God appear,
Who sees their own Perdition drawing near.*

*Though to complete the Just Man's overthrow
They've drawn the hostile Sword, and bent the Bow
Altho' with Rage malvolent they burn,
Their warlike Weapons on themselves shall turn:
And that Destruction which they hop'd t'ave wrought
Upon the Just, shall on themselves be brought.*

Altho'

Altho' the Wicked own a mighty Store,
 And that the Just are barely said not poor;
 Yet will their Little greater Peace afford,
 Than all the mighty Sums the others board:
 For the Unjust, as Foes will God destroy,
 But bless that Little which the Good enjoy.
 Honest Industry shall their Stock encrease,
 And sweet Content secure their inward Peace.

Altho' the Just sometimes Affliction know,
 And God regardless seems of all their Woe;
 Seems to surcease his Care, avert his Eyes,
 And not to hear, or not to heed their Cries,
 Yet is his Providence their constant guard,
 Their Sufferings and their Patience he'll reward:
 Their resignation he'll repay with Love,
 And Children's Children shall his Blessings prove.

When for the crying Sins of any Nation
 God's Minister of Wrath spreads Devastation,
 Descending to fulfil his dread Commands,
 Scatters the Pestilence throughout a Land,
 Or let's loose Famine, or inducts a War;
 The Just will be the Object of his Care:
 These will th' avenging Minister protect,
 No Air pestif'rous shall their Homes infect:
 The Famine shall not pass their outward Wall,
 Nor shall they by a hostile Fury fall.
 These, as his Friend, the holy One will cherish,
 While, as his Foes shall wicked Doers perish,
 Glutted with Plenty, and with Success elate,
 Not dreaming Vengeance on their Crimes does wait;
 They shall as fatted Victims fall a Prey,
 And as the Fat of Lambs consume away.

Observe thou in this Life, how very oft,
 Those Men who at a scrup'lous Conscience scoft;
 Boggled at nought that might encrease their Store,
 However base, become excessive poor:

Driven

*Driven to double Shame, their Wants to own,
And borrr'wing, blusht they can't restore the Loan.*

*Not so the Just, he shall a Stranger be
To Shocks like these from dire Necessity:
By God enabled, he shall Mercy shew,
And to the Wanting, Charity bestow;
For God, whose Promises can never fail,
Does Blessings on the righteous Man entail.
God will reward him with a lib'ral Hand,
And he enjoy the Fatness of the Land;
The Curse of God he shall as surely see,
The Wicked lead to sad Catastrophe.*

Mr. B—— came in as I had finished about forty Lines, and reading it said, You are here out of Character, my *Pamela*, do you think it consistent with that of a holy Prophet, as was the Royal *David*, to mention two Heathen Deities *Plutus* and *Fortune*?

Sir, said I, I was aware of the Objection; but as the Gods of the Heathens, I have read, were Dæmons, I thought it was shewing the wicked were under the Influence of evil Spirits, as certainly I think all must be, who prefer the transitory Riches, and fading Glory of this World, which we are not certain to enjoy one Day (so precarious is Life) to an eternal Happiness.

Well, answer'd he, I won't pretend to decide, though your Reason is not satisfactory; an inspir'd Writer had no Occasion for Fiction. True, Sir, said I, but it is not *David*, you must consider, but a very poor Poetaster who introduced these false Gods. Ay, but my Charmer, what may be allow'd a Poet, with Regard to his License in prophane, will never be forgiven him in sacred Writings. *David* knew no such Gods.

What

What I mean is, he would not have stained, have sullied his Writings with their Names, if not to explode them ; but you, in your Paraphrase, (indeed it may more properly be called a Comment) attribute a Power to them.

Really, Sir, this last Argument is convincing ; I will alter the two Lines——No, my dear, they are not written for the Publick, and this is visibly not from a bad Intention ; your Design, you have shewn is good, but in my Opinion your Zeal misled your Judgment. Go on, my Charmer, and excuse me if I take this Liberty with the Compositions of your leisure Hours, my Fondness makes me find Fault where there is ground for it. I will no longer break in upon your Entertainment ; go on, my dear *Pamela* ; he here tenderly embraced, kiss'd, and then left me. I pursued my agreeable Task till Supper-time, when *Rachel* came to call me. Soon after, we went to Bed.

On *Monday* we rose early. When I went down to Breakfast I found Mr. *Brown* in the Parlour. My dear Master told me he had sent for, and prevailed on him to be our 'Squire to *Maidstone*, with which I was greatly pleas'd. and thank'd both Mr. B—— and him, the former for his obliging Care to procure, and the other for favouring us with so entertaining and edifying a Companion.

About Eleven o'Clock came Sir *Simon* and his Lady ; they drank Chocolate, after which her Ladyship had a mind to take a Turn in the Garden, my Mother and I waited on her, and left the Gentlemen, who had enter'd upon publick Affairs, a subject, which, as none of us pretended to understand, could afford us no Entertainment. Having made a Couple of Rounds, we went into the Summer-house, and Mr. *Brown* joined us

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there soon after. Ladies, said he, as I am no Politician, I have left Sir *Simon* and Mr. B—— to settle the affairs of *Europe*, which no doubt they'll soon have done, and have perfected a Plan for the extending our Trade, making Silver in great Plenty in *London*, as it was at *Jerusalem* in the Time of *Solomon*, and the *English* Name as famous as was that of the ancient *Romans*. I assure you the Nation is not a little indebted to them for the Pains they take; but the Ladies in particular are greatly obliged to their publick Spirit; for I don't doubt but *French* Silks, *Flanders* Lace, and *Genoa* Velvet, *Roman* Gloves, *Ros-a-Sole*, *Parrots*, *Monkeys*, and *India* Skreens will be had at much cheaper Rates.

Is not this said my Lady, being a little satirical upon our Masters, Mr. *Brown*? No Madam, answer'd he, for they are almost the Words of Mr. B——, in speaking jocosely to Sir *Simon*, who replied, you are certainly right in laughing at our Undertaking to direct the Affairs of *Europe*; but the Discourse amuses us for the Time, and as we do no Service, so we do no Hurt to either the Publick, or any particular Person in it, and I had rather divert myself by guessing at the Views, or drawing Consequences from the Actions of Sovereign Princes, than be prying into and censuring the domestick Affairs and Conduct of my Neighbours. Well then, said Mr. B—— let us begin, and do some good at home, at least in Imagination. Here, Ladies, I left them, for Affairs of State ought to be managed by few, that they may be carried on with the greater Secresy.

I wish, said my Lady, their publick Spirit don't make them lose their Diversion, 'tis turn'd on Twelve, and Sir *Simon* said the Horfes would be upon the Course at a little after One. Mr. B—— answered

answered the young Clergyman, had ordered a Set of Horses to be put to, before I left the Room. Soon after the Gentlemen came to tell us it was Time to set out ; Mr. B—— handed my Lady, and my Mother taking hold of Mr. *Brown*, said, give me Leave, Sir, to put myself under your Care. She perceived Sir *Simon* was a little at a Stand whether he should give the Mother or Daughter the Preference of his Hand, which Doubt was thus ended. We got into her Ladyship's Coach, but all we could say could not prevail on her to take the Fore-Seat, and we were obliged to allow her to sit backwards, that our Civility might not be carried to Impertinence, by rising to an Excess.

After we had been settled a little while, I gave my Lady an Account of our late Excursion, and concluded with saying how agreeably Mr. *Brown* had entertained us with a little History, but that I had had no Opportunity to entreat the Favour of the Sequel. Her Ladyship asked if it was a Story of his own Knowledge : It was, answered I, and my Lord —— an Instrument in saving an innocent Girl from almost inevitable Ruin. If this happened at *Genoa*, answered my Lady, my Lord entertained me with it. Were there two Pilgrims concern'd in that Affair ? 'Tis the same History, said Mr. *Brown*, which Mrs. B—— was pleas'd to think agreeable. Indeed, replied her Ladyship. I don't see how she could think otherwise. I have long'd for an Opportunity to know who these Pilgrims were : As my Lord was entering on their Story, some Visitors coming in, deprived me of that Satisfaction. 'Tis at that very Part, answer'd I, that Mr. *Brown* broke off ; I am sure he is so obliging, he will now satisfy our Curiosity. I join in that Petition, said my Lady ; and I, replied

plied Mr. *Brown*, shall always readily obey your Ladyships Commands. But pray, Lady *Andrews*, how far did his Lordship carry the Story? to his offering to accompany the Pilgrims till *Beatrice* should be out of Danger, and inviting the Pilgrims to his Inn, replied her Ladyship. There, said Mr. *Brown*, I left off, Ladies, looking on my Mother and me.

The Pilgrims and *Beatrice*, with her Bag of Gold, which my Lord having tied and sealed in the Magistrate's Presence, had given into the Custody of one of his Servants to carry for *Beatrice*, she and the two Pilgrims, I say, accompanied us to the Inn, where, having visited and provided themselves and *Beatrice* with Rooms, they afterwards joined us in a Parlour. The two Pilgrims behaved like Men who had been used to the most polite Company.

We sat down, *Beatrice* excepted, which my Lord observing, ordered a Servant of the Inn, who was accidentally in the Room, to set her a Chair. She blush'd, and hesitated at sitting, till my Lord in his good natur'd affable way, took her by the Hand and put her into the Chair, saying in *French*, *Belle Beatrice*, pretty *Beatrice*, if we had not Virtue enough to respect yours, yet as you are now rich your Money commands a Defiance to be paid you: such is the prevalent Force of Wealth, that we, I may say, naturally pay a Regard to the Person possess'd of it, however villainously he has obtain'd his Money, however black is his Character, and however vile his Principles. I am sorry, said the Pilgrim who could not speak *English*, that the Observation is too just to be objected to.

We discours'd on different Subjects till Supper was set upon Table; after which, a Bottle succeeding, my Lord, speaking *French*, in Complaisance

plaisance to the other Pilgrim, who was of that Nation, and did not understand our Language, said to him who had spoke *English*, may I presume to ask, Sir, to whom my Father is obliged for a kind of Enquiry after his Health? Sir, answered the other, the Pleasure of obliging your Father's Son, forces me to declare a Secret, with which my Lord, Mr. O——, and a Counsel, who have never divulg'd it, are alone acquainted: My Name is O——, my Mother was Sister to your Grandfather.—You surprize me prodigiously; if so, Sir, you have many Years been thought dead, for Mr. O. your Relation is, as next Heir, in Possession of your large Estate, replied my Lord: I have often heard talk of your gay Equipage, and your sudden and unexpected Disappearance, which none could account for, as you never ran out any Part of your Fortune, and, notwithstanding your splendid Figure, managed your Estate, which is indeed large, with OEconomy: For these Reasons your disappearing as you did, was Matter of Surprize to all your Acquaintance; nay to all the Town, and most conjectured that you was privately murdered; my Father gave into this Opinion. My Lord knew better, said the Pilgrim, but his seeming to concur with the Conjectures of others, prevented any Enquiries of him; he has been just in keeping my Secret.

My Cousin O—— is in Possession by Virtue of a Deed of Gift, though in the Eyes of the World by an undoubted Claim, as next Heir to me; you must know that our Family professes the Religion of our Ancestors, I mean we are all *Roman Catholicks*.——It would be astonishing, said the Pilgrim, to see any of the ancient *Milesian* Race other than true Sons of our holy Mother—I was, continued Mr. O——, bred at *St. Omers*, where

where I was taught my Humanity by the Reverend Fathers the *English* Jesuits, and under the Tutelage of the Reverend Father *Plowden* spent three Years in making the Tour of *Europe*. I return'd from my Travels at the Age of one and twenty, by my Guardians was put into Possession of my Estate, and by my own Folly hurried into all that is called the Gaiety of Life, and for three Years, a poor thoughtless Wretch, absorb'd in Vanity, Luxury, and false Pleasure. I was awaken'd to Reflection by a severe Fit of Sickness: which brought me to a Retrospection, shew'd me how unfit I was to appear before the pure Eyes of tremendous Justice, and made me firmly resolve to live for the future, if God in his Mercy spared me, so as never more to be under the same Terrors of Mind, but be ready at all Times to quit the World with Alacrity. I very sincerely bewailed my past Sins and Follies, fervently implored the divine Mercy to forgive them, and grant me the Assistance of his Grace to confirm my Resolution; his infinite Goodness lent a favourable Ear to my Petitions, I recovered from the dangerous Condition I was in; saw so thoroughly the Nothingness both of myself and the World, and (fearing to relapse into my former Follies) made a firm Resolution to avoid the Temptation, and entirely quit it. To this End I went down (and took with me Counsellor *U*——) to my Lord your Father's Seat, whither I sent for my Cousin, and next Heir Mr. *O*—— of *A*——; I acquainted them with my unalterable Design, and your Father consenting, settled my Estate on his Lordship, the worthy Counsellor and my Cousin, in Trust to pay me during my Life one thousand Pounds a Year Sterling, clear of all Deductions; the Residue to my Cousin and his Heirs for ever. This

Reserve

Reserve I made, that I might have the Means to relieve real Objects of Charity.

Having taken this Step I return'd to Town, where I continued to make the usual Figure for about a Fortnight, (though I was quite altered in my way of thinking) a Confessor could not have enjoined me more severe Penance. After this Space I disposed of the few Jewels I had, my Mother's Diamond and Pearl Necklaces I presented to the good Lady your Mother. A large single Diamond, which I usually wore on my Finger, I sent to my Lord your Father; the rest I gave to my Cousin O——'s Lady, and among some Relations in *Ireland*. I order'd Cousin O—— to sell my Furniture, Chariots, Horse and Cloaths, and to distribute the Money among honest decay'd House-keepers.

Having made this Disposition of my Affairs, I got, in a fictitious Name, a Warrant at the Post-Office for Horses: and at the dead of Night giving two Servants, who attended me, the Slip, at a Tavern, set out with a Postillion only, for *Harwich*, where I took a Passage for *Helvoet-Stuis* in the Pacquet-Boat. At *Rotterdam* I went on Board a Dutch Vessel bound for *Calais*, and from thence to the Jesuits College at *St. Omers*, where for seven Years I applied myself to the Study of Philosophy and Divinity, without once, in all that Time, stirring out of the Gates.

Being by this time forgot to the World, pretty much alter'd, and my Health impaired, having taken holy Orders, and thank'd the Reverend Fathers, to two of whom only I was known, I set out for *Montpelier*, where I stay'd two Years under the Name of *Le-valet*, and tho' in that Time I saw and convers'd with several *English* Gentlemen, whom I had formerly known, yet my having

ing Been so long given over as lost, my Habit of a Priest, my being thought a *Frenchman*, both by Name and Tongue, and my not giving the least Indication that I understood *English*, skreen'd me from all Suspicion.

Having thoroughly recovered my Health, I resolved to visit the holy Land, and going to *Marseilles*, I there took my Passage on board a Merchant Ship for *Leghorn*. I had written to the Reverend *English* Fathers at *St. Omers*, and acquainted them with my Design. The Reverend Father Rector, in the Answer he sent me, desired I would charge myself with the Execution of a Commission to the General of their Order at *Rome*, when I should be so near that City as *Leghorn*, which I willingly consented to.

On my Arrival at *Rome* I waited on the General, who received me with not only Marks of Distinction, but I may say of Affection. The Father Rector had given him my History in his Letters, which I was not very well pleas'd with. The General said he had mention'd me to his Holiness, who was desirous of seeing, and had commanded him to carry me to the Vatican on my Arrival. It was a Visit I would have willingly, but could not avoid.

His Holiness received us very graciously, and made me a fine Oration in *Latin*, tho' I spoke *Italian* perfectly well, in which he pathetically shew'd the Vanity, Instability, and short Duration of all Sublunary Things, applauded me for the Wisdom of the Choice I had made, and concluded with saying he had named me a Bishop *in Partibus*, and such a Day he design'd for my Consecration.

I used all the Arguments I was Master of to induce the Pope to suffer my declining this Dignity, as unworthy; but he persisted in his Resolution, and

and commanded me on my Obedience to take upon me this Function. I was obliged to submit. His Holiness ordered me a Revenue out of that of a certain Convent, and from the *Datary*, to support me equal to the Episcopal Dignity; but on my remonstrating that it was not necessary, I was permitted to refuse it.

Leaving *Rome* I return'd to *Leghorn*, and there found the *Sea Horse*, a Ship belonging to the *English Turkey Company*, bound for *Smyrna*. I agreed for my Passage, and had a pleasant Voyage: From *Smyrna* I went to *Alexandria*, from thence to *Jerusalem*: Here I met this Reverend Gentleman, mitred Abbot of *St. Victoire* in *Provence*, which Abbey, with the Consent of the *French King*, the Pope bestow'd on him upon our returning to *Rome* from the Holy Land; he is the younger Son of the Count *de Bournonville*, and formerly commanded a Regiment, but exchanged his Hat and Feather for a Priest's Gown. We have together, in the Dress you see us, vihted all *Italy*, and not miss'd a Church or Convent famous for being the Repository of any Saint; and, by the divine Guidance of Providence, as we were returning to *Provence*, here in *Genoa* have been instrumental in delivering, by your Assistance, Sir, addressing to my Lord, this virtuous Maiden from the Ruin with which she was threatened. I am not at present anxious about my real Name being known, as by the Correspondence with my Lord and Cousin O——, I find Time has worn out almost all my Acquaintance, and I am as much forgot by the Publick as if I had never appear'd; for I lived some Years in *Paris*, which, for Brevity sake, I took no notice of, and beside the Time I resided at *St. Omers* I have been four Years on the Pilgrimage. He then put his Hand into his Bosom,

Bosom, and pulled out of a Sack a Pacquet of Letters, and examining them, said, this is from my Lord your Father; you know his Hand. I received it at *Venice*, where this Reverend Abbot and I pass'd a Winter. We all knew the Hand, and my Lord, in that Letter, treated him as a Relation, for whom he had a very particular Esteem. The present Lord answer'd, that he needed no Credentials, his Countenance and Manner of Behaviour too plainly speaking him of distinguish'd Rank and Worth.

The next Morning we accompany'd them some Miles, when my Lord and the Bishop embracing like Affectionate Kinsmen, the Pilgrims continu'd their Rout, and we steer'd our Course for *Civita Vecchia*. Pray, Sir, said my Lady, what Place is that; I have often heard it nam'd? It is, Madam, reply'd Mr. *Brown*, a small strong City, the Port of *Rome*, and distant from it thirty-eight Miles.

We thank'd Mr. *Brown* for our Entertainment; and I applauded Mr. *O*——'s Resolution and Perseverance in it. I am of Opinion, Madam, that a Man may do his Duty towards God and towards his Neighbour, much better, answer'd Mr. *Brown*, while in possession of an affluent Fortune, and conversing in the World, than in a Convent. His Example may be of publick Utility, and his Virtue stands greater Assaults, and the triumphing over the Assaultants, will give him greater inward Satisfaction; not but I think such are right, who doubting their own Strength to resist Temptation, chuse a recluse Life, and fly the Danger they apprehend.

It is possible, Sir, said my dear Mother, that Mr. *O*—— retired from the World, not because he doubted his Courage to face the Danger of Example.

Example. He told you another Motive, the little solid Satisfaction the World could afford; he saw its Nothingness, and was disgusted at the Vanities and Follies with which it is replete.

Madam, replied the Clergyman, he also gave for a Reason his fearing a Relapse. The Remembrance of the Danger he had escaped of being eternally lost, he apprehended Time, Example, and the Gaiety and Pleasures of the World, which, by Means of an affluent Fortune he cou'd have enjoy'd, might obliterate, and he a second Time, perhaps, not have had the same Mercy shewn him, had he abused that he had just experienced.

Might not, Sir, reply'd my Lady, Mr. O—— assign this latter Reason from the humble Opinion he had of himself, or subjoin it to the other, to prevent his being thought arrogant. There are few wise Men who do not heartily despise what the Thoughtless term the greatest Pleasures, the greatest Happiness of Life; and very few People of tolerable Sense, who are not tired with the continual Round, the daily Repetition of the same Things; for if we examine the World seriously, we shall find it very barren of what is call'd Pleasures, and though they may gratify the Senses, they cannot entertain the Mind.

Madam, I am very ready to allow Mr. O—— may have assign'd this Reason from a Motive extremely laudable, his Humility. Far be it from me to detract from his Virtues, and I readily assent to what your Ladyship has advanced, and which, Madam, is a Proof that there is an Hereafter capable of satisfying the inquisitive Mind of Man; for God would not have given this Thirst of Knowledge, if he did not also design it should be at some time satisfied. Methinks, Madam, if the Reward of a virtuous Life was no other than

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to be hereafter capable of examining and accounting for the System of the Universe, the innumerable Worlds, and their respective Luminaries, produced by the creating *Fiat* of Omnipotence, it wou'd be sufficient to keep us in the Paths of Virtue; but our not allowing Time for serious Reflection, gives our Passions opportunity to debilitate our Reason, at least to make us unwillingly listen to its Dictates.

It is certain, Sir, said I, that Reason will never misguide us, while we do not set it up against Religion. It is not Reason, answer'd Mr. Brown, but Pride, Self-sufficiency, an over-weaning Opinion of the Strength of our own Judgment and Penetration, our Reluctance to believe what may be, our Lives have made our Interest to wish not true, that opposes Religion. Reason, Madam, teaches Humility; that, Madam, will represent to us how limited is human Understanding, and this Knowledge will introduce Faith.

Your mention of Faith, answer'd my Mother, brings to my Mind the invincible Incredulity of the *Jews*, which has often been Matter of Surprise to me, since all the Prophecies of the Messiah are evidently compleated in the Person of the blessed *Jesus*, his own Predictions as to *Jerusalem* fulfilled, and they have been a scattered People, without a peculiar Government or Place so many hundred Years. And yet *Jacob* in blessing his Children says, *The Scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a Law-giver from between his Feet, till Shiloh * come.*

Madam, said he, the *Jews* were once the beloved People of God; and we may observe, although they at present lie under the sore Infliction

* *The Reader will find this in the 10th Verse of the 49th Chapter of Genesis.*

of his heavy Displeasure, he does not withdraw his Protection from them; notwithstanding they are dispers'd over the Face of the Earth, they continue a People distinct from other Nations. God has not only preserved them, but greatly multiply'd them since the Destruction of their Temple by the *Romans*, and we see that, once Renown'd People, who were the Instruments of God's Wrath upon the *Jews*, who were the Conquerors of the World, are so totally extinct, that nothing remains of them but a Name. Whence, Madam, we may reasonably conclude, that God will, in his own good Time, turn and have Compassion on them; I dare not presume to guess at, much less assign any Reason for their Incredulity. I esteem them as once a chosen People of God, as such I am far from adding to the Affliction they labour under by Contempt or Insults; but on the contrary they have my daily Prayers, that the Almighty will illuminate their Minds.

Pray, Sir, said Lady *Andrews*, what is the Import of *Shiloh*? Madam, reply'd Mr. *Brown*, it is derived, as some say, from *Sholoh*, which in *Hebrew* signifies to be calm or serene, and therefore the Messiah is call'd *Shilo*, not only from the Peaceableness of his own Life, but as the Author and Prince of Peace; others derive it from another Word, signifying a certain Membrane, and interpret it figuratively a Son. *Abraham Esras*, a learned Jew, after many Explanations of this Word, concludes with saying *Shiloh* is the same as *Binow his Son*. Some have, interpreting the Verse Mr. *Andrews* quoted, rendered, speaking of that Part, *until Shiloh come*, thus, *Until his Son shall come*. Rabbi *Bechai*, in his Comment on this verse, writes *Shiloh*, that is his Son, who shall be born of a Woman according to the Course of Nature. The

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old *Jews*, as I can make appear by *Shiloh*, understood the *Messiah* as we do.

I am always attentive when this young Gentleman speaks. I don't let a Word of his drop to the Ground ; and I believe had I, for any time, the Pleasure of his Conversation, it wou'd be a great Advantage to me ; his Words make a deep Impression in my Mind ; he speaks with Energy when he preaches, and with a Complaisance and good Nature in common Discourse, that shews him pleased in obliging others. He compels you to esteem him, and I dare say all who know, value him. My dear Mr. B—— has the greatest Regard for him, and cou'd not treat a Bishop with more Respect ; nay, my dear Master says, that some Libertines, whose chief Wit lies in ridiculing the Clergy, and making a jest of Religion, are awed into Respect of this young Gentleman's Company, and speak with Caution ; for he has not only good sense, but as much Learning and as ready Wit as the most celebrated among the Free-Thinkers. These are my dear Mr. B——'s own Words.

We live in so censorious an Age, that were I to write this Character of Mr. *Brown* to any who had not your just way of thinking, it is not improbable but my admiring and esteeming his Virtues would be interpreted a liking to his Person. 'Tis hard, my dear *Fervis*, that our Sex cannot (safe from Censure) give the Merit, they discover in any of the other, the Praise which it expects ; but so it is, and I shou'd be very cautious of speaking my real Sentiments of this young Clergyman to any but my dear Mr. B—— and your self. But to return.

When we came into the *Star* at *Maidstone*, and were shewn the Room taken for us, *Colbrand* desired

ired to speak to me in private. I went to the Stairs Head, and he began thus : Madam, last Night my Master gave me a Bill of Fare, and ordered me to set out this Morning very early, and see every thing got ready as he had ordered in that Bill. I accordingly got hither before Eight, and asking for the Master of the House, shewed him what he was to prepare for your Reception. He ask'd what Company came with your Ladyship. I told him, and he answer'd, that I was come too late; for Sir *Simon's French* Cook came hither yesterday in the Afternoon. had rummaged the Market, and told him that Mr. B—— and your Ladyship were to dine here with Sir *Simon* : So, Madam, you see the Fault is not in my want of Diligence ; and I beg you will make my Master sensible of it.

I told Lady *Andrews* the Business I was called out upon, and that *Colbrand* was afraid he should be blamed. That wou'd be unjust, answer'd her Ladyship ; for as Sir *Simon* propos'd the Ramble, he has a Right to order our Dinner. Said Mr. *Brown*, Lady *Andrews* has the better of the Cause. Whoever proposes a Party of Pleasure, without mentioning any Condition, is suppos'd to make a Compliment, and to esteem the Persons invited his Guests : So, who invites another into a Tavern to take a Bottle, looks on that Tavern for the Time, and with respect to him, whose Company he has desired, as his own House. These Points of good Breeding, said my Mother, our Sex in general is, I believe, ignorant of; but I am satisfied they are so well understood by Sir *Simon* and Mr. B——, they will occasion no Dispute.

I am very certain of that, answer'd Lady *Andrews* ; but I am in Pain how to divert you till these Gentlemen come. Here pausing a little, she

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continued, I want some Things for the Family, will you favour me with the Assistance of your Judgment? I answer'd, that I would willingly do myself the Honour to wait on her Ladyship, and durst say, so wou'd my Mother. Mr. *Brown* said, I hope you won't turn me off, now you have brought me so many Miles from home. No, cry'd Lady *Andrews*, that wou'd be a little inhuman; but I expected your Complaisance would have made us a Tender of your Protection. Were you, reply'd the Clergyman, in a Place of real Danger, as you are in one of undoubted Peace and Security, your Lives are such, that you might rest assured of the most Powerful. But to what Shop does your Ladyship go? or more properly, what wou'd your Ladyship purchase? I must buy, said my Lady, a *Devonshire* Kersey to make Sir *Simon* a Shooting Coat for next Winter, and I want a Recruit of Tea's, Sugar, and Coffee. With whom, Mr. *Brown* ask'd, does your Ladyship deal! she answer'd, with Mr. *Manly*: then, reply'd he, you are within very few Doors of his House, and you buy of a Man of Conscience.

In a Word, we waited on her Ladyship, and amused ourselves in this Shop, where my Lady laid out about Six Pounds, till he saw my Master's Coach pass by us, and turn into the *Star*, from which Inn we were but at five Doors Distance.

The Gentlemen, on our joining them, said, we had lost seeing a great deal of Company. We ask'd, if they had been diverted with the Race; and on Answer in the Affirmative, Lady *Andrews* said, then I am sure that we are all satisfied: But, my dear, who was on the Heath?—Almost every Body of Distinction——But who in particular? Let me now see if I am a good Painter, reply'd Sir *Simon*, by your naming the Person for whom

whom I draw the Picture. " The first Gentleman who accosted us is of a mild Nature, beneficent to all, and charitable to the distress'd; he cannot see without commiserating the Misfortunes which others labour under; he dedicates a considerable Part of his Estate to the Poor, and his greatest Pleasure is to relieve such as labour under Afflictions; he is the Husband of the disconsolate Widow, and Father of the deserted Orphan: the Physician of the Destitute, and Comforter of the Prisoner. His House is a Wardrobe for the Naked, his Table always furnish'd for the Hungry, as are his Doors ever open to the Stranger: his Coffers are the Exchequer of the Wretched, whose Load of Misery gives him Joy to alleviate. Shew him a Man struggling with Misfortunes, and you make him your Friend; his Beneficence makes no Distinction between Countries, Religions, Sects or Parties, it extends to all equally, and he lives for the good of Mankind in general. We may say he was born for the Relief of the Afflicted, and the Protection of unfortunate Merit. A melancholy Story will call Tears into his Eyes, yet no Man has faced Danger with greater Intrepidity, (but that's no Wonder, who is so good cannot but be brave.) To conclude, he never knew an honest industrious Family struggling under Pressures, but he sent them the Sum necessary to make them easy. Why, said Lady *Andrews*, could you not say at once that Lord ——— was the first Man you met? Indeed, Sir, cried Mr *Brown*, you have drawn my Patron's Picture so much to the Life, 'tis impossible to mistake it. Who else did you see, said my Lady? — I will characterize the second Person who saluted us. Why so, answered his

Lady, why not name that Person at once? — For two Reasons, I find a Pleasure in doing Justice to People of Virtue, and I shall acquaint my Cousin *Andrews* with the Characters of his Neighbours.

“ The second is a Man of a great and generous Soul, who scorns every thing mean, and who, to gain a Kingdom, would not break thro’ the Bounds of the strictest Honour and Justice. He is zealous in the Service of his Sovereign, and a true Lover of his Country.” — And his Name, answer’d my Lady, is Col. *D——* of *C—— Hill*. — You have guess’d right. No, tis not, cry’d my Lady, Guess-work; giving the Character you gave, and telling his Name, are, I think, pretty much the same thing.

I find, said Mr. *B——*, Sir *Simon* is an excellent Painter, and this Method of giving Sketches of the Company extremely entertaining and instructive. I am satisfied you would oblige us all. Sir *Simon*, in going through with this Method, in particular my dear *Pamela*, who is, I observe, all Attention, and I see Pleasure sparkle in her Eyes.

Sir *Simon* answered, he was afraid he should seem tedious to Mr. *Brown*, who, withdrawn to a Window, had a Pocket-Book in one Hand, and a Pencil in the other. How much you wrong me, Sir, replied that Gentleman, in this Opinion, you may be convinc’d by this Paper; I was so charm’d with you as a Biographer, that I have set down every Word in Short-hand.

Oh, dear Sir *Simon*, said I, go on as you have begun, and if Mr. *Brown* will continue, I hope he will favour me with a Transcript. The latter promised to oblige me, and it is from that I now write the Characters, which I hope you will be pleas’d with, and the former proceeded thus.

We saw upon the Heath, and who join'd us
after the Race, "A Gentleman, considerable,
not in his County only, but in his Country;
he has great Interest at Court, and never made
a wrong Use of it in the Service of an unworthy
Object; his Promises may very well be relied
on, for he is never rash in making them, and
very exact in the Performance of them when
made. If a Friend asks his Interest, he first
considers if what is required is convenient, that
is, reasonable, according to the Scituation of
Affairs, and just in itself; in such Case he will
leave no Stone unturn'd to do his Business: but
if, on thorough Deliberation, he finds 'tis ei-
ther not practicable, or improper, he will ex-
cuse himself after so handsome a manner, that
even a Refusal from him is as well received as
a Favour from some Upstarts in Power."

"He is indeed a Friend but to few, because
Merit alone can recommend a Person to his
Intimacy. His Delicacy in the Choice of his
Acquaintance has given him the Character of
a proud Man, tho' perhaps no Man breathing
is farther from the mean Vice of Pride, which
indeed is never found in a Man of good Sense.
He is steady in his Resolutions, and his Pro-
fessions of Friendship are not the Effects of good
Breeding, or Words of course, they are the Re-
sult of a thorough Knowledge of the Person's
Merit to whom they are made. He is never
deceiv'd in his Opinion, as no one reads Man-
kind better than himself, and he grounds his
Judgment on Experience. He is of so even a
Temper, that his most intimate Acquaintance
never once saw him in a Passion. In a Word,
he is loved and revered by all who know him,
"and

“ and he truly merits both their Affection and
“ Esteem.”

Now, continued *Sir Simon*, tell me who this Riddle does mean? Said *Mr. Brown*, we do not want the Assistance of an *Oedipus*. Indeed, answer'd my Lady, 'tis no Riddle, for 'tis evident you have been giving us the Picture of *Mr. T. M—— of L—— Abbey*. You have read right, said *Sir Simon*.

I fear, *Sir Simon*, your Characters will not be all so edifying, said I, you will have Occasion to shew us the Back of the Medal. Madam, answered he, 'tis certain I could contrast them from those of Persons I saw on the Heath; but I think it becomes my Profession as a Christian, and my Character as a Gentleman, rather to draw a Veil over, than expose the Errors and Faults of others; beside, Madam, to delight in, or even encourage Detraction by listening to it, speaks an unsociable and malevolent Mind.

A Calumniator can never satyryze another without hurting himself, we are apt to think he has a bad Heart, and magnifies the Foible of others, that, as Dust thrown in the Eyes, we may not see his own Vices. All good Men detest him, all Men of Sense avoid, Fools alone are pleas'd with, and even conscious Virtue fears him. In a Word, he is so much worse than a Murtherer, as Reputation is dearer than Life.

Said *Mr. Brown*, your Reflection on this abominable Vice is so very just, that I have taken it down in Short-hand for the Benefit of my Parishioners. *Sir Simon* answered, that the Approbation of his Sentiments by so good a Man, gave him a particular Satisfaction.

Dinner was at this Time brought upon Table; as we were placing ourselves, I told *Mr. B——*
what

what Discourse we had had on the Subject of Sir *Simon*'s having been before-hand with him. Well, my Dear, answered he, I shall find an Opportunity of coming up with him for this Self-interestedness, he will let nobody but himself have the Pleasure of obliging, if he can prevent them.

I shall not trouble you with our Dinner, there was a great Variety of whatever the Season and Country could afford most delicate, and admirably well dress'd. The Conversation at Table was such as might be expected from the polite, learned, and experienc'd Persons who carried it on, and to whom I listened with equal Pleasure and Attention.

After the Table was removed, I asked Sir *Simon* to go on with his Characters, as the most obliging Favour. He made me this Answer, if Mr. *Brown* will lend me his Pencil and Pocket-Book I will provide better for your Entertainment, by setting down the Names of the valuable Persons who appeared this Day on the Heath of either Sex. He knows them all, and, I dare say, in your Return will make you wish the Way were somewhat longer, by doing them Justice in the Enumeration of their Virtues.

My Veneration of Virtue, and the Pleasure I find in obliging these Ladies, may induce me, answered Mr. *Brown*, to undertake the Task you propose, and to be careful to do all the Justice I am capable of; but the Change of the Hand will be a prejudice to such Pictures as are still to draw, and I shall appear to disadvantage, after the Ladies have so attentively considered the finish'd Pieces of so great a Master.

A lame Excuse, replied Sir *Simon*, is said to be better than none, you would get off yourself by paying me a Compliment. Sir, said I, I don't question

question Mr. *Brown's* obliging us; but I shall lose, tho' not in the Change of the Orator, as I look on both inimitable, yet in not having these Characters written down, and I look upon them as so many Golden Rules to walk by.

Don't, Madam, answer'd Sir *Simon*, be concern'd at that, I am sure Mr. *Brown* is too obliging to think the writing them down, for your Entertainment, any Trouble. If they prove so, Sir *Simon*, I shall be proud to think my Time so well employ'd, answered the good-natured Clergyman. — 'Tis then agreed, and all Parties satisfied, lend me your Book, I will write down the Names; but don't let my Wife see them, let her guess at them by their Pictures. — That her Ladyship will easily do, if I can as well come up to the Originals as you, Sir, have done.

A Tea-Table being set, and the Furniture for it placed, my Lady, Mother, Self, and Mr. *Brown* separated from the Gentlemen, who rather chose Wine. Come Mr. *Brown*, said Lady *Andrews*, you hear the Gentlemen (as indeed they were) are got on the Subject of Horses; 'tis what we don't understand, and did we, it would not draw our Attention, while you are speaking. Has Sir *Simon* set down any Ladies in his List? — He has, Madam. — Pray acquaint us with some of them. “ Madam, said he, the first set down is “ noted for a beautiful turn'd Face, sparkling, “ full black Eyes, Ivory Teeth, a lovely Complexion, a fine easy Shape; a genteel Air, which “ has in it something grand, I may say naturally “ majestic, a most aimable Temper, good Sense, “ and a ready fluent Wit, govern'd by Discretion and Good-nature.

“ She dresses according to her Birth, Rank and “ Fortune, and tho' she is always moderately in the “ Fashion,

Faction, and wears very rich Cloaths, yet you see nothing stiff or affected, every thing sits easy about her. Good Manners in her is rather the Effect of a benevolent Nature and affable Temper, than an Acquisition from Education, for she is extremely humane. She is naturally gay, but at the same time prudent. In her Behaviour she is condescending to her Inferiors, and at the same Time she gains their Love she commands their Respect: On the other hand, when she pays her Superiors that Respect which their Rank exacts, she engages their Esteem. She knows how to keep the happy *Mean*. In her Conversation with the Great she betrays no Servility, and with the meanest she does not make herself cheap.

“ Her Servants obey her with Pleasure, and their Love is a Spur to their Diligence. She has a great many Admirers among our Sex, and what is rarely to be found, where a Lady is young, rich, and beautiful, she lives unenvy'd by her own. Her Fortune is large, but all agree that she deserves it, for she has a generous Soul above hoarding; and, on the other hand, too much Prudence to lavish.

“ In her House every thing is neat, and nothing necessary wanting; but nothing superfluous is to be found; her Table is decently and plentifully served; always open to her Friends, whom she treats with such Chearfulness in her Countenance, that the Reception gives a Relish to, and heightens the Entertainment.

“ The Number of Dishes every Day prepared, suits better with her Rank and Fortune, than with her Family; for she keeps but few Servants, as her good Sense sets her above the Vanity of making a Figure; for this

“ Reason

" Reason several Dishes untouch'd, (when she
 " in Town) are Daily sent to the Prisons; (in
 " the Country) to industrious poor Families. In
 " a Word, she has a Soul adapted to the Beauty
 " her Form, and we may, without Suspicion of
 " Vanity, say she possesses all the Virtues, with
 " out one Failing of her Sex."

Said Lady *Andrews*, you have given us the ex-
 act Picture of the Honourable Mrs. *V—*, I
 suppose you omitted one part of her Character on
 purpose: to wit, that she was left a Widow at Fif-
 teen, having lived a tender and observant Wife
 two Years, with a Husband who knew her Value
 for whose Death she was long almost inconsolable
 and to whose Memory she seems wedded. But
 your Precaution was needless, we did not want
 this particular. You drew her too much to the
 Life for me to mistake from whence the Piece was
 taken.

Attribute, Madam, as is more reasonable, your
 naming the Lady to your own distinguishing Judge-
 ment, which can distribute to every Individual the
 Virtues they have a Right to claim; tho' I ac-
 knowledge I endeavoured, as much as possible,
 to speak the Honourable Mrs. *V—* what she is.

Have you, cried my Lady, never another Lady
 to Characterize? Mr. *Brown* look'd in his Me-
 morandum-Book, and said, " I here see the
 " Name of a Lady possessed of all the Christian
 " and Social Virtues, an excellent Wife, and an
 " engaging Companion. Tho' she has a great
 " Share of Wit, she never watches for Opportu-
 " nities to shew it, and out-shine the rest of the
 " Company; neither is she assuming, or endea-
 " vouring to impose her own Sentiments, which
 " is owing to an excellent Understanding. She
 " has a Complaisance for the Opinion of others,

" however

however she may differ from their way of thinking. This, and her avoiding a great deal of Company, is the Reason she was equally esteem'd, and belov'd by all who have the Happiness of her Acquaintance."

I am certain, said my Lady, you have been describing Mrs. *H*——. You are not mistaken, Madam, replied Mr. *Brown*. Here a Servant came in, and told him a Man, who seem'd, by the Sweat his Horse was in, to have ridden very hard, had a Letter, which he must give into his own Hands; that, missing him at home, he made all possible Speed hither, as he had been directed.

Mr. *Brown* stepped out, and coming in again, in a very little time said, Mr. *B*——, you have lost the worthy Rector of your Parish, who this Day at Seven in the Morning was delivered from his Infirmities, and called to receive the Reward of his Virtues.

I had not, answer'd Mr. *Brown*, the Pleasure to know him; but his excellent Character made me sorry for his Sufferings. Will you, said Sir *Simon*, give me leave to recommend to you Mr. *Brown* for his Successor. Sir, answered Mr. *B*——, I shall always pay a great Deference to your Recommendation, but I had before promised the Living, whenever it became vacant, to Mr. *Brown's* Virtue. Sir, you are Rector of——. Sir *Simon* embraced Mr. *B*——, and said, you could not make a better Choice. My Lady *Andrews* got up, and running from the Tea-Table to my dear Master, took him round the Neck, and said, tho' I should risque your Lady's Displeasure, I must and will kiss you. I said, I must follow the Example, and kiss'd and thank'd him heartily. Mr. *Brown* told his new Patron he hoped never to give him Cause to repent his Generosity, which he

did not thank him for but in his Heart, as he knew no Words equivalent to the Favour. Mr. B—— said, I believe I find a greater Pleasure in this Opportunity of shewing my Esteem than you do in the Presentation. We all congratulated Mr. Brown, and he received and returned our Compliments with great Modesty.

Some little time after this, the Coaches being ready, we set out for Home. My dear *Jervis*, I began this long Letter *Sunday* Evening, it is now *Wednesday* Night, and 'tis Time for me to break off, To-morrow I will resume my Story. Good Night my dear Friend.

Thursday. I left you, my dear *Jervis* on *Monday*, as we were leaving *Maidstone*: When we had got out of the Town, my Mother said to Mr. Brown, methinks, Sir, you seem a little pensive. Why really Madam, I can't say, notwithstanding I look upon the late Reverend Mr. ——— happy in being taken out of the World, which has been long his Prayer, and that Mr. B——'s Generosity makes his Death my immediate Advantage, but that Gratitude, on a Reflection of his paternal Advice, often cordially given me, and his Readiness to do me any good-natured Offices, will not suffer me to be insensible to his Loss.

He was a Clergyman of a meek Spirit, a benevolent Temper, of a forgiving Nature, a Lover of Mankind, sensible of the Distresses of others, which, to relieve, he has often streighten'd himself; he never sued any Man, and never return'd an Injury if not by some good Office. He was moderate in his Table, not to say mortify'd in his Diet, for he often abstained from every Nourishment but what Vegetables afforded, and was never known to exceed three small Glasses of Wine at Dinner: Suppers he did not eat. He had a chari-

table

able Heart, and a liberal Hand, and was never so well pleased as when he had an Opportunity to do good. 'Tho he has left behind him few, if any more learned Divines, yet he never gaped after Ecclesiastical Dignity. To sum up his Character in few Words, he was what every Churchman ought to be.

It is natural, Sir, said my Mother, to be concerned at the Death of our Friends, tho' we know it is the irrevocable Sentence pass'd on all Mortals once to die ; God grant we may die but once. However Sir, when we reflect, we shall find, for the most part, we grieve for our own Loss ; we are deprived of a Benefactor, an Object of our Affection, or some Pleasure or Benefit, and we shall find our Grief is, in Reality, occasioned by a Reflection on what we suffer. The World in general suffers a Loss in the Death of this good Clergyman, but I dare say his Parish in particular will be compensated by his Successor.

Madam, replied he, 'tis my Duty and shall be my Endeavour to imitate him. — My Lady, taking Mr. *Brown* by the Arm, gave him a Shake, and cried, hark-ye, young Gentleman, either exert your Philosophy and shake off this pensive Look, or I shall make you soon wish yourself out of Ear-shot. I will either enter upon the Subject of Dress and Fashions, or tell a Story of an old Man and an old Woman, who lived in a Vinegar Bottle. What-a-dickens, the old Man is dead, and the fitter he was to live the fitter he was to die : he gets by the Change, and ought those who loved him be sorry at a Good that has befallen him. I warrant they are better entertain'd in the other Coach, at least more agreeably, as there is a Time for all Things, than with melancholy Reflections upon Mortality.

Madam, replied Mr. *Brown*, I stand corrected. You stand corrected, answered my Lady! why don't you then correct your Looks? My dear Mrs. *B*——, it has been always said, that we *English* are the awkward Apes of the *French* in Point of Dress, but this bout we have got the Start of them: I wont say we invented, but first reviv'd the Fashion of Hoop-Petticoats, which the *French* Ladies will not allow us the Honour of; for they, to mortify our Vanity, and to prevent its being said they copy an *English* Example in a Point so vastly essential to the Oeconomy of our Drets, insist that the Invention was originally *Genoese*. That the Ladies at *Genoa* a hundred and ten Years some Months since wore them, and of such a Size, that two Hoops took up the Breadth of a Street, and for that Reason a *Parisian* Hoop-Petticoat of thirteen Yards Circumference is look'd upon as moderate. Now the *English* Court cries out, that this is a malicious Assertion to rob our Nation of the Honour of this useful and graceful Invention, and call on the Court of *France* for authentick Proofs. Councils and fashionable Ladies have sat in both Kingdoms on this important Point, and the Couriers from either Party have been sent to inspect the Archives of *Genoa*, and to make their respective Reports.

I could not help laughing, or Mr. *Brown* smiling at so considerable a Piece of News. Said he, it would puzzle a Man of good Sense, tho' long acquainted with Lady *Andrews*, to determine whether she has most Wit or most good-nature. Well, I see the Drift of your surprizing Relation, and I will endeavour to second the Design of your Condescension.

I remember a little Story which is set down, and asserted by the Writer to be Truth; 'tis
printed d

printed in *Italian*. As I am loath to lose that Language by Disuse, I sometimes translate a Part of an Author, when my Duty does not call upon me, or I cannot more usefully employ my Time. Among other little Pieces, I have put this into *English* a few Days since; it is fresh in my Memory, and if you please, I will repeat it in hopes of entertaining you. On our shewing a Desire to hear it, he began in pretty near the following Terms, I say pretty near, because I copy this from Mr. Brown's Translation.

In *Milan* dwelt a venerable Matron, whose Husband had been an Officer in the King of *Spain's* Service; he had but a small Patrimony; the Brave and Virtuous are not always the Favourites of Fortune: To speak more properly, Providence often permits such to struggle under Difficulties.

At his Death he left what little Estate he had to his Wife, to provide for herself, two Sons and a Daughter, to give them an Education, and to settle them in the World at her Discretion. This, and a small Pension from the King of *Spain*, as the Widow of an Officer who had merited by his Service, kept her above wanting the Necessaries of Life, tho' she expended a Part in the Education of her Children.

Her eldest Son, having attained to the Age of Fifteen, to ease his Mother and flattered with the Hopes of pushing his Fortune, enter'd himself a Voluntier in the *Spanish* Troops. Her younger Son *Ginglio* she kept to his Studies, and her Daughter she made so fine a Workwoman, that her Industry alleviated the Burthen of providing for the House: She took in Work, and sometimes went to assist in that which was done by Ladies at their home: Her Name was *Lucinda*.

Near to her Mother's House dwelt *Signore Brunetti*, noted for his Wealth, Avarice and Extortion, he had a Wife and three Daughters, and if with Difficulty, they squeezed out of him necessary Cloaths and Linnen, they were obliged to make them up themselves, and often sent for *Lucinda* to help them, paying her with what they could get by over-rating their Purchase, and deceiving the Miser in the Measure of what they bought, and telling him that *Lucinda's* Assistance was the Effect of neighbourly Friendship.

Lucinda who ingratiated herself with the Mother and Daughters, used often to be with them at her leisure Hours, although she was not employ'd in their Business; this gave the old *Brunetti* frequent Opportunities of seeing, and sometimes conversing with her, which proved of bad Consequence to his Ease, and fatal to his Reputation. He became deeply in Love with her, and as Shame on the one Hand, Reason and the Difficulties, that represented he had to encounter, on the other, made him do all he could to get the better of this Passion, he grew restless at Nights, peevish with his Family, angry with himself and fell off his Stomach.

Lucinda was every way amiable, and she had inspired many young Gentlemen with a Passion, but not so violent as to make them overlook the Want of Fortune, or to blind them to the Character of both her and her Mother's Virtue, which render'd vain all other than honourable Pretensions. At length, when *Lucinda* had attained to the Age of Seventeen, a young Gentleman of a moderate Fortune fell deeply in Love with her, about the same Time that *Brunetti*, had, through his Eyes, taken in the Venom which destroy'd his Ease. The Name of this new Lover was *Rossi*. He

He got acquainted with *Giuglio*, and made him his Confidant, desiring he would propose the Match to his Mother, professing at the same time, if she could give her only twelve hundred Crowns to cloath her as his Wife that he would expect no Fortune. *Giuglio*, rejoiced at the Thoughts of seeing his Sister so happily settled, his Mother cheerfully agreed to the Proposal, and *Lucinda* as nothing could be objected to Signor *Rossi*'s Person, Family or Character, was not averse to the Match.

They consulted about raising these twelve hundred Crowns, and *Giuglio* proposed asking the Loan of them from old *Brunetti*, their Neighbour, on a Mortgage of their little Estate worth about five thousand Crowns, This being agreed to, the Love-sick Miser inwardly rejoicing, made an outward Shew of Difficulty, and enquired of *Giuglio*, who went on this Business, what his Mother could want such a Sum for? The young Gentleman eager to get the Money, as he feared his Sister losing so advantageous a March, told him the Affair. He paused some little Time, and then said, the Interest the Law allows for Money, considering the Scarcity of that valuable Commodity, People who have any Conscience and want to borrow, readily grant is unreasonably low; and therefore, as 'tis just, are willing to give a Premium: Now, as you seem to me to be a prudent young Gentleman, if you will serve me (as one good Turn deserves another) I will do the Service you require for your Family, nay without Premium or Interest for three Years, and moreover make you a Present of a hundred Crowns for your own Pocket Expences. To be plain with you, I myself love your Sister, and if you will assist me to gain her good Graces, and to admit to me such Favours, as I need not mention, she may command

mand me in every Thing, which can contribute to her Ease and happy Settlement. Consider of this, young Gentleman, for the idle Notions of Honour which inconsiderate young Men are fond of, may possibly warm you to give me such an immediate Answer, as may break off any farther Negotiation between us, for I am resolved to part with no Money, if I have not Hopes of being happy with *Lucinda*. Come to me To-morrow about this Time, I will expect you So your humble Servant: Reflect coolly. Saying this, he left *Ginglio*, who was Thunder-struck at the old Goat's daring to make him such a Proposition. From *Brunetti's* he went directly in Search of, and found *Rossi*.

He acquainted his Friend with the monstrous Proposition made him, in Terms which shew'd he design'd some way to revenge the Affront done him in thinking he was capable of being a Pandar, especially to his Sister.

Rossi, who was four or five Years older, and knew the World better, answered, that he suffer'd in the Opinion of an old Villain only: And if, said he, you will conceal your Resentment and follow my Advice, you shall let out Part of his Heart's Blood, without incurring the Punishment of the Law, or even the Censure of a Court of Justice should it be known. I mean, we will turn this blind Passion of the old Satires to account, and bleed his Purse, for his Money is his Heart's Blood. *Ginglio* listen'd to this, for he was glad of an Opportunity which might furnish him with a Supply for his Diversions, and which his Mother's Circumstances could not afford.

These young Gentlemen having concerted Measures, *Ginglio* the next Day returns to *Brunetti's* House at the appointed Hour, the old Signior took

him

him into a private Room and asked him if he had thoroughly considered the Proposal made him. I have, Sir, replied the other. I have placed Reputation in one Scale and Money in the other. Well, and what have you determined? Why, Sir, I considered a poor Gentleman cannot go to Market with the Character of his Ancestors, and his own Probity won't feed him.

Wisely judged; thou hast a Genius beyond thy Years. Besides, Sir, proceeded *Giuglio*, if a Secret is kept, Reputation is preserved; no Man is a Pandar or a Villain till he is detected, and no Woman immodest while her private Life is concealed from publick Knowledge.—*Solomon* could not reason more judiciously! so you have concluded to serve me? I should be glad, replied *Giuglio*, to kill two Birds with one Stone, and serve myself too. Look ye, Sir, plain Dealing's a Jewel. I know it will cost me a great deal of Trouble to gain upon my Sister, and to eradicate the romantick Notions of Virtue and Honour, in which she has been brought up, though by your Proposal it is she alone is to reap the Advantage of my Pains.

I love my Sister very well: But I love myself better. Shew me my own Advantage in this Negotiation, and you command my Service. I will answer, you shall be satisfied. If not, as I have spoke to *Rossi*, and told him my Mother finds it difficult to raise the Money, and he being as much in Love with *Lucinda* as you, immediately offering to accept the Mortgage in the Lieu, I shall close with him, and advise you as a Friend to banish all future hopes.

Brunetti set on Fire by those Hopes he had conceiv'd from the Brother's interposing in his Behalf, said, you speak like a Man of Sense, but methinks

methinks you are somewhat too Worldly and Selfish for one of your Years.

Sir, I am not so young, but I am sensible of the Power of Beauty as well as you; my Passions are as violent, though I have not the same Means to gratify them. Women no longer deal upon the Square and think Love well repaid by Love. No, Sir, they know the Value of their Charms and will make the most of them. In a Word, they grant no Favours but they are paid at their own Rate? 'Tis this Knowledge alone makes me hope to triumph over *Lucinda's* Virtue, and force the old fashion'd musty Morals my Mother has taken so much Pains to inculcate, to make Place for her Interest.

In short, Sir, if you will help me to the possession of a young Beauty who has taken fast hold of my Heart, it shall go hard but I will return the Favour by means of my Sister. In a Word, Sir, she, the Lady I Love, insists on an hundred Crowns before she will surrender. Besides the little necessary Expences of a Supper, and throwing Dust in the Eyes of her Servant, I reckon about twenty more. Remember, Sir, one good Turn deserves another; you told me so Yesterday. Now, Sir, as your Love of Money may prompt you to give me an Answer which may break off all future Negotiation between us, take till To-morrow this Time to consider on my Proposal. So your Servant: Reflect coolly. These you may have observed were the Terms in which *Brunetti* spoke to *Ginglio* the Day foregoing.

The young Gentleman left the Room, and had got to the Street Door before the wanton Miser had recovered from this stunning Blow. However, fearing *Rossi's* taking the Security instead of the Money, which must have put an End to all

his

his hopes, and the difficulty enflaming his Desire, he follow'd and call'd him back.

Hark-ye, young Gentleman, I need not so much Time for Consideration. I cannot live if I lose hopes of your Sister, and tho' twenty Crowns is a great deal of Money——A great deal indeed, now 'tis so rare! I will let you have them.——Sir, said *Giuglio*, do you give me the trouble of coming back to laugh at me? you use me ill, and I don't understand the Treatment; if twenty Crowns would have made me happy, I would not have entered into such a dishonourable Treaty with you.

——Nay, don't be angry, young Gentleman, I thought you said twenty Crowns. I said, Sir, a hundred and twenty, and since you think the sixth part of that Sum a great deal of Money, I perceive you and I shall never come to an Agreement. So once more your Servant. Never expect more that I will darken your Doors, or for five Times that Sum, again listen to so vile a Proposal: Certainly 'twas my good Angel made you hesitate, to save from the Sin and subsequent Shame, which must have attended it, had the World, by any way, been inform'd of a Procedure so unbecoming a Gentleman, and so abominable in a Brother. So, Sir, if you regard your own safety banish this fruitless Passion, which I fear, by what I myself am sensible of for the beloved Object, whom to possess I would stick at nothing. you will find difficult. However, employ no Emis-saries, make use of no Stratagems, I repeat it, if you regard your own Safety.

Giuglio spoke this with so much Warmth, that it was impossible for the old Man, himself Captive to *Lucinda's* Charms, not to believe him. Are you then, said *Brunetti*, really so much in Love? So much, replied the other! I love her beyond all Degrees

Degrees of Comparison. *Dominicans* love not Luxury and Ease, fine Women Dress and Jewels *Beaux* fine Weather and Equipage, Poets Praise the Great Flattery, the Ambitious Power, or your Money half so well.

Good-lack; 'tis Wonderful that your Passion should be so violent for a mercenary Beauty; nay, who is so unconscionably mercenary: A hundred Crowns, and the Interest of them sunk for Ever! Mercy on me, what a monstrous Demand! However, I have such a Tenderneſs for your Sister, and so great a Friendship for you, that if she will take fifty I will give you that Sum to purchase your Happiness: See if you can't get her to abate one half of her Demands: She ought to consider the scarcity of Money, the Dearneſs of Provision, the——A pretty Remonstrance indeed to make a beautiful young Lady! had I ten thousand Crowns, and I could not obtain her but with parting with the whole, I would risque the being a Beggar the rest of my Days, rather than lose her; but I lose both yours and my own Time in this idle Discourse, I will acquaint *Rossi* with my Passion, his Friendship for me, I flatter myself, will be more prevalent than your Love for my Sister. *Giuglio* was here going out of the Room, but *Brunetti* laying hold on his Arm, cry'd, be not too hasty: Will she abate nothing of a hundred Crowns?——Not a Doit.——Suppose you carried sixty?——What, to Affront and lose her for ever! She has a pressing Occasion for a hundred, and rather chuses to take them upon her Beauty, than be beholding to a Friend who might lend it her.

I have ninety in this Drawer, you shall have them, borrow the other ten of *Rossi*——I must have thirty more, and I had rather ask the whole hundred

hundred and twenty, than give him room to think I am so streighten'd as to borrow the trifling Sum of thirty Crowns,—Merciful Heavens, what a Sum of Money ! Well, I'll see if I can make up this Sum : I will be with you presently. He return'd in a few Minutes with the Money in a Bag, but made two or three Attempts to put it into *Giuglio's* Hand, before he had the Heart to part with it out of his own.

When he let it go, he cry'd, O Woman, Woman ! how dearly art thou purchas'd, and how little is the intrinsick Value of thy Charms ! Go, secure thy Happiness, and let thy Gratitude hasten mine. This Generosity, said *Giuglio*, will make every Day an Age till I can convince you how greatly I am obliged. O, let me fly to lay this Trash at my Charmer's Feet.—O, that Trash is much sooner parted with than got. Go, get rid of two Uneasinesses, your Money and your Passion, for most young Men are as restless with Gold in their Pockets, as Love in their Hearts ; and the latter stays as little Time after 'tis gratify'd, as the former after 'tis obtain'd. Go, but remember on what Condition you are made happy.

Giuglio flew to *Rossi*, shew'd him the Purse, and acquainted him with what had pass'd. They diverted themselves with having thus blooded (as they term'd it) the Miser, and consulted on the Means to make him pay a much dearer Rate for his Design against *Lucinda's* Honour. *Rossi* advised his Friend never to give the least Hint to his Mother or Sister of this Affair, lest the Probity of the former, and the Virtue of the other, being alarmed for their Reputation, should oblige them to take such Measures as would ruin their Designs, by crossing their Schemes.

The first Purchase made with this Money was of what the Markets afforded most delicate, and some Bottles of the best Wine, which, as *Rossi* was receiv'd on the foot of a future Husband to *Lucinda*, were sent in his Name to the Mother's House, with a Message that they two would sup there.

While *Giuglio* was rummaging the Market, *Brunetti*, who came by, spy'd him at a Shop paying for some Delicacy: The old Man touch'd him on the Shoulder, he turn'd, and being ask'd by him if he had happily got rid of his Money, he answer'd, no, Sir, but pretty well: My Charmer graciouſly receiv'd the hundred Crowns.——Ay, no doubt; but 'tis enough to make a Man weep to think ſhe has ſo little Grace to inſiſt on ſuch a monſtrous Price, for what ſhe does not part with.——How, Sir, does ſhe not part with her Honour? —— Fiſh, a *Bawble*; no, no, if ſhe and you can keep the Secret her Honour's ſafe; but I hope you can return me ſome Part of the other thirty Crowns.——How, Sir! I am afraid I have made a wrong Calculation, ten I gave her Maid, and I doubt the other twenty furniſhing the Supper; however, if I ſhould want ten more I rely on your Friendſhip.——Well, I won't interrupt your marketing, I wiſh you happy, adieu; but remember, a Word to the wiſe.——But, Sir, as I was ſaying.——Ay, ay, may your Heart be merry, as I don't doubt your Purſe will be light. I am in great Haſte, adieu.——But, Sir, I was going to ask——When you ſhould come to my Houſe: Why To-morrow, at the ſame Hour as you were there To-day: Remember my Intereſt; I ſhall loſe my Time, if I ſtay longer; adieu, adieu. Saying this he made all the Haſte poſſible from him, and hid himſelf in the Croud, fearing a farther Demand.

mand. *Rossi*, who spy'd him going up to *Giuglio*, had got out of his Sight. When he saw him make off with such Haste, he join'd, and ask'd his Friend if he had affronted the old Man? No, reply'd he, but I frighten'd him, and then told the Discourse that had pass'd between them, which dissipated the Fear he had conceiv'd of *Giuglio*'s having inconsiderately irritated the old Man, by which they might have lost all future Hopes of draining his Exchequer.

They supp'd with *Matilda*, so was the virtuous Matron named, and *Lucinda*, and were very merry at old *Brunetti*'s Expence. The next Day *Giuglio* made him a Visit, and said, Sir, your Generosity, which has made me the happiest Man breathing — Are all the hundred and twenty Crowns spent? — With great OEconomy I made the twenty provide a Supper and Wine. — Did there want OEconomy to manage twenty Crowns for a Supper? Prithee, Man, is this Beauty a Princess? why it will maintain my Family a Month; but it signifies nothing looking back, let us come to the Matter in hand. — Sir, had you not interrupted me, I had gone directly upon your Affair; you know how my Sister has been bred, and Prudence will tell you we must make our Attacks upon a Girl, whose Head is filled with Notions of Virtue, by regular Steps and slow Gradations. If Vice appears to them unmask'd, and at once bolts upon them, her Figure is so hideous, that it will give them such an Aversion and Horror they will never after be reconcil'd to her, and their Vigilance will penetrate the most amiable Disguise she afterwards can put on. Nobody was ever wicked but by Degrees, is an old and a true Proverb. The greatest Villain that ever Nature produced must have had some Struggles with his

Conscience, some Shocks in the Perpetration of his first Crime, and some Remorse after, tho' his escaping Justice: Time and Habitude at length overcome these Remonstrances. — On my Conscience, young Gentleman, your Observation is just, and I am glad the Conduct of my Affair is entrusted to one of so much Prudence; but proceed. — Having a fair Opportunity by being alone with *Lucinda* I began, with a deep Sigh, and a sorrowful Face, how unequally, said I, is the World divided! what Economy are some People obliged to use! what Industry to have daily Bread! while others seem to rack their Inventions for means to lavish! — What causes the Reflection, Brother? — *Donna Banduccio's* splendid Equipage. Oh, Brother, she pays dear for that Figure, which only serves to publish her Infamy: She's kept by the Prince of —. Faith, Sister, I believe most of your Sex who condemn, envy her. — O fie, Brother, judge more charitably of us; they must know very little of Religion and Virtue, who would make the Figure she does, on the same Terms. Indeed, Sister, you had better say they must have a very small Share of good Sense, who would continue in Streights, be subject to Insults, and be despised for their Poverty, if they would not truck these Inconveniencies for Plenty and Respect, fearing the Censure of Zealots, and to preserve the good Opinion of Fools, and People who would not assist them with a Meal's Meat, did they want it, however they may applaud their Virtue. I frankly own, were I a Woman as capable of inspiring Love, I should rather follow the Example of the Monks, who place Love among the *Peccadillo's*, than their Doctrine which condemns it: They gratify their Passions, and I should hardly

hardly declare against both my Ease and Interest. This is strange Doctrine, Brother. I am sure it is common Practice, Sister. Ours is a miserable Life, to be always calculating our Expences, and to be debarred from all the Pleasures of the World, for Fear our little Income won't bring the Year about. Saying this, I started up, and left the Room. I thought I had gone far enough for the first Time. If you will gain the Body, believe me, Sir, you must first gradually corrupt the Mind. I know my Sister loves fine Things as well as other Girls, loves Diversions, and to live well; for these Reasons I attack'd her on that Side where I thought her weakest.

My dear *Giuglio*, you have acted with Judgment, but make as little Delay as possible; the Hopes you give me throw Oil upon the Fire. I am quite impatient till I embrace the lovely Object of my Desires. Sir, replied *Giuglio*, let us not be more precipitate than Prudence will allow. I believe what might hasten your Happiness would be to give her a little Taste of the Pleasures of the World. Let me take her abroad with her design'd Husband.

——Right, and then he will be at the Expence.——Not so fast, Sir, the Match is agreed upon, and his Frugality will make him think it needless, and that it may give my Mother Reason to think him extravagant. No, Sir, that will not do. Let me see, I shall think on some better Means. What if I should pretend I had won a round Sum of Money at Play, and out of my Generosity should make her a Present of a rich Suit of Cloaths, some fine Linnen, with other Necessaries, take her abroad, and regale her at some Villa out of Town? ——Ay, this would do very well if you could win that round Sum.——Pho, you can furnish me, and now I think farther, you may have

it again.——How so? how so? Why I will find Methods, when you are happy with my Sister, to defer the Match till you are willing to let the antedated Cuckold take your Bargain off your Hands. Now all Women are mercenary, and no doubt my Sister, like the rest of her Sex, will be for squeezing Money, or Money's Worth out of you, or threaten to break off Correspondence if you are dissatisfied; and, at the very Time she discovers you most earnest to carry it on, Craft and Self-Interest make Part of the Compound which forms a Woman. Do you let her have what she asks, but take Notes of her Hand for double the Sums, which, when she is married, her Husband will be obliged to pay, or go to Jail.——Thou art a perfect *Machiavel*, the Thought is excellent.——Well, Sir, I am for losing no Time, as I perceive you impatient. In these little Parties of Pleasure, in which I will engage, I will undertake not only to shake her Notions of Virtue, but to overthrow their very Foundation, and then Joy, Ease, Plenty, or the Ideas of them, will rush impetuous on her Soul, and give her up the Victim of your Wishes.——O, how you rejoice me! What a Scene of extatick Pleasure do you lay open to my View! Here, here, lose not a Moment, Money is the Slave of Pleasure: Here, take these hundred Crowns, I am all Rapture. Oh the dear lovely enchanting Maiden, pure and spotless——as, said *Giuglio*, *Iphigenia* going to the Altar——Ay, *Giuglio*, but 'tis the Altar of Love——But, Sir, these hundred Crowns will not answer what I propose; as you have made a happy Beginning, never doubt of a prosperous Issue, if you are not yourself in Fault. Let me have two hundred more; she's a cheap Purchase at a thousand; but you gain her at her Husband's Expence, he must repay you what you

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disburse.— Here, I will not stint you, I have transferred my Love of Gold to *Lucinda*. There's the Sum, be but expeditious, and command my Purse ! what a Metamorphosis !

Giuglio immediately acquainted his Friend with his Success, by shewing him the Spoil of the Usurer. They went together, laid out an hundred Crowns of the Money in Silks and other Necessaries, which, *Giuglio*, telling the feigned Success he had had at Play, made her a Present of. At the same Time he acquainted his Mother, that he had been with Signore *Brunetti*, who agreed to let her have the twelve hundred Crowns on her Lands, and desired when his Sister's Cloaths were made up, that they might go to his House together and sign the Deeds, which Signore *Brunetti* would get ready, if she would send an Abstract of her Title, and produce the Writings necessary, by her own Lawyer.

This was an agreeable Piece of News to the old Gentlewoman. That Night *Giuglio* would treat his Mother, Sister, and Friend, and insisted on their taking the Air with him, and diverting themselves the next Day at a *Villa*. The good *Matilda* advised her Son to husband his good Fortune. Madam, said he, I don't in Strictness of Conscience think this Money over honestly got, or even any Money that Gamesters acquire. However, I should be a Fool if I did not divert myself with it instead of making Restitution, for I got it from one who would cheat his Father were he alive, had he an Opportunity offer'd, and it turn'd to his own Advantage. I own, I have not dealt honestly by him, but if his own villainous Designs had not thrown Dust in his Eyes, I could not have cheated him : Wherefore I comfort myself with the Proverb,

verb, to deceive the Deceiver is no Deceit. He fell into the Pit he dug for another.

Rossi begg'd that *Lucinda's* Cloaths might be made with all possible Expedition, to the End her Mother and she might go to *Brunetti*. They concluded to invite a Lawyer of *Matilda's* Acquaintance to sup with them, and send him to the old Gentleman to know who he intended should peruse the Title Deeds, and draw that of the Mortgage. This was done, and the Lawyer promised next Morning to be with the Lender. *Giuglio* was at *Brunetti's* before him, and gave the old Gentleman an Account of what had passed, as to the Resolution taken the preceding Night, acquainted him with the *Villa* to which they were going, and gave him Hopes that few Days would put an End to his Impatience. Now, continued he, if you intend to drop in as by Accident, I have said so many handsome Things of you, that you will be a welcome Guest: But I must entreat your behaving with the greatest Circumspection. As I cannot answer for my Behaviour, replied *Brunetti*, knowing the Violence of my Passion, 'tis better for us that I should not go. I don't doubt Success from your Prudence and Friendship.

The Day after *Lucinda's* Cloaths were made, *Matilda* and *Giuglio* went with her to *Brunetti's*. He promised the Money should be ready whenever the Writing for his Security was drawn. After this Assurance, *Matilda* and her Daughter asked Leave to visit *Brunetti's* Lady and Family, he made them a Compliment, and waited on them to the Door of the Apartment where they were. *Giuglio* did not go with them, saying, he would keep Signore *Brunetti* Company, who had promised to return immediately.

At *Brunetti's* Return, the young Gentleman said, you see my Sister wears your Favour. In a Word, the Garrison has beat the Chamade. When I found I had work'd up her Vanity, and ridiculed the romantick Notions she was brought up in, seeing her stagger'd, I follow'd my Blow, struck while the Iron was hot, and magnifying your Generosity, your Wealth, and the Passion you have for her——That cannot be magnify'd, young Gentleman.——Well, having acquainted her with it, disabused her as to the Story of my Winnings, and let her know the Present I made her was the Effects of your Liberality, I then told her what you farther propos'd. She paused some Time, and at length answer'd, he expects a Favour from me, for that he does my Mother. What particular Advantage can I reap by her not paying Interest?——Signior *Giuglio*, cried *Brunetti*, yours is a knowing Family.

I really can't say, answer'd the other, but the Remark was just. Well, said I, continued *Giuglio*, let me know your Terms? Why are you so pressing Brother? Because Signior *Brunetti* is my Friend, and has oblig'd me. I then told her how happy you had made me with my Charmer, who as her Acquaintance, whom she esteems a Model of Virtue, I nam'd, to shew her that Secresy alone is true Virtue, and to encourage her to follow her Friend's Example, and secure her Interest.

She was surpriz'd at my Story. When, said I, you know the World better, you will find all your Sex have the same prudent Way of thinking, but let me know what Demands you make?——Since 'tis so, answer'd she, I will not stand in my own Light, by being particular, I will consider a Day or two, I have no Objection to Signior *Brunetti's* Person.

Person. I asked her this Day again, if she had come to a Resolution? She replied, when the Money was paid, and she was sure of a Husband to cover any Consequences of her Condescension, she would give an Answer as to the Demands she should make. *Brunetti* hugg'd him, but said the abating his Interest he look'd upon as a considerable Present to the Family in general.

Matilda and her Daughter having made their Visit, called upon *Giuglio*, who taking Leave of *Brunetti*, waited on them Home. *Brunetti*'s Impatience made him hurry his Lawyer, and the Mortgage being made and executed, he paid the twelve hundred Crowns. The Day after, *Giuglio* told him his Sister had long insisted on a thousand Crowns for her Condescension; but he had so strongly remonstrated the Exorbitancy of the Demand, and the Likelihood of her over-standing her Market, that he had brought her down to five hundred; even which he thought too much, and if he would let him have three hundred in Gold, to dazzle her Eyes with, it was his full Opinion, she, who never saw so much Money, would not care to part with it out of her Hands again. If that Sum did not prevail he would immediately return it.

Brunetti paused some Time and made no Answer, which occasioned *Giuglio* to proceed thus. Nay, Sir, you are in the right to consider and weigh the Value of the Purchase against the Price demanded. The first Loss is best. I would advise you to think no more of a vain opinionated Girl, who sets such a Price on a frail Beauty. I wish, said *Brunetti*, I could follow this Advice, but, as I find I must either part with my Money or Repose, I will bring you the Sum you mention.

Giuglio

Giuglio returned to *Brunetti* in the Evening, and told him that his Sister was astonish'd at, and enamour'd with the Sight of his Gold ; that this Method had saved two hundred Crowns, and that about Twelve the next Night, he would accompany him to his Mother's, and prepare a Ladder for his getting into *Lucinda's* Room on the first Floor, the Window of which she would leave open to receive him. His Joy at this agreeable News was too great for Expression, he press'd *Giuglio* to his Bosom, call'd him his Friend, his Physician, his Guardian Angel.

At the Time appointed *Giuglio* and *Brunetti* met at a Place they had before agreed on, the former carried the Ladder. When they came to *Matilda's*, which was but few Doors distant, *Brunetti*, the Ladder being rear'd, mounted, but scarce had got half way when *Rossi*, who had prepared the Guard, came upon him. *Giuglio* gave him Notice of their Approach, and *Brunetti*, to make Haste, jump'd down, but not lighting cleverly on his Feet, fell and bruise'd himself in such a manner that he could not rise without Assistance.

He was taken by the Guard as a House-breaker, iron'd and clapp'd into a Dungeon for that Night, and next Morning carried before a Magistrate. He could say nothing in his Defence, but that he had no Design to rob. Being threatned with the Rack, he confess'd the whole Story, and that *Lucinda* had agreed to his coming to her Chamber that Way to deceive the Vigilance of her Mother.

Rossi and *Giuglio*, who were in the Croud, hearing her Reputation impeach'd, acquainted the Magistrate with his base Designs upon *Lucinda's* Honour, and that they had contrived to have him taken, to expose and punish him. To be short,

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Brunetti was condemned to give up the Security of twelve hundred Crowns, as a Reparation of Honour, for falsely accusing *Lucinda* of a criminal Design, and banish'd the States for three Years, for endeavouring to corrupt a young Maiden of Family.

Rossi and *Lucinda* were married, and *Giuglio*, with the Money he had squeez'd out of the Miser, bought him a Pair of Colours.

I said your Story, Mr. *Brown*, for which I will venture to return Thanks for my Fellow Travellers, as well as for myself, puts me in Mind of an out-of-the-way Remark, which I once heard from the Pulpit. The Reverend Preacher observed, that the Love of Gold in the Heart of a Miser was like the Hair on the Body of *Esau*, not to be torn off but with great Pain; but Wealth, with the Voluptuous, was like the hairy Skins of the Kids with which *Rebecca* cover'd the Neck and Hands of her Son *Jacob*, parted with, or thrown off, without Pain.

'Tis, may be, replied Mr. *Brown*, to shew that Love is liberal, that the Poets and Painters represent him naked. By your Story, Sir, said I, one would imagine he took Pleasure in stripping his Votaries; since he prevailed on a Person of *Brunetti's* Character to sacrifice to him the Children of his Industry or Patrimony, which perhaps he loved more than those of his Body.

Madam, we ought, answer'd Mr. *Brown*, to distinguish between Love and what goes under that Denomination, and is, we may say, his Bastard Brother, and easily mistaken for true Love, at first Sight, but, upon an Examination, a vast Difference is discoverable. Love, Madam, is a pure, chaste and lambent Flame, residing both in Heaven and Earth. Tho' here he is less ætherial, yet is he never seen but in the Company of Truth, Honour,

Honour, and all the Virtues, attended by the Graces. This Deity, Madam, to speak in the Dialect of the Poets, never harm'd any, and wherever he resides introduces Peace and Happiness: His Bastard Brother, *inordinate Desire*, is of a Character exactly contrary, and is the Author of Quarrels, Murders, and other Mischiefs, and very often leads his Votaries to a Jail; sometimes makes them publick Spectacles of Justice; generally leaves them Beggars, and those who come off best with him are hurt in their Reputation or Fortune, or both. Now *Brunetti* fell into the Clutches of this despotick Tyrant, so the Mischiefs which attended him seem but a natural Consequence of following such a Guide, who never travels out of the Roads of Perdition.

By this Time we arriv'd at our Village, and Sir *Simon*, with his Lady, considering they must drive in the dark, and that the Moon would be up at Eleven, were prevail'd upon to stay Supper.

In the Conversation of this Evening both my Father and Mother discover'd that they had been very conversant with Books, and the Reflections they made were, at least my Partiality made me think, and Mr. B——'s Complaisance speak them very judicious. My dear Master said, that their Remarks were strong Proofs of fine Sense, excellent Judgment, much Reading, and great Probity. 'Tis, continued he, but this Night that I know your Parents; I before esteem'd and respected them, as they were so, to my *Pamela*, I now love them for their own intrinsick Value; this was the Discourse my obliging, dear Mr. B—— held me before we went to Sleep.

At Table I ask'd Mr. *Brown* if he would not oblige us in continuing the Characters of the List Sir *Simon* had given him. He answer'd, they

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would entertain Lady *Andrews* with nothing new to her, and that if I would give him leave he would write them for me, as he should be more exact, and be better able to do Justice to the Persons characterized.—— But how shall I, who am a Stranger in the Country, know how to adapt the respective Characters to the Persons for whom they are design'd? —— I will write their Names.

When the Moon 'rose, our Company took their Leaves, and we retir'd to rest, as 'tis Time to permit you also to take some. My dear Friend, adieu.

I forgot to mention a little Circumstance, which, trifling as it may appear, helps to make you acquainted with Mr. *Brown*. The News of his having the Living had reach'd the Parish before we got thither, and the Clerk, at the Head of some of the Parishioners on Horseback, met our Coach.

The Clerk was the Orator, and said they were sorry for the Death of the late worthy Rector, but must own their Joy, that he succeeded to the Living, was so much greater, that it had set the Bells a ringing, and he was sure there would be a great Bonfire in the Village, as several, when they left it, were carrying their Contribution of Wood to the Green before the Church. Mr. *Brown* thank'd them, and said he should endeavour to continue in their Esteem and Friendship. Then speaking to us, with the same Demonstrations of Joy, said he, will my Successor be receiv'd.

Tuesday our Relation Mr. *Jinks*, and his Lady, made us a Visit: They are both very well bred, and express'd a real Satisfaction at my Parents being recover'd to their Families. They complimented Mr. *B*—— on the Honour he had done them,
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and after having taken Tea, and made a short Stay, they took Leave, and drove to Sir *Simon's*, where they said they would lie, for their Seat is seventeen Miles distant from us. I will get Mr. *Brown* to write me their Characters, and will send them to you.

At Supper Mr. *B*—— said to my Parents, I intend next *Monday* to set out for *London*, being obliged to go into *Lincolnshire*, and I have not a great deal of Time for my private Affairs, as the Meeting of the Parliament will soon call upon me to attend those of the Publick, I cannot longer, as I wish, have the Pleasure of enjoying your Company; but you may depend upon our making you an annual Visit.

Mr. *Andrews*, continued he, your falling among your Relations will occasion you several Visits which must be attended with some Expence, and tho' Goodman *Andrews* might not think it below him to manage my Estate, yet I think it below Mr. *Andrews*, the Grandson of Sir *Hugh*; I will put in a Bailiff to ease you of that Trouble; and that you may live, in some Degree, equal to the Rank of your respective Families, I insist upon your accepting two hundred Pounds a Year Penny Rent, which shall be punctually paid you.

My Father answer'd, there is, Sir, no End of your Bounty, I——No more of that, dear Papa, replied my dear Master, I assure you solemnly your Acknowledgments give me Pain——It would be an ill Return, said my Father; but since you enjoin me Silence on that Head, give me leave to ask you a farther Favour, which, as the first, I hope you won't deny me.——Depend on your Wish being answer'd. Let me entreat you, continued my Father, to leave me the Management of the Estate, 'twill be my Recreation,

sion, and the riding over the Grounds a healthful Exercise. I won't say you may depend on my Fidelity, it would look as if I angled for a Compliment; but you may rely on my Capacity, I really understand the Business, may be better, certainly I am more interested to be vigilant, than any Bailiff you can intrust——Well, Sir, answer'd Mr. B——, it shall be so, since 'tis your Desire, but I would not have given Mr. *Andrews* that Trouble.

Mr. *Longman*, continued my dear Master, I would have you set out on *Thursday* Morning, with any one of the Servants you shall chuse to attend you, for *Lincolnshire*. *Blunt's* Coach shall carry you and *Hannah* to *London*, that she may get our Apartment ready. The Servant who goes with you will lead your Horse. Your Instructions are ready, and I will give them to you to-morrow. As my Business will not allow us many more Days stay, my dear *Pamela*, we will, if your Parents and you agree, to-morrow return Mr. *Jinks* and his Lady's Visit; I can make free with Sir *Simon* as an old Acquaintance; we will dine with him, visit Mr. *Jinks* in the Afternoon, return to Sir *Simon's*, take up our Quarters there, and return on *Thursday* Morning.

This was readily agreed to; we chatted till about half an Hour after Nine, and then the Family retired to Rest. The next Morning was *Wednesday*, having wish'd Mr. *Longman*, who was to set out next Morning, a good Journey, we set out at Seven, and arrived at Sir *Simon's* about Nine. My dear Mr. B—— wou'd ride, for a Reason I have already given you, tho' he pretended it was for the Sake of the Air, my dear Father kept him Company on Horseback. We catch'd

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Sir *Simon* and his Lady at Breakfast, and tho' so early she was in a full Dress.

Sir *Simon* and her Ladyship seem'd highly pleas'd with this Mark of Friendship, as they were pleas'd to term it. When Mr. *B*—— told them what we propos'd, they said they wou'd keep us Company and order Dinner to be ready sooner than usual; then reply'd Mr. *B*——, how shall we marshal the Company? why, let me see, answer'd Sir *Simon*, I know you can't ride backwards, and I chuse it. To avoid Ceremony among our Wives, you and your Lady, Mr. *Andrews* and I will go in my Coach, and leave my Cousin *Andrews* and my Spouse to run over old Accounts of their Family; or if you like it better, I have a light-four-wheel'd Chaise, which with a Pair will keep up with six Horses; however, we will put to a Set for you and me, as the Roads are not dusty. We'll put the Relations together; for my Spouse longs for an Opportunity to have Information of some Things, which I am sure Mr. *Andrews* and his Spouse can oblige her in: and upon my Word, to prevent Disputes, she often chuses the back Seat of the Coach when we are without any other Company in it.

This was agreed to, Dinner was got ready by One, and we setting out about half an Hour past Two, got to Mr. *Fink's* Seat at Four.

My Lady indeed ask'd several Questions, which, as they relate only to our Family, and may shew a spice of Vanity in me, as if I was proud of a fortuitous Birth, (though by emulating the Virtues of my Ancestors, as much as I can, I shall endeavour to be no Blemish to them) I shall pass them over in Silence, and only tell you that her Ladyship was thoroughly pleas'd and satisfis'd with the Answers she received, and returned her Thanks

in a very obliging Manner. Just before we arrived, Lady *Andrews* said, Sir *Simon* and Mr. *Jinks* had agreed to set out for *Turnbridge-Wells* on the *Monday* following. My Cousin, continued she takes his Lady with him, and my Master will have me keep him Company, though no-body is less fond of publick Places, which I esteem Marts for Scandal.

Though our Reception at Mr. *Jinks's* was extremely polite, yet there was a Cordiality mixed with it. Methought he eyed my Parents with Affection. We were treated with Coffee, Tea Chocolate, dry'd Sweet-Meats and *French* Wine. We staid little more than an Hour, before we set out on our Return to Sir *Simon's*, where we were entertained with such a chearful Hospitality, such friendly Complaisance, such a well-bred Freedom that I was quite charm'd with my new-discovered Relations, and altogether as easy as at home.

We returned this Morning pretty early, and Mr. *Brown* dined with us. He gave me some of the Characters he had promised, and I will transcribe them into my next. After Dinner, Mr. *Wheeler* a neighbouring Gentleman, who has a plentiful Estate, is a Batchelor and Sportsman came to visit my dear Mr. *B*——, we were at the Tea-Table, but that being removed, and *Jonathan* ordered to bring Wine, my Mother and I retired to the Summer-House, where we amused ourselves with reading till Evening, when Mr. *Wheeler* took his Leave. Nothing worth Notice passed this Day, except my dear Master's Tendernefs for me and Respect to my Parents, but that is incessant. Were I to set down minutely the obligations he lays me under, they alone would engross my Time; nay, I should not have sufficient, to commit them to Paper: However, they can never slip

my Memory, as they are deeply engraven in my Heart. May the Almighty continue his Protection of my dear *Fervis*, and do you continue your Love and Friendship to one, who will always endeavour to deserve, and may thus lay some Claim to them, as none has a more real Affection for, or is more a Friend to you in my sincere Wishes than *Pamela B*——.

Friday Evening. I promised in my last to send you a Transcript of Mr. *Brown's* Characters of the Gentlemen and Ladies with whom Sir *Simon* and my Master conversed at the Horse-Race. The following is that of Mr. *R*——, who lives about four Miles distant from Lord——, or more properly whose Seat is at that Distance from his Lordship's, for they are so intimate they may be said to live together, one House often holding them the greater Part of the Year. Wherefore Mr. *Brown* writes his Character from a more particular Knowledge of it, and speaks, you will see, in the first Person.

“ The Complaisance and Sweetness of Temper
 “ in Mr. ———, render him dear to all his
 “ Acquaintance. His Life is an uninterrupted
 “ Calm. nothing puts him out of Humour.
 “ This is not the Effect of Stupidity or Indolence, but of a just way of Thinking. He
 “ is always chearful and obliging, and even in
 “ the racking Pain of the Gout, with which he
 “ is sometimes afflicted, I have remarked such a
 “ Serenity of Countenance and Vivacity in his
 “ Conversation, Humanity, and Greatness in his
 “ Sentiments, as may justly rank him among
 “ the most famous of the ancient Stoicks. His
 “ Arguments are always strong and insinuating :
 “ and I never heard him reason, but I thought of
 “ *Marcus Antoninus Philosophus*, of whom he is a
 “ living Copy, with regard to his moral Virtues ;
 “ he

" he has however the Advantage of that great
 " virtuous Heathen Emperor, in the Light of the
 " Gospel.

" There is no one breathing a more entertain-
 " ing, and at the same time a more edifying Com-
 " panion : For though he is ever the same as to
 " the Evenness of his Temper, yet he is always
 " new with regard to his Conversation.

" Tho' his great Capacity, assiduous and long
 " Studies have made him acquainted with the most
 " abstruse Points of Divinity and Philosophy ;
 " tho' his greatest Pleasure is in a Search after
 " Nature, and to contemplate the Deity in his
 " Works, and that he delights in the Conversa-
 " tion of Speculative Men, yet his Complaisance
 " will descend to the meanest Understanding, and
 " I have known illiterate Farmers and deep Phi-
 " losophers, equally charm'd with his Discourses.

" As the Endowments of his Mind give him a
 " great Reputation among the *Literati*, so the
 " Gracefulness of his Person, and the Politeness
 " of his Education have procured him as high a
 " Character among the Ladies. He never thought
 " the well-bred Gentleman inconsistent with the
 " Scholar, and his conversing with *Homer* and
 " *Aristotle* was no Obstacle to his taking a Lesson
 " from a Dancing, Fencing, or Musick-Master."

My dear *Fervis*, I have been apt to think that
 my dear Mr. B—— accompanying my Parents to
Kent, and his Stay here proceeds from another
 Motive beside Respect to them, and that he had in
 View the cultivating and forming my Mind before
 I appear on the great Stage of the World, as I must
 do next Winter, in *London*, where I must stand
 the Examination and Censure of such Ladies of
 Quality and Distinction, as Mr. B——'s Rank
 and Figure will oblige me to visit and converse
 with

with. Every Body I have seen, and almost every Thing I hear, every Thing that falls in my Way, seem design'd for my Improvement; and I shall endeavour to profit by them, and regulate my Thoughts, Words and Actions by the Models set before me. If this, as I have some Reason to suspect, was one of the Motives of our *Kentish* Journey, it must be acknowledged, he has contrived a very artful, as well as a very entertaining Method for my Instruction, as you must own by what you cannot but have observed in the Journal and the Characters, which are so many agreeable Lectures to teach me how to behave in the Point of Light in which he has set me, and which must necessarily, as it makes me more conspicuous, make any Follies I shall fall into more visible to the Eagle's Eye of the censorious Publick, which will set aside a Cloud of Virtues to expose and ridicule one Error: But I hope the Diffidence I have of myself, my Conversation with my dear Master, the Assistance he gives me to improve, will enable me so to behave as to defy Censure, and get the better of Envy, by which I must expect to be attacked; for it is, we may say, the Shade of Prosperity: But I will proceed in transcribing, and write the Character of a Gentleman who lives near *Canterbury*.

"The Modesty of Mr. Y—— is equal to his Learning, which is very great. He speaks but little; but 'tis always pertinently. You never hear him censure others, or deny his Attention to the Person speaking. He thinks every one in Company has a Right to bear his Part in the Conversation, and he will not infringe it by breaking in upon the Discourse, and attempting to engross the whole Talk to himself. If his Opinion is asked, he gives it with

"Candour,

" Candour, but with a visible Diffidence. As he
 " never condemns the Works of others, so he ne-
 " ver mentions his own; and if he is complimented
 " on any of his Productions, you may perceive
 " gives him Uneasiness, by his industriously intro-
 " ducing some Subject which may divert his Praise
 " He is a great Master of his own Language, be-
 " side the learned and modern Tongues; and
 " he may be said to be affected in any thing, in
 " is in avoiding hard Words and the Use of Syno-
 " nimous Terms. His Style is plain and intelli-
 " ble, concise yet copious, smooth, but at the same
 " Time masculine. He speaks and writes with
 " Perspicuity; and the handsome Manner in which
 " he delivers his Sentiments in publick, has gain-
 " ed him as much Reputation as the Strength of
 " his Arguments, which always carry Conviction
 " with them. He will neither give nor receive
 " Incense: Converses with the Great without
 " Obsequiousness, and with the Meanest without
 " forfeiting their Respect. He is affable without
 " descending, and sets a just Value on himself
 " without being proud."

Mr. *Brown* makes an Apology for the following
 Character, which he imagines Sir *Simon* intended
 he should draw, as 'tis an Original, if not as a Foil
 to the Character of the Gentleman's Brother; his
 good Nature, were it not for one of these Reasons
 would not have put his Name in the List. How-
 ever, he is not vicious in his Nature, and his Mis-
 fortune is greatly to be attributed to his Mother's
 Want of Prudence.

" Mr. *M*—— has no Relish for the Conver-
 " sation of any Persons of his own Rank, whom
 " he industriously avoids from a Consciousness of
 " his Want of Breeding, which makes him for-

" much

much upon his Guard while in Company with Persons of Distinction, that they are irksome to him: and this makes him lay hold on the first Opportunity to break loose and refresh his fatigued Spirits in the more suitable and agreeable Conversation of his Coachman and Postilion. This is partly owing to the Fondness of his Mother, who would never suffer him to be contradicted when a Child, and partly to an Indolence of Temper, which will not allow him to correct this vitiated Taste for low Company, of which, the Liberties he can there take, make him fond. The Height of his Ambition is to be thought a good Coachman. *Nero* was not fonder of his Harp, than this Gentleman of his Whip, which he never is without, and the Encomiums of the Stage-men on his Dexterity in throwing it, give him the most sensible Pleasure. He is almost constantly on the Road, as it gives him an Opportunity to vie with the Stage-Horses, and drink with his Brothers of the Whip, to most of whom, as to all the Inn-Keepers he is well known. He gets out of his Bed into the Coach-box, dines at some Inn, with his own Servants at the same Table, gets muddled with Ale and Tobacco; treats all the Stage-Coachmen that fall in his Way; drives home again in the Evening, and in Company with his Livery and Labouring Men, at a little dirty Ale-house in his Village, gets quite drunk and is carried to-bed about Midnight. This is his almost constant Round of Life."

Here, my dear *Fervis*, is an excellent Lesson for Mothers. But to go on:

"His younger Brother who had not the Misfortune of being his Mother's Darling, was kept
"close

“ close to his Studies, in which he made a great
 “ Progress. From School he was sent to the Uni-
 “ versity, where he was distinguish'd for his Genius
 “ and Assiduity. After two Years he was called
 “ to Town, entered the Inns of Court, and im-
 “ mediately sent to make the Tour of *Europe*. On
 “ his Return from Travel, he applied himself very
 “ seriously to the Study of the Law, and was cal-
 “ led to the Bar; tho' having an ample Fortune
 “ he does not practise.

“ He is a well-bred Gentleman, and a facetious
 “ Companion; hospitable and generous, guilty of
 “ no Excess, though he, in a manner, keeps an
 “ open Table.

“ We find blended in him Affability and Re-
 “ servedness, Liberality and Economy, Gaiety
 “ and Prudence, Wit and Good Nature, Bene-
 “ ficence and Discretion, he seldom goes to Town
 “ but to serve his Country in Parliament, of
 “ which he is a Member, and in which he is dis-
 “ tinguish'd by an unbiass'd Zeal for the Publick
 “ Good, the only Point he has in View; and is no
 “ longer attached to any Party, than while they
 “ strenuously endeavour to promote the Honour
 “ and Dignity of the Crown, the Rights, Liber-
 “ ties, and Properties of the People. He looks on
 “ his Seat in Parliament a very great Honour, and
 “ his Constituents commit their Freedom and
 “ Fortunes to his Probity. As this Trust is of the
 “ highest, so a Breach of it he esteems of the most
 “ flagrant Nature. In a Word, both in private
 “ and publick Life, his every Action speaks the
 “ Man of Sense and of strict Honour.”

My dear *Jervis*, one would think Mr. Brown
 drew my dear Mr. B——'s Character under the
 Name of the younger Brother: The following is

ver

very short but a very agreeable Description of a fine Gentleman; and surely *Kent*, as I cannot suspect *Mr. Brown's* Veracity, is one of the happiest of all our Counties in its Inhabitants.

“ *Mr. P* — is remarkable for Humanity, Modesty, Complaisance and Discretion. He never speaks rashly, and never acts but with Circumspection. There is a certain Air of good Nature and Politeness which diffuses itself over all he says, or does, and insensibly gains upon and interests us in his Favour. He has a Chearfulness in his Countenance, a becoming easy Grace in his Behaviour, and such a Frankness in his Conversation, that his Acquaintance at once love him, and apprehend doing any thing which may lessen his Esteem, and deprive them of the Pleasure of so valuable a Companion.

“ *Mrs. Pritchard* is a Maiden Lady who has not only good Sense, but a sprightly Wit, of which she makes no Parade, never employ'd it to the Injury of another's Character, or display'd it at an improper Season. She is naturally reserved, and though it is not easy to be of her Acquaintance, yet the Pleasure her Conversation affords makes ample Reparation for the Difficulty of being admitted to it. She has a great Propensity to Punning, and if ever that low Wit became any, 'tis *Mrs. P* —, for she never lyes upon the Catch to introduce them, and never was known to make one *mal a propos*; they seem to flow from her with that Ease, Unconcern and Gravity, that a Punn from *Mrs. P* — would be agreeably received by the severest Critick. Add to this the Complaisance with which she gives her Attention to others, and the seeming Ignorance of her own Talents:

S

“ for

“ for one would imagine she alone is a Stranger
 “ to her Perfections. She has but a small For-
 “ tune, which she manages with such Prudence,
 “ that few with double her Revenue, live in a
 “ more elegant Manner, or make a more genteel
 “ Figure.”

“ Mr. *H*—— has a noble Soul, and knows
 “ the true Use of Money. He is in his House
 “ hospitable, but not profuse ; in his Conversation
 “ gay, yet upon his Guard ; with his Trade-
 “ men just, but no Bubble ; punctual to his Word,
 “ but extremely cautious how he gives it. He
 “ has a liberal Hand guided by a very discreet
 “ Head ; his Charities tho’ frequent and confi-
 “ derable, will never hurt his Fortune, for what
 “ he gives is his own. He scorns to be in the
 “ Books of any Dealers, consequently has no Dun-
 “ to disturb the Serenity of his Mind and ruffle
 “ his Temper.”

“ Lady *R*——, though possess’d of an ample
 “ Fortune, makes the Education of her Children,
 “ not only her chief Concern (with regard to
 “ worldly Affairs) but her principal Pleasure.
 “ While her Husband lived she was a Pattern of
 “ a good Wife ; and her Œconomy since his Death
 “ has considerably improved her Son’s Estate. She
 “ has taken all possible Care to cultivate his Mind,
 “ to instill Sentiments worthy of a real good Man,
 “ and to make him sensible that Virtue alone is
 “ true Nobility. In a word, she is a Lady of
 “ fine Sense, strict Honour, and irreproachable
 “ Conduct.”

The following Character will keep me always on
 my Guard, that I be not impertinently curious.

“ Mr. *F*—— is the most inquisitive Man
 “ (possibly) in the three Kingdoms. He is cer-
 “ tainly a very honest Gentleman, and would in-
 “ jure

“ jure no-body, tho’ he is curious to enquire in-
 “ to and know every Man’s Affairs. If he sees
 “ you have private Business, he cannot help ask-
 “ ing what you talk of. If you answer, it is what
 “ relates to the Person to whom you speak and to
 “ yourself only, yet will he intreat to be let into
 “ it, and assure you he is excellent at keeping a
 “ Secret. Indeed ’tis true; for in five Minutes
 “ after he will not remember a Syllable of what
 “ you told him; and be it ever so absurd an In-
 “ vention, he is obliged, and his Curiosity satis-
 “ fied. He is always in a Hurry, and has never
 “ any thing to do. He is naturally bevenolent, a
 “ Friend to all Mankind, and if you have any Bu-
 “ siness in which his Interest can serve you, he
 “ cordially offers to employ it; nay, I dare say,
 “ really intends it; but never thinks more of what
 “ he promised, or even of you, when out of his
 “ Sight. He verifies the *Spanish* Proverb, *Amigo de*
 “ *todos, amigo de ningunos*; who is a Friend to every
 “ Body, is (in Fact) a Friend to no Body.

A Servant from Sir *Simon* came this Morning
 with his and his Lady’s Compliments, and to ac-
 quaint us that Cousin *Jinks* and his Spouse would
 this Night lye in their House, designing to come
 and wish us a good Journey the next Day; that he
 and Lady *Andrews* would also do themselves the
 Honour to wait on us with them, and eat a Piece
 of our Mutton.

You may guess what Answer Mr. B—— made
 to a Compliment which was really agreeable to
 him, for the dear good Gentleman seems to have an
 Affection for every one who shews any Regard for
 his obliged *Pamela*.

Mr. *Brown* dined with us, and my dear Master
 would have engaged him to Dinner To-morrow,
 but he excused himself, as he always sets apart

Saturdays to revise the Discourses he delivers the *Sundays*.

As we were sitting down to Table, a Country-man belonging to the Farmer with whom Mr. *Brown* boards, came to acquaint him that the Reverend Mr. *Broughton* was come to make him a Visit: Our young Clergyman would have taken his Leave. Mr. *B*———would not suffer him, but insisted on the Gentleman dining with us, and accordingly sent *Colbrand* with our Compliments, to pray the Favour of his Company, and let him know that we should wait for him. As 'tis but a very little way distant the Gentleman was soon with us.——He is well-bred, and did not retard our dining by any unnecessary Ceremonies. When the Table was removed and Mr. *B*———called for Wine, Mr. *Broughton* said, if you will allow me, Sir, the Freedom to chuse, I had rather be obliged to your Lady for a Dish of Tea. Sir, answered my dear Master, you oblige us in ordering what is most agreeable to you in this House: But one Bottle cannot hurt us, while the Kettle is boiling.——Just as you please, Sir, reply'd the other; and addressing himself to Mr. *Brown*, went on thus. I have by Accident got into my Hands a great Rarity. 'Tis a Piece of *Jewish* Superstition, which I am satisfy'd you will be pleased with. He then produced a Piece of flat Gold somewhat like a *Jacobus*, but larger. We all examined it, but my Father, Mother and self were quite in the dark; we could make nothing of it. When it had gone round, Mr. *B*———returning it to Mr. *Broughton* said, I have heard of this *Mogine* * *David*, but never before saw one. I took out my

Pocket-

* 'Tis visible by this Pronunciation that Mr. *B*———learn'd his *Hebrew* of a *German*, or a *Dutch Jew*; for the

the *Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian Jews* pronounce quite different, and would read **בִּינוּ רִיר**

Magen David.

* ויצעק חַעַם אֶל כֹּהֵן וַיִּתְּכַלְל כֹּהֵן אֶל-עֲדֹת
וַיִּשְׁקַע חַאֲשׁ

the initial Letters of these Words *Ato, Gibowr, Lignowlome, Yadownoi*. This last Word in the *Hebrew* begins with *A*, which they call *Aleph*, and takes it's Sound from the Vowel marked under it. The *English* of the Words is, *Thou, O Lord, art eternally powerful*. In the Angles is marked *Jehovah*, or as they † pronounce it *Yihowvoh*.

Sir, said I, you have done me a singular Pleasure in this Explanation ; I was curious to know for what this Medal was made, and what was the Inscription. I ey'd it again very attentively, and return'd it to Mr. Broughton. Mr. Brown desired he would let him view it once more, and leaving the Room with it, did not return till we were at the Tea-Table. He then gave Mr. Broughton his Piece of Gold, and me two Pieces of Paper, saying, as I observ'd, Madam, you examin'd the *Shield* of



David very attentively, I have drawn you two Copies, for fear one should be lost. I return'd him

Thanks,

† He must mean the *German Jews* pronounce it so.

Thanks, and was highly obliged for this Instance of Good-nature ; one of these Copies you will find enclosed, my dear Mrs. *Jervis*.

What an Advantage have the Men over our Sex ! certainly the greatest Pleasure Life can afford, as well as the greatest Benefit, is Knowledge ; and from that, cruel Custom debars us. At the Tea-Table Mr. *B*——ask'd the Gentleman by what Accident he had got Possession of the Curiosity he had obliged us with the Sight of. Sir, answer'd he, a travelling *Dutch Jew*, who lay at the Bull in *Maidstone*, unfortunately, one Fair-day, receiv'd a Kick in the Stomach from a Horse which a Jockey was shewing. He was taken up speechless, put into a warm Bed, and a Surgeon sent for, but he expir'd before he came.

He had no Papers, by which any one could gather where his Friends might be heard of, wherefore the Master of the Inn advertis'd this Accident, and laid by his Effects, which were of no great Value. Hearing no News from any one in eighteen Months, he made a publick Sale of the *Jew's* Pacquet. This *Shield of David* was in the unfortunate Man's Fob, (but proved no Protection) and I bought it for the Weight of the Gold.

Some little Time after we had drunk Tea, Mr. *Broughton* and Mr. *Brown* taking Leave, my dear Master and Father took an Airing on Horseback, my Mother amus'd herself with her Family Affairs, and I in reading and writing till Supper-time. My dear Master and Father were but just return'd by the Time it was ready, for they made a Visit to Mr. *Wheeler*, when they were out.

After Supper *Jonathan* told my Master that a servant of Lord *Davers's* was come with a Letter, he was called into the Parlour, and let us know

know his Lord and Lady were at *Tunbridge-Well*, and design'd to be with us the next Day. Having answer'd the Questions Mr. B—— ask'd him, he gave him a couple of Letters; one was from my Lord, the other from my Lady; they had each of them one enclos'd, and directed to me. I here transcribe the four Letters; my Lord's two were as follows.

Dear Brother,

TIS impossible for me to be within a few Days Journey of you, and to deny myself the Pleasure of embracing both yourself, and that excellent young Lady your Spouse, whose Virtues I admire and reverence. My Wife and Self will set out To-morrow early for your new Purchase, where I will shew you a new Woman in Lady Davers, but an old Friend, a very affectionate Brother, and a sincere humble Servant in

DAVERS.

My dear Sister,

WERE I to return you the Thanks you deserve from me for the Obligation your excellent Character has laid me under, I should fatigue both you and myself. Your Life has made the haughty Lady Davers a most reasonable Woman, and she as much emulates and admires your Virtues, as she once despised the Humility of your Birth. How much I revere them, and how greatly I honour you, is impossible for me to express, I indeed want Words; but assure you 'tis from the

the Bottom of my Heart, and not from Form, that I
subscribe myself,

Madam, my dear Sister,

Your truly affectionate Brother,

Admirer, and

Most humble Servant,

DAVERS.

P. S. My Brother will let you know we intend our-
selves the Pleasure of embracing you To-morrow.

My Lady's Letters are as follows.

My dear Brother,

I AM sensible, from your Silence, that I lie under the
uneasy Weight of your Displeasure ; nay, I am sen-
sible my foolish Pride, and unreasonable Behaviour,
while at your Seat in Bedfordshire, merit the severe
Infliction of your Resentment. Tho' 'tis intolerable, I
must with Confusion acknowledge 'tis but just. However,
do not continue my Punishment beyond the Date of my
Repentance, of which I will To-morrow give you con-
vincing Proof, when I have the Satisfaction to enfold
you in the longing Arms of

Dear Brother,

Your most affectionate Sister,

and most humble Servant,

B. DAVERS.

P. S. I know the enclos'd will be most acceptable
from your Hand ; pray give it, with my Respects and
Love to your exemplary Spouse my Sister, your charming
Pamela.

To Mrs. B—— my Sister.

Madam and Sister,

THE virtuous Pamela has at length triumph'd
over the senseless Pride of the self-sufficient Peerefs ;
the Greatness of Soul in the humble Maiden has tram-
pled

pled under Foot the Arrogance of Lady Davers, and the Evenness of Temper in the exalted Wife, her Prudence, which shews no Change in so great a Change of Fortune, has baffled my Resentment, disarm'd my Rage, and turn'd my Anger to Praise and Admiration. Yes, Sister, you have conquer'd, and I acknowledge your Virtues merit the Reward which has crown'd them; forgive me what has pass'd, I did not know you, and I ask Pardon because I now do; as a Proof of this Knowledge, I entreat you to engage my dear Brother to forget how ill I behaved to his Pamela, to whom I am

A very sincere Friend,

Affectionate Sister, and

Very humble Servant,

B. DAVERS.

Is this possible, cry'd I! O my Pamela, answer'd my dear Master, my Sister is still in Character, these haughty Spirits are always in Extremes. I know my Lord's Good-nature, and I am satisfy'd his Endeavours have seconded my Indifference, which I have carry'd on with Pain to myself, to bring her to Reason. Nay I fear, so well am I acquainted with my Sister, that I must continue under some Restraint, lest my shewing the real Love I have for her should again blow up her Pride, the only Fault she can be tax'd with, and make her intolerable.

My Dear Sir, said I, she was never angry at my want of Fortune, her Mortification was my humble Birth; that Obstacle to a thorough Reconciliation being remov'd, I hope, by the Respect and Deference I shall always shew your Sister, I shall by Degrees obtain her Ladyship's Favour. 'Tis indeed, answer'd he, what I did not reflect on; we cannot boast a Descent from more ancient,

more

more virtuous Ancestors than my *Pamela's* on either Side, whether the *Andrews* or the *Jinks*, for they both came in with the Conqueror. I am too well acquainted with History to be ignorant of their Worth and Antiquity. Lady *Andrews* and Lady *Davers* visit each other when in Town, and Mrs. *Jinks* knew my Sister at *Bath*, I am glad they will be here To-morrow, it happens luckily.

Indeed, said my Father, we ought rather to be proud of the Virtues than the Titles of our Ancestors. When I say proud, I mean hold them in higher Esteem, and make it demonstrable we do, by copying after, or endeavouring to excel them. I remember two Lines, which I think are in *Ogleby*, or *Oglevy's* Translation of *Juvenal*, ('tis so long since I was Master of Books I have forgot the Names of Authors) which made an Impression on my Mind, and are,

*The Father's Statue, which with Pride is shewn,
Proves the Disgrace of a degen'rate Son.*

And truly it would be just the hereditary Title should cease, when the Virtue by which it was acquired is not also inherited.

You seem, said my dear Master, to suppose, what I can't admit, that Titles and Honours, or Posts of Dignity, have been ever the Acquisitions of Virtue; whereas History will prove they have been attendant on successful and artful Villainy. Some Men possibly have had a Ribbon given them for deserving a Halter, and an *Oppressor* of his Country has been complimented with the Appellation of *Father of his Country*.

I will allow, Sir, replied my dear Father, a wrong-headed, self-interested, griping, wicked Minister,

nister, may be found in History, who has misled his Prince, made the Sovereign's and the People's appear two distinct and separate Interests, has endeavour'd to aggrandize the Crown, by stretching the Prerogative at the Expence of the Subjects Rights and Liberties ; but, Sir, what have been the fatal Consequences of such impolitick Procedures, and how long have the Honours, or even the Families of such ignorant Politicians subsisted ? I could name you more than one who have risen upon the Ruins they have made, but shew me one of their Family existing, or at least not lost and buried among the very Dregs of the People, if in Being.

That Minister is a wise Man, an honest Subject and a faithful Subject to his Prince, who represents to him, that his and his People's Interests are inseperable, as indeed they are ; and 'tis impossible they can ever be divided and the one set up against the other, but the Consequences must be fatal. The *English* have great Patience, and bear long ; but they too well know the Value of their Liberty not to make a Minister whose Folly or Wickedness prompts him to attempt ravishing from them this inestimable Jewel, sensible of their Resentment and that they will not easily suffer it to be torn from them.

As I found my dear Mr. B—— and my Father entering upon Politicks, I withdrew to my Chamber ; for as 'tis not probable, my dear *Fervis*, we shall ever have a Parliament of Women, I am not solicitous about State Affairs or the Constitutions of particular Countries.

To-morrow Evening I shall give you an Account of what happen'd, but I think it now Time to bid you adieu.—Heaven protect and bless you my dear Friend.

Saturday

Saturday Evening. This Day, my dear *Fer-*
vis, at about half an Hour past One, Sir *Simon*,
 Cousin *Jinks* and their Ladies, stopp'd at our
 Door in their respective Coaches, each with six
 Horses, and (which I interpreted doing Honour
 to my dear Parents and Self) with twelve Servants
 on Horseback in their best Liveries, seven in Sir
Simon's, five (beside their respective Coachmen,
 and Postillions) in that of Cousin *Jinks*. They or-
 dered their Equipages to an Inn about half a Mile
 distant, but Mr. *Colbrand*, who had his Instructi-
 ons, would not suffer any but the Coachmen
 and Postillions to go, and also charged them, to
 dine at our House. I was at Piquet with my dear
 Master when they arriv'd, dress'd, as Mr. *B*—
 desir'd, in the richest Cloaths I have, with all the
 Jewels he calls mine.

My dear Master receiv'd them with his usual
 Politeness; a visible Satisfaction diffus'd itself over
 his Countenance. He thank'd them in a very
 agreeable manner (though the Turn he gave his
 Compliment has slipp'd my Memory, which I am
 sorry for) for the Honour done us, and the friend-
 ly Regard shewn in this Visit to good Mr. *An-*
drews, his Wife, and to his dear *Pamela*. The
 Ladies, when seated, were prevail'd upon to take
 a Rusk, and each a Glas of *Frontignac*; the Gen-
 tlemen eat a Piece of Bread, and drank a Glas of
Champagne: after which I waited on them into
 the Garden. Having taken a Turn or two we
 plac'd our selves in the Summer-house, I there ac-
 quainted them with the Visit we this Day expected
 from Lady *Davers*.—I am really sorry, said I, for
 the Confusion which Reflection will put her into,
 when she hears your Ladyships honour me with the
 Appellation of Kinswoman. Her Passion, when
 she first know that her Brother had rais'd me to

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the honour of being his Wife, was so violent, that she treated me with Language very unbecoming her own Character, and with the highest Indignities she could possibly put upon me.

I know her Ladyship's haughty Spirit, replied Cousin *Jinks*, and though I am not ill-natur'd, I shall see her Confusion without Pain. I shall instead of being uneasy for what she must necessarily suffer from inward Reproach, be pleas'd at her Mortification, as her Pride well deserves it.

Indeed, answer'd Lady *Andrews*, to mortify her Ladyship (who, set aside her Arrogance, is a valuable Woman) is but common Justice. Tho' 'tis impossible for me to shew you greater Respect, or more Affection, than your Merits and our Nearness of Blood exact, yet I am resolv'd to be particular in both.

You speak, my dear Lady, said Cousin *Jinks*, both my Sentiments and Resolution; we will impart our Designs to our Masters, that they may second us.

I answer'd, that I was greatly oblig'd for this Mark of their Goodness to my Parents and Self; but her Ladyship's own Good-nature would make it unnecessary; she never is in a Passion but suffers more after than the Object of her Anger does by it. Indeed, while she was at Mr. *B——*'s Seat in *Bedfordshire*, she behav'd with Civility, but with a very cold and haughty Reservedness, which she could not then get the better of, tho' I am satisfied she had many a hard Struggle with her Pride to oblige her Brother, on whom, she in a manner doats.

It was with great Mortification that she saw me at the Head, or even at the Table where she sat, but it was what she was forc'd to bear. My Parents, who knew her Temper, and apprehend-

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ed Insults, came as little as possible in her way, and Mr. B—— was so good to allow them to eat in a Room by themselves, where the Table and Attendance spoke the most obliging Respect.

My Lord is very different from my Lady; he has good Sense, and no Pride; he treated me as Mr. B——'s Wife, and honour'd me with the Appellation of Sister, which not seldom brought the Blood into Lady *Davers's* Face, and gave her terrible Agitations, as she durst not shew, before her Brother, how much she was shock'd.

Mr. B—— observ'd every thing, and as he was sensible I could not be blind to this contemptuous Treatment, us'd often to excuse her; tell me Time, Reason, and my Prudence, would change the Scene, and desired I would bear with her impertinent Folly, to speak his Words, which he pity'd, as he look'd upon it a Disease of the Mind she could not easily conquer.

Mr. B—— Yesterday received these Letters, (which I shew'd) and I am satisfy'd I am indebted to the Method his Tenderness for me oblig'd him to take, though he at the same time suffered by the Coldness he shew'd to a Sister whom he tenderly loves, and I am certain I owe a great deal to my Lord's Good-nature and Arguments, that her Ladyship has submitted to the Condescensions you will observe in her Letters.

They read them, and lifted up their Eyes as in Admiration. Consider, Ladies, said I, her Ladyship's own Ease is at Stake, for she can enjoy no Peace while her Brother treats her with the least Slight. Mrs. *Finks* answer'd,

And, how easily might she have prevented his Coldness, and the Mortification she must have been under to have her Pride thus humbled, would she

have listen'd to Reason, and done Justice to your Beauty and Virtue? Did Ladies of Rank and Quality know what a Grace Affability adds to all their Words and Actions, how it insinuates them into the good Opinion of all with whom they are acquainted, or have any Concerns to manage; how it compels Love and Respect; and, on the contrary, how contemptible Pride renders, even the greatest, in the Eyes of the very meanest People; what a secret Hate it makes them conceive, and how it exposes them to ridiculous Criticisms, and makes them the Butt of every one's Rage and Resentment: we should see this Vice, this odious Vice, which has neither Pleasure nor Profit to recommend it, and which is rais'd on the Basis of an over-bearing Conceit of our own Merit, banish'd from among the *Great*. Among the truly *Great* indeed it is seldom found, and commonly nestles in with such only, who, conscious of their own little Worth, think to make themselves some amends, by treating others with the Contempt they themselves deserve, and seldom fail of having return'd upon them.

You say very true, Cousin, answer'd my Lady, this Vice is seldom among the well-born and well-bred; nay, 'tis an Observation made by the lowest People, for nothing is more common than to hear them say, you may see such a one is a Gentleman or a Gentlewoman, he or she is so courteous: This makes Lady *Davers's* Pride more astonishing, for few are better born or have had more Care bestowed on their Education.

Well, reply'd my Cousin *Jinks*, my Cousin here has no Reason to give her the right Hand on the Score of Family, whether on the Male or Female Side, or in Point of Alliances.

Madam

Madam, said I, her Ladyship did not know I had that Honour. True, answer'd Mrs. *Jinks*, but she knew you was her Brother's Wife, who, without a Coronet, is a Gentleman of a more ancient Family than her Lord, Master of a larger Fortune, and might, would he have accepted it, have had a Title a Degree above a Viscount : This is notoriously known he has more than once refused, and, by so doing, has given Proof of admirable good Sense, and great Probity.

Having convers'd sometime in the Summer-house we went into the Parlour, where Sir *Simon*, Mr. *Jinks*, and my Father were engag'd at Ombre, Mr. *Brown* and my dear Master in a Party of Piquet.

I propos'd following the Example, which the Ladies agreeing to, we were going to sit down to Quadrille, but my dear Sir, objected to it.

No, no, said he, one of you Ladies shall come to our Table, and we will play at Ombre, one shall take Sir *Simon*'s, or Mr. *Jinks*'s Place at theirs, and then one of those Gentlemen will be happy in the Conversation of two of you. Mother, said he, you will do us the Favour of your Company, for tho' I don't take you to be the worst, yet you are the most indolent Player, your Thoughts are always much better employ'd.

My Mother made up the Number at his Table. Mrs. *Jinks* took Sir *Simon* by the Shoulder, bid him make Place for his Elder, and go play with the two Girls. We play'd till about Three o'Clock, when my Lord and Lady, their Horses all in a Foam, came to the Gate, with his Nephew, and nine Servants on Horseback.

Mr. B—— receiv'd them at the Gate, handed my Lady out of her Chariot, and embrac'd her very affectionately ; he then embrac'd his Lord-

ship, made his Nephew a short Compliment, and handed his Sister into the Hall. I met her in the Middle of it, saluted her, which she suffer'd with a visible Constraint upon herself, and taking her Hand to conduct her into the Parlour, said, I was very sensible of the Honour she did me in this great Condescension. Why, *Pamela*, said she, every body gives you so good a Character, you behave so prudently, my Brother is so fond of you, and my Lord so much your Friend, that I must, Girl, whether I will or not, love thee, and call thee Sis-ter, or your doating Husband there won't do me the same Honour; and my Lord says, my good Sense will be call'd in question. Egad, and so it will, Madam, cry'd Master *Jackey*.

My Mother was coming to salute her Ladyship, of which she being aware, turn'd away with a disdainful Air, and said, how do you do, Goody *Andrews*, I did not at first see you. Then directing herself to me, continued, so, Sis-ter, — well, 'tis out, and I am not choak'd.

Lady *Andrews* said, my Cousin *B* —, Madam, will not dishonour the Appellation.

Lady *Andrews*! cry'd my Sis-ter, I beg your Ladyship's Pardon, I really, Madam, did not distinguish your Ladyship. Mrs. *Jinks*, I am your very humble Servant, I would have sooner paid you my Compliments, but this Girl here, my Sis-ter, had quite engross'd me.

'Tis no wonder, Madam, your Ladyship is not singular in that Point, reply'd Cousin *Jinks*, my Cousin *B* — has Beauty to attract our Eyes, Wit to charm the Mind, Sense to engage our Attention, and a Prudence, in all her Actions, to cause our Wonder, and compel our Respect and Esteem.

By my Conscience, Madam, cry'd my Lord, you speak my very Sentiments of my dear Sister, whom I have not yet saluted ; which he, and his Nephew after him, did in a very respectful Manner, and then saluted the rest of the Company.

Jonathan came in to lay the Cloth, and the Cards being removed we sat down, and Lady *Davers* said to my dear Master, One thing surprizes me. I did not know our Family had the Honour of being ally'd to these Ladies who compliment your Wife with the Title of Cousin.

Madam, said Lady *Andrews*, we are proud the Virtues of one of our Family has procured us the Honour of being ally'd to a Gentleman of Mr. B——'s great Worth.

I suppose Madam, the Accident of the same Name, answer'd Lady *Davers*, has given Ground for so great a Condescension : But I am afraid your Complaisance may hurt that Prudence which Mrs. *Jinks* just now commended, and make the Girl—I beg Pardon, my Sis--ter, proud.

Mr. B—— sat and laughed in his Sleeve ; I saw he was highly delighted with the Scene.

Never fear, Madam, said Mr. *Jinks*, Pride is the Vice of narrow Minds, and a weak Genius. And added Sir *Simon*, much seldomer found in the nobly born than the upstart Favourites of Fortune.

Indeed, said Mrs. *Jinks*, Affability is the Characteristick of the true Person of Quality—— By my Conscience, Madam, cry'd my Lord, you are right ; nay you are all right in your Definitions. I maintain it, a Man of good Sense cannot be proud.

And a Woman of good Breeding, though but of a moderate Sense, said Lady *Andrews*, whatever Haughtiness she may have mixed in with the other Parts of her Composition, will endeavour to conceal

ceal it: For when all is done, Good-breeding is no more than artificial good Nature.

Then, said Lady *Davers*, there is no Allowance for conscious Merit or Virtue, or superiour Birth or Fortune?

Yes, yes, cry'd Mr. *B* —, these we allow for in weak People, but they can never be productive of Pride in any other. Witness my *Pamela* — where is there a Tongue so vile as will venture to tax her with Pride? And who is there so vain as to say they out-shine her in Virtue, in——

Hold Brother, there is a Curb upon Pride in her, which Persons as virtuous may be free from.

If you mean want of Birth, you are under a gross Mistake: 'Tis commonly (as you have heard granted by the whole Company) the Upstart, the Wretch who raised from a Dunghil, grown giddy with his good Fortune, that is most subject to the mean Vice of the Soul.

Then your *Pamela* is an Exception, Brother — Just here the first Course was brought in, and we taking our Places, my Lady asked my dear Mr. *B* — if Goodman and Goody *Andrews* were to dine with her Lord and her.

I hope, said he softly, I am as good as you. Don't behave in a Manner which you will repent, and for which you will be covered with Confusion. — Take my Advice. — This House is Mr. *Andrew's* House.

Had I known it, Brother, I should have spared the Visit. My Mother, as Mr. *B* — always made her, from the first Day we came hither, sat at the head of the Table, and did the Honour of the House as Mistress.

My Mother asked her Ladyship if she should have the Honour to serve her from the Dish next her Hand? She answer'd, Thank-ye, Goody *Andrews*,

Andrews, I will beg the Favour of my Brother to help me. I shan't eat much.

Lady *Andrews* colour'd at the Answer, and said, My Cousin *Andrews*, Madam, has left the Goody in *Bedfordshire*, where she took it up. We treat her here with the Respect and Title she has a just Claim to from her Merit, which rather gives Lustre to, than derives one from her Birth.

Said Lady *Davers*, I believe she will hardly boast of her Birth indeed ; and fell into a most contemptuous Laugh.

Her Ladyship makes a right Judgment of my Cousin *Andrew's* good Sense, said Mrs. *Jinks*. She cannot be proud of what is not owing to herself ; though to make no particular Comparison, she has as much Ground for Vanity on that Head, as they who value themselves most on being accidentally descended from an ancient Stock.

My Lady colour'd at this prodigiously, for she took it to herself ; but Cousin *Jinks* proceeded. We are far from thinking we do my Cousin *Andrews* Honour in owning her and her Husband very near Relations to both Sir *Simon's* and our Family ; as they are, to all the Quality and Gentry of *Kent*, and Mr. *Andrews* in particular, to some of the most illustrious Families in *Sweden*, as will be allowed by all who knew the Baron *de Storme* his Mother's Father.

This, Madam, said Mr. *Jinks*, is an undeniable Truth. Mr. *Andrews* and his Spouse, that Lady whom your Ladyship calls Goody, are the nearest Relations Sir *Simon* and I have ; and they do Honour to both Families.

My Lady seem'd to drop from the Clouds into a new World ; my Lord listen'd with visible Pleasure, and the Lordling *Jackey* gaped with his Mouth

Mouth open, just as I have seen a Country Fellow at a Puppet-shew.

Sister, said my dear Mr. B——, you seem surpriz'd, and indeed 'tis no Wonder. It is astonishing to find so masculine a Virtue in this Gentleman and his Lady, as to be able to bear up against Adversity and Contempt with such Fortitude, that nothing was strong enough to wrest from them this Secret. Call to mind your own Treatment both of them and my dear *Pamela*, and acknowledge they as far out-go you in good Sense in a generous Contempt of worldly Vanity, and in Strength and Resolution, as you fancy'd you outshone them in the Advantage of a fortuitous Birth. I may perhaps anger you with a Retrospection, but 'tis necessary for the Cure of the only Failing you are taxed with, and which throws a Blemish over a Number of Virtues.

Look back to the Origin of most great Families, and we shall find the Leathern Breeches: I would be understood that they have sprung from something Mean, and that he is esteem'd the noblest which can be ranked the longest in the Degree of the Gentry. The first who raised ours was a common Soldier in the Army of *Edward* the Third. He was the Son of a Guantlet-maker, or Blacksmith, if you think it more Honour. This Soldier, was for his Bravery in that Monarch's Wars in *France*, distinguish'd by him, and gradually raised to the Command of a Regiment, to which his Son succeeded, and by copying after his Father, became a General, and commanded a Flying-Camp. He grew in great Favour with that warlike Prince; married a Woman of Family and Fortune, and laid the Foundation of that which by Succession I now enjoy. I need not proceed.

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The Family of the *Andrews* and that of the *Jinks* both came in with *William the Conqueror*, and had great Posts in his Army ; so that they are earlier much on the List of Gentry, reckon on their Side since the Conquest only, than we can pretend to be : But they can both count, long before that Period, great Men in their Families. Hence 'tis evident that *Pamela* on both Father and Mother's Side, for Mrs. *Andrews* is a *Jinks*, this *Wench*, this *Girl*, this *painted Dirt*, this *Beggars Brat*, is a Gentlewoman, by many Kings Reigns of more ancient Descent, from more noble Blood, than the *imperious Lady Davers*, the *haughty Viscountess*, the *furious Peerefs*, who disdain'd to own her Brother's Wife (her Superior in Birth, and greatly, greatly so, in the Endowments of her Mind) for a Sister.——Pardon me, my Lord, for this Liberty with your Lady, 'tis the last I shall take : Either her good Sense will never give me a future Opportunity, or her Pride convince me she is irreclaimable by Reason, and therefore unworthy of my Affection or Concern. I love her with a Fondness, which nothing but she herself can diminish ; but love my Ease, and I love my *Pamela*, I won't say more than my Sister, but much, much more than myself. Nay, I love every thing that pleases her, and every one who values or even mentions her with Regard.

I find Brother, said my Lady, you had prepar'd a Roast for me, and your Knowledge of my Visit enabled you to pray the Assistance of these Ladies. Here she burst out into a Flood of Tears. He took her round the Neck, kissed her, and answered : No, my dear Sister, these Ladies honour you, and the good Company intended me this Mark of their Friendship a Day before I had your Letters.

O my dear *Fervis*, what Pain was I in to see my Lady thus (as she called it) roasted. I could almost have beat my Lord, for I thought he shewed a malicious Pleasure in seeing her Pride thus attacked from every Quarter. She had not one in the Company but seem'd combined against her, except *Jackey*, and as they say he was struck all on a Heap, and had not a Word to throw at a Dog. He had, you'll see, his Turn of Mortification; for *Jackey*, tho' he is not quite Seven and Twenty, stands much upon Punctilio, and is not a little proud of his being a Lord's Son.

My Lord said, poor *Bab*, thy Brother is a most mortifying ill-natur'd Wretch, to rake back into Things that have been so long forgotten in the World, and bring thee a Blacksmith for an Ancestor. 'Tis monstrous, barbarous Usage; 'tis meer Spight, Envy and burning Malice: But I will comfort thee, dear *Bab*; don't cry, my Child; take thy Finger out of its Neye, it is a naughty paw-paw Brother, to abuse known Sister at such a wicked rate; but to make thee amends, know, if thy Father was a Blacksmith, it was of the better Sort, he wrought for the executive Part of the Body, the *Hand*, and thou art better born than thy Husband, for my Ancestor wrought for a Part I am ashamed to mention: Yes, *Bab*, he was a Breeches-maker.

How, my Lord, said *Jackey*, your Ancestor a Breeches-maker? Ay, *Jackey*, neither better nor worse, and I will tell you what you don't know, he made his, and my Fortune consequently, at the Battle of *Agincourt*; for there the *English* pull'd off their Breeches, for a certain Reason, which you may find in History, and left them with the Baggage. Now some brave *Frenchmen* there being only Women and Boys with this Bag-

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age, had the Courage to fall upon, kill them, and steal the Soldier's Breeches ; by which Misfortune to the Army, my Ancestor had so much Business to repair the Damage by altering and fitting those of the *Frenchmen*, killed in the Battle, to the Posteriors of the *Englisch* Conquerors, that he laid the Foundation of the Fortune I now enjoy.

The Company smiled at my Lord's manner of comforting his Lady ; and she said, I find my Lord too, joins in turning me into Ridicule : But that was needless. These Ladies, and my Brother, had already turned my Eyes inward upon myself and appear as contemptible in my own Sight, as I am sensible I have all along been in that of others. Oh, my dearest Sister, (taking me about the Neck and bathing my Face with her Tears) I can't doubt your Goodness to forgive me, who had the heroick Patience to bear my Insults. Pardon me, thou Miracle of thy Sex, pardon me, who (tho' intoxicated with Pride) despised thy Humility, yet ever admir'd and rever'd thy Virtue, and with Pleasure gazed upon the Charms of thy Person, which pleaded hard in thy Behalf : And whenever I view'd thee, disarm'd my Resentment, and almost reconcil'd me to the Step my Brother had taken. Pardon me, my dear Brother, all the Uneasiness my impertinent Pride has given you : But, Oh, with what Confusion do I look upon Mr. and Mrs. *Andrews*, whom I have treated in a manner so unbecoming their Character and Merit ; and how can I expect Pardon from these Gentlemen and Ladies, whom I have insulted in the Persons of their Relations ?

Madam, reply'd my Father, you ought to suffer no Confusion on our Accounts. You never intended to insult Mr. and Mrs. *Andrews*, and

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therefore they ought not to resent your treating the *Goodman* and *Goody* in a manner you thought suitable to their mean Station. You have done us no Injury, I assure your Ladyship, not so much, as to once ruffle our Tempers ; we have learned to bear with the World, and never attempted to reform it.

There spoke the Philosopher, said my Lord, There, my dear *Bab*, in these few Words you have an excellent Lecture, and a most genteel Reprimand. Egad, I took Notice of that, cry'd *Jackey*, for Mr. *Andrews* has very civilly told my Aunt, neither her Pride nor Anger was worth his minding ; and egad, I think so, when Folks are unreasonable.

Jackey, said my Lady, if you are so penetrating as to discover such Meaning in what Mr. *Andrews* said, you ought to have had the Manners to have left his Sense as you found it, and not to rudely have lifted the Veil which his good Breeding had cast over it.

Madam, reply'd my Father, what I said of being unmoved, was with Regard to our being habituated so long to Misfortunes that we were in a manner insensible to any new that could befall us. Mr. *Andrews*, you discover as much Humanity as good Sense, answer'd Lady *Davers*, and you shall find me, by a different Behaviour, endeavour to gain yours and Mrs. *Andrews's* good Opinion.

'Tis, Madam, reply'd my Mother, what your Ladyship never forfeited. Your Ladyship is a good and charitable Lady ; but as you are not yet an Angel, and nothing mortal is perfect, we should be unjust did we suffer the little Sallies of Passion (for which you had great Provocation, at least you had Reason to think so) in the least to

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obscure the Number of Virtues conspicuous in your Ladyship's Life.

O Mrs. *Andrews*, said Lady *Davers*, you are all Goodness. Shall we, rather will you and Mr. *Andrews* forget the past ? I am sure my charming Sister will. I stand Guarantee, said my dear Mr. *B-----*, for a lasting Peace from hence forward. Egad, cry'd *Jackey*, and so will I ; for never in my Life fell I in with such a Set of reasonable good Souls. I have more Pardons to beg, continued Lady *Davers*. No, reply'd Mrs. *Jinks*, your Ladyship has made greater Reparation than was required ; tho' give me leave to say, not more than might be expected from your own good Sense.

I hope, said Lady *Andrews*, an uninterrupted Harmony will be the Consequence. Believe me, reply'd Lady *Davers*, I was never sensible of Pleasure equal to what I feel in finding my dear *Pamela*, my lovely Sister, every way deserving of my Brother. Egad, said *Jackey*, I believe you never spoke a truer Word in your Life : But give me leave to say, Aunt, as well as you love your Brother, you are better pleas'd to find *Pamela*, as you call her, a Gentlewoman, than you were with the Knowledge of her being a prudent Wife.

Fie, *Jackey*, cry'd my Lord, you there shot a Bolt. Egad, my Lord, I speak my Mind.----- I know my Aunt : But no more of that. Turning to a Servant, and calling for a Glass of Wine, he drank to Lady *Andrews*, Peace and Harmony to Mr. *B-----* and his Lady's Family. They all approved the Toast, we Women were obliged to drink it ; my Lady *Davers* grew chearful, recovered her Stomach, eat pretty heartily, and before Dinner was ended was excellent good Company.

You may believe I must necessarily have omitted some Passages, though I wrote this before I went to-bed that I might not forget more. You may guess, my dear *Jervis*, at the Satisfaction I find in this thorough, and I hope lasting Reconciliation, better than I can describe it ; for it is the greatest imaginable to my dear Master, who has twenty times this Day embraced and called Lady *Davers* his good Sister.

Our Relations staid as long as they could to get to Sir *Simon's* before the Close of Day. Lady *Davers* was very chearful and entertaining in her Conversation.----- The whole Company seem'd pleased with one another ; and even *Jackey* was, to my great Surprize, sprightly without being impertinent ; and now and then witty without pumping. He told Lady *Davers*, that she might see in this Company what a charming Influence good Nature has, and observe her own Power to give Pleasure by the Gaiety her good Humour had inspir'd. Stop there, *Jackey*, reply'd her Ladyship. Why so ? cry'd Mr. *B-----*, I think he has made you a genteel Compliment. Not a very mannerly one, Brother, since 'tis at the Expence of all the rest of this Company. Pardon us, Madam, I will take upon me to answer for my Relations, reply'd Lady *Andrews*. We all allow the Compliment just ; for 'tis your Ladyship's good Humour and Complaisance that enlivens this little Circle. Madam, the Compliment you make me, reply'd my Sister, (for now she will let me call her nothing else, and she has the Word always in her Mouth) speaks your Ladyship remarkable for both those agreeable Qualities. And no Body more so, cry'd *Jackey*, than Lady *Davers*. *Jackey, Jackey*, said she, I expect to pay for your Incense. To make use of a coarse Proverb, that

Boy

Boy never gave me Roast-meat, but he beat me with the Spit. I see no Tendency, said Mr. B---, to his saying any thing disobliging ; and perhaps, Sister, your Delicacy is a little too great. Egad, Uncle, you have hit the Nail on the Head, to answer my Aunt's Proverb. She don't love to be told of her Faults ; and she calls this Proof of my Value for her, Impertinence. Her Ladyship loves Truth in every thing but what regards herself ; and, egad, because I tell it her, she'll call me a sawcy Boy, and I know not what : Nay, never frown, Aunt, I'll be hang'd, nay, I'll be d---d, if my Uncle don't think what I say, right. Did not I tell you, cry'd Lady *Davers*,----- I thought, continu'd *Jackey*, I deserved a low Curtesey from her, for saying, one Day, it was Pity Lady *Davers* should ever be angry, (indeed she was not then quite compos'd, her Spirits were in a little hurry) for it gave the Air of a North-Easter to the finest Woman in *England*, and egad, if I had not had a good Share of Heels, she would have slapped my Chaps for me. Mr. B---- and the rest of the Company, nay, even my Lady could not help smiling at the sorrowful Tone in which *Jackey* spoke this : And my Sister cry'd, Well, *Jackey*, you shall see a thorough Reformation ; you shall tell me my Faults with Freedom, and I will hear them with Patience : Nay, I will thank you for your Reprehensions. Egad, Madam, it is well for Mr. B-----, your Ladyship's Servants did not hear this. Why so ? said Mr. B-----. Why so ? answered *Jackey*, why they would have been so transported, they would have all got drunk for Joy, and your Strong-Beer would have suffer'd severely. They'd have made your Barrels as noisy as themselves. They would not have left you a Drop, and would have

beat a Point of War on the Heads of your re-
founding Casks. I see, *Jackey*, said my Lady
Davers, you have a mind I should give this Com-
pany a Proof of my Change. By my Conscience,
answered my Lord, my Nephew is not far from
the Mark ; for let me tell you, my dear *Bab*, if
you get the better of your too great Vivacity, you
have not another Fault to correct, at least that I
can discover, and no Lady would be more loved
and honoured by her Family, from your Steward
to your Scullion.

Well, my Lord, said she, I will rather con-
vince you by my Endeavours than make you large
Promises. *Jackey* will be an excellent Touch-
stone to try my Patience.----- Egad, Madam,
my Endeavours shan't be wanting, and if you will
but promise to restrain the Activity of your Hands,
for though they are very pretty, soft and white, I
don't much care to feel them in the manner you
sometimes honour me, I won't fail being a faith-
ful Monitor. Uncle B-----, that fine Lady there,
your Sister, and my Aunt, has the lightest, and
at the same time the heaviest Fingers, a Paradox
I can reconcile, of any Lady of her Quality in
England.

Did I not tell this good Company *Jackey* would
be an excellent Touch-stone, said her Ladyship.---
Egad, Madam, for all your promis'd Reforma-
tion, I would not have ventur'd to have said thus
much by ourselves, without it was in a large Room,
you at one End, and I at the other, with the Door
in Hand.

The Company could not forbear laughing at
Jackey's Precaution, my Sister herself smil'd.
Jackey continu'd, my Lord, your great Dining-
Room shall be our Probation Room, and if my
Lndy will come up every Afternoon I will give ner

a Lecture on that excellent Virtue Patience, and then furnish her Impertinence for her Practice. O' my Conscience I believe thou wilt, Boy, answer'd Lady *Davers*, thou hast given the Company good Proof of thy Capacity that way.

When our Relations took Leave it was in a very affectionate Manner. Mr. *B-----* said, He hoped the Pleasure of seeing them in Town, and if they would honour him with Notice of their Arrival, his *Pamela* and he would not fail in paying their Respects.

When they were driven off, and I return'd, Lady *Davers* catch'd me in her Arms, call'd me her dear, her charming Sister : She made a Number of Excuses and Compliments to my Father and Mother, which they answer'd with Good-manners and Gravity : She would needs see the House ; after that, my Mother and I must take a Turn in the Garden with her. She is now as fond of, as she was formerly averse to me, and by her Civilities to my Parents seems to endeavour to obliterate her former Behaviour. My dear Mr. *B----* is so charm'd with her Carriage, that I believe he has hugg'd and kiss'd her twenty times since the Company went, and she as often has made me the same Caresses. As I stepp'd out to give the Maid some Orders about her Ladyship's Room, my dear *B-----* clapp'd a large single Brilliant Stone Ring on my Finger ; I have heard is valued at two hundred Pounds. My *Pamela*, my dear Life, said he, take an Opportunity to change this with the Ring my Sister wears ; it is not a Present from my Lord, I was by, when she bought it for forty Pounds.

After Supper, as she had me by the Hand, I lifted it, and giving her a gentle Squeeze, suddenly brought it to my Mouth, and kiss'd it ; she
pulled

pulled it away, and catching me round the Neck, kiss'd me two or three times before she would let me go. O, Madam, said I, what Pleasure do you afford me by this Goodness ; I may now venture to ease my Heart, and declare its Sentiments by saying to you I do, and ever did tenderly love you, though my Respect hitherto hindered me from taking the Liberty which your present Condescension has encouraged. I again took her Hand in mine. My dear Sister, said she, if a reciprocal Tenderness can continue me that Love, it will know no End.

I thanked her Ladyship, and looking at her Ring, said, This Stone has a fine Water : (I had turned the Diamond of my Ring to the Inside of my Hand, and only the Hoop, set with Brilliant Sparks, appeared.) Do you like it, my Dear ? answered Lady *Davers*. I replied, More, Madam, for the sake of the Wearer, than for the Value of the Stone. She immediately took it off her Finger, and said, Then oblige me in wearing it for my sake.

Madam, I cannot refuse your obliging Present ; but if I am happy enough to enjoy the Honour of your Regard, you will condescend to wear this Hoop for your *Pamela's* sake.---- Give it me, my dear Sister, I will never part with it. But let me put it on, said I, since you are so good. Your Brother made me his by such a Ceremony : Oh may this make me looked upon as yours, entirely devoted to, and fond of you, and when you look upon it ; Oh think that you hold a Place in my Heart next that dear Benefactor, and my tenderly beloved Parents.

I had put on her Ring, and saying this, slipped mine on her Finger, the Stone inward. When she felt it, lifting up her Hand, and turning the
Ring

Ring round, she cried, Oh the little Cheat, look you, my Lord, how she has tricked me. By my Conscience, said he, looking on the Ring, I wonder you suffer yourself to be so imposed on, my dear *Bab*. *Jackey* took her Hand, and viewing the Ring, cried out, A Bite, a Bite ; egad, she has fairly taken you in : Why, your Ring is worth forty Pounds, which she has got, and palmed one upon you, not worth---- I believe---- Let me see ---- No, not worth above a couple of Hundred. Egad, send for a Constable, Aunt.

No, *Jackey*, I'll revenge myself on the little dear Trickster : And catching me round the Neck, she almost smothered me with Kisses. Hark-ye, said Mr. B----, though I own my Wife has monstrously imposed on you, I can't sit still, and see her so cruelly used : He instantly got up, took us both in his Arms, and kissed us oftner than I can tell you ; but not once oftner than I liked.

Why this, said my Lord, is right ; may nothing ever interrupt this Harmony. I told my Lady, that I believed she must be sensible of some Fatigue after her Journey ; that her Chamber was ready, and my Mother, and I, would wait on her Ladyship whenever she was disposed for Rest. You naughty Girl, what made you mention the Word Fatigue ; I am so charmed with thee, I should not have remembered I was weary, if you had not put me in mind of it ; but I can't be angry with you, or ever think your Opinion wrong, so if you will, my dear Sister, I'll e'en go to Bed. My Mother and I, with two Servants, waited on her to her Chamber, after she had kissed my dear Master, and wished the Company good Night. My Mother stay'd about a Minute with her, but I, till she was in Bed. I offered to help in undressing her, but she would not allow it, and

and said many endearing Things. When she was lain down, having before taken my Leave of the Gentlemen, I retired to my Chamber, and sat me down to this Letter, which I don't yet think long enough. My Lord, my dear Master, and *Jackey*, are drinking a Bottle, and perhaps I shall hear no news of my Bedfellow these two Hours, tho' it is almost ten o'Clock. I pray the Omnipotent Goodness that my Life may in some measure deserve a Continuance of these Blessings, that I may never forget they are the pure Effects of his merciful and infinite Bounty, and may the bearing constantly in mind his ineffable Benevolence, and my own Unworthiness ever keep me constant in my Duty both to God and Man. May the Almighty, my dear *Jervis*, ever keep you under his Protection, I indeed make it my hearty Prayer, and I should be ungrateful did I ever forget you when I prostrate my self before the Throne of divine Mercy. Adieu, my dear Friend.

Sunday Evening. As soon as I was dressed and come down, seeing the Gentlemen in the Hall, I went and paid my Respects to my Lady, who was almost ready to leave her Chamber. She embraced and kissed me, and having answered to my Questions, which were those of course, how she had reposed, and such like, she enquired after my Health with seeming Affection, and asked me if our Minister was a good Preacher.----I believe your Ladyship will think him so, because Mr. *B*----- gives him that Character.-----Nay then I am sure I shall find him so, for he is a very good Judge, and will flatter no body. The World accounts my Brother a Man of Learning, and I can witness he will speak his Sentiments very freely, or be silent, he has both ways made me shed many a briny Tear.

He

He is a dear good Man, but for all that he has been angry with, and often severely reprimanded me for a violent Temper ; yet my greatest Passions in comparison of his, when provoked, is like a Summer's Breeze to a Winter's Storm. Lord keep me out of that Tempest, said I, which would prove the Wreck of all Happiness,----- I don't fear it falling upon you ; but take my Advice, my dear Sister, whenever you see him angry, let who, or what will have enflamed him, don't interpose, keep out of his way. When he sees his Passion has that Effect, and that 'tis terrible to you, it will make him strive to conquer it, and such a Procedure will be more efficacious than the most convincing Reason, which indeed can never weigh with Madmen, and who is in a Passion is quite mad for the Time.

I thank your Ladyship, and will treasure up and practise your Advice. Does your Ladyship know the Day of the Month ? No, my dear Sister ; but before I ask you the Reason of that Question, I must tell you, if you don't substitute *Sister* for *Ladyship* I will never answer you. Lady *Davers* and *Pamela* could never agree, tho' I hope, I am sure as to one, there is a sincere Affection between Mr. B.---'s Lady and Mr. B.---'s Sister. Believe me, Madam, said I, you may answer for two ; but what you command is a Liberty.----Fiddle-faddle, cried she, now I don't believe but you are a little Hypocrite, when you say you love me. ---Madam, you will change that Thought, when I assure you, next my dear Master and Parents, I hold your Ladyship most dear ; and when I have told you that this is Sacrament Day, I beg your Ladyship won't take it ill, if I don't wait on you from Church, and prefer the Duty I owe to my Creator to the Respect due to your Ladyship. She catch'd

catch'd me in her Arms, and kissing me, said, Oh how fortunate is my Brother in the Possession of so much Goodness.

When her Ladyship was dress'd I waited on her to the Parlour, she made my Father and Mother an obliging Compliment, and they sat down to Breakfast ; I was readily excus'd. *Pamela*, said my dear Master, my lovely *Pamela*, tell me, do you love my Sister ? Sir, said I, I have already protested to her Ladyship I do very sincerely, I repeat it to you with Pleasure.----And you heartily forgive all that's pass'd ? Her Ladyship, Sir, never really injured me, for it was her Passion, not her Sentiments, that made her Tongue censure my Virtue when I own'd the Honour you had done me ; but, Sir, I hope you don't think I so little know my Duty, or am so wicked, as to dare approach the Altar with Rancour in my Heart, and you know I this Day intend to receive. Had my Lady brought the greatest Misfortune upon, that can befall me, your Neglect, I should even forgive her that terrible Infliction.

You take my Questions too seriously, my Angel, I asked them previously to a Favour I have to beg.-----And what is there in your *Pamela's* Power that you cannot, my dear Sir, command ? -----You will then give me a Proof of your Love and thorough Reconciliation ? ----- Any, Sir, you can require.----- Then let me shew her the Papers I have read, and the Sequel. I blush'd, and my Lady asked if it was a Journal. On Mr B----'s Answer, she cried, Oh, my dear Sister, don't deny me this Mark of your Affection. Madam, said I, I can deny nothing to either Brother or Sister, ; but as I hold your Esteem extremely dear, I fear my Remarks may lessen it ; indeed you will be convinced, when you have read them, you

might

might have employ'd your Time much better, Come, come, Mrs. Critick, pray don't speak so slightly of my Wife's Works, answered Mr. B——, I know they will, they must agreeably entertain my Sister.

I hope, said my Lord, my darling *Sister* won't deny me the same Satisfaction. — If I thought they could give you any, I should indeed find a very sensible Pleasure, for I am greatly indebted to your Lordship's Goodness. I am a much greater Debtor to your Virtues, my lovely Sister, replied he, you don't know how much they have contributed to my Happiness—Egad, Uncle, so they have, for my Aunt B---'s Conduct has shamed my Aunt Lady *Davers* into a reasonable Woman, and now, my Lord, you and Mr. B—— may boast you have the two finest, and two best Wives on this Side, or under the Sun, which you please.— *Jackey*, said Lady *Davers*, I suppose you tagg'd that Compliment, for fear of my light heavy Fingers; but there was no Occasion Child, I can now hear Truth, and won't wrong my Sister by denying your Assertion, and that she is so. — Egad, Madam, give me leave to kiss you for this, my Uncle may make what Use he will of his great Dining-Room, I find we shan't want it: Saying this, he took Lady *Davers*'s Hand and kissed it.

My Mother, who managed the Tea-Table, was very serious; she took nothing, as she designed to receive, and hardly spoke. My Father walked in the Garden, and smoked his Pipe till it was Church-time, of which, coming in, he gave us Notice, and we all walk'd thither.

At our Return I found Lady *Davers* in her Chamber reading my Papers. She obligingly said, she feared she should never be easy without her dear *Pamela*, either in her Sight or her Hands. She

embraced me tenderly ; *Pamela*, the charming, dear *Pamela*, is entertaining, even absent. While I read your Writings, reflect on your Virtues, or contemplate the Beauty of your Form, I find Cause for Wonder and instructive Lessons.

My dear, my good Lady *Davers*, answered I, is extremely condescending, and I believe has no Equal in the Art of obliging, if not her excellent Brother.

Ay, ay, replied my Lady, I will make my Complaints to that excellent Brother, I'll immediately let him know how you treat me ; you shall see his Justice will make him take my Part, even against his naughty lovely Wife. O, Madam, what have I said or done, that your Ladyship should complain of me ?—Well, if you Will mend your Fault, and be a better Dear for the future, I won't tell. You treat me with a Ceremony and Distance which disgusts me ; if I don't yet deserve to be call'd your *Sister*, yet flatter my Vanity, and suffer me to flatter my self. Let me think you do, by laying aside every other Title. Indeed, my dear, dear *Pamela*, I will merit that Appellation, and Time shall evince that I am a sincerely affectionate *Sister*, — Madam, said I—Look ye, replied she, why Madam ? is not this provoking ? Oh fie, I did not think you had so much Ill-nature.—Well, my dear *Sister*, and flung my Arms round her Neck, and kissed her, since you will have me lay aside that Respect which both your Rank and Merit exact, I will give you no future Cause of Complaint. Now, said she, kissing me again, you are my dear good Sister. Come, let us take a Turn in the Orchard.

As we went through the Hall Mr. B—, who was there, asked where we were going ? my Lady told him. I'll go with you, said he, putting himself

self in the middle, and clasping each of us round the Waste. Now, my dear Sister, continued he, I am the happiest Man in *Europe*. This Reconciliation was the only thing I ardently wished, and I know nothing more I can desire, but to see you two ever as fond of each other as I am of both.

I dare answer, replied Lady *Davers*, from my Sister's Goodness, and by the Tenderneſs I feel for the dear Creature, you will not be diſappointed in your Wiſh, for I love my Sister as well as you love your Wife. And if it was poſſible, I ſhould ſaid he, ſtill love you better for this Affection for my Charmer who indeed deſerves it. That, Brother, is needleſs to tell me. Where is my Lord and *Jackey*? They are with Mr. *Andrews* and Mr. *Brown* in the Garden. *Apropos*, my *Pamela*; he has preached twice every *Sunday*, once more than his Duty exacts, in Complaiſance to you; here is a little Ring of about ten *Guineas* Value, take an Opportunity to preſent it him. How, Sister, did you like my young Clergyman? Mightily, dear Brother; he ſaid a great deal in a little Compaſs: What is his Character? for tho' I am ſorry I can ſay it, I have heard excellent Sermons from ſome Miniſters of very looſe Morals: I hope there are few ſuch. I hope ſo too Sister, answered my dear Maſter; but I aſſure you this is an excellent young Man in his Morals, as well as a fine Preacher. What do I talk of Morals! he is a thorough good Chriſtian. I may, I believe, ſafely ſay he is no Man's Enemy, and has an Enemy of no Man. He is then very happy, Brother, I believe all who know him love him. Ay, Sister? and do you love him? Yes, Sister, ſaid I, on a double Account, for his own Merit, and becauſe my dear Mr. *B----* loves him. And you

love all whom your dear Mr. B---- loves? Indeed I do. And suppose your dear Mr. B---- should love a pretty Mistress? Oh, Sister, I can suppose no such thing.—Ay, but for once suppose it.—No, Sister, I will never suppose it, and if a thousand People told me such a Story, I would sooner believe that thousand, base Detractors, than my dear Master were capable of wronging his Honour.

That's my dear Life, said Mr. B---, this generous Confidence in a Wife is her greatest Security; whereas Jealousy, and groundless Uneasiness, often brings on the Misfortune dreaded. Yet, Brother, my Sister has as narrow a Compass to build this large Confidence upon as any Wife whatever: Witness your own Endeavours to ruin that Virtue which you so much admire. But then, Sister, said I, my dear Master was under no solemn Engagement; beside, has been since, I dare answer, sorry and ashamed to reflect that he suffered his Passion to gain so much the Ascendant over his Reason. St. Peter denied his Lord once, but he rather suffered Crucifixion than to be guilty of the same Baseness a second time. My dear Master kissing me, cried, My dear Advocate, how shall I reward this charming Goodness. Just as he spoke, Jonathan came to tell us Dinner was ready, and they only waited our Pleasure. We immediately went into the House, and in the ParLOUR we met the Gentlemen.

At Table Lady *Davers* thank'd Mr. *Brown* for his edifying Discourse. He answered, That the Approbation of so good a Judge did him Honour. I assure you, Sir, said my Sister, your Sermon must have engaged the Attention of the most modish Congregation, and have hindered the Advantage and Pleasure they propose by going to Church,

Church, to wit, the observing and criticizing Drefs. When there is a full Congregation of People of Fashion we have subject Matter for Discourse, not only all Dinner-time, but all the Afternoon; nay, with some Ladies, the Topick will serve to entertain Company to the following Sunday. Now, Sir, your preaching having the Effect I say, notwithstanding we are highly delighted for the Time you are speaking, when, by Experience, we come to find the Neglect we have been guilty of, by our Attention to a Discourse on Religion, which you must know is the Subject of our fine Gentlemen's Ridicule, when, I say, we observe our Neglect, and that this Negligence is, as a necessary Consequence, attended by a Sterility of Matter for Table-Talk, and condemns us to an odious Silence, you would, by a polite Congregation, be exploded as a dangerous *Sermonizer*.

Egad, Aunt, that's a charming Word, I fancy 'tis quite new. No, *Jackey*, Mr. Modesty N---- invented it last *Tunbridge* Season. I am willing to hope, said Mr. *Brown*, this Description of the polite World no more than ludicrous. The Compliment your Ladyship has done me the Honour to make me on my Discourse, is best answered by a silent Blush.

What, Doctor, cried *Jackey*, do you think my Lady did not give you the true Picture of a well-bred Congregation? Doctor, Sir, is a Title I have no Claim to. Pho! I know a great many assume it, answered *Jackey*, who have Right to it by their Degrees, that are no Doctors, I mean Teachers. Why there's Dr. *Waddle*, Rector of the Parish where my Lord's Seat is. Why he has two good Benefices, lives very genteely, keeps a good Table, a Cellar of good Wine, a Pack of

Harriers, a Stable of Horses, setting Dogs and Pointers, let's nobody go from his House sober, but was never himself seen drunk, for he will make no more of Six Bottle, than a Whale of a Pint of Sea Water ; he follows his Sports all the Season, is in *London* all the Winter, and in the Pulpit--never. Egad, I wonder he is not a B---p already, he is well qualified, for he understands the Constitution, can talk well, and nobody loves his Ease and Interest better. I believe he will soon be put into a S—, for he frequents the Court, and never fails being at the Levee of a certain great Person ; but mum for that, little said is soon mended.

Sir, replied Mr. *Brown*, if the Character of Dr. *Waddle* is not drawn as a Specimen of your prolifick Brain, it would have been more charitable in you not to have exposed it , even common Humanity teaches us, to cast a Veil over the Failings of our Neighbours.

Egad, Sir, and common Prudence teaches Gentlemen of your Cloth, that they ought to give no ground for Censure. A luxurious Clergyman is, in my Eyes, as odious as a fine Lady drunk ; but the Doctor put me off in what I was going to say, in Justification of my Aunt's Description.

You must know, Sir, when we go to Church, but it is now almost out of Fashion with the Gentlemen, the first thing we do is to salute the Company, and take all possible Care to make our Inattention to the Service, remarkably conspicuous. Why, Sir, I never minded a Word the Parson said, in my Life, before to-day ; and, egad, excuse me, I should have minded you as little, had your Church afforded any thing new for my Entertainment. I looked round, and when I saw not so much as one pretty-faced Girl in the Congrega-

tion.

tion, or the Presence of my two Aunts made me think so, Egad, thinks I, I had as good hear what the young Gentleman in the Pulpit has to say to us, for I found in my self an Inclination to doze, I arose so late.

Jackey, Jackey, said *Lady Davers*, your Tongue runs too fast for your Wit to keep pace with it. I am sure this rattling Nonsense is very disagreeable to the Company, and I observe, in particular, it shocks my Sister and good Mr. *Brown*. See, answered *Jackey*, what it is to throw away one's Wit on splenetick People, fond of musty obsolete Morals. Nonsense, Aunt! Egad I thank you for that Compliment with all my Heart. Now, Aunt, I will prove 'tis good Sense, sheer Wit, and that I never shined more in my Life. First, it is good Sense, because 'tis a literal true Account of Practice. Secondly, 'tis Wit, ay, sheer Wit, because it shews a Disregard to the Church: beside, it proves that I have no manner of Regard whether 'tis agreeable or not to the Company, and I please my self. If my Discourse was penn'd down and read to some of our tip-top Wits, egad, they would, one and'all, allow me a bright Fellow for it; consequently I shone it what I said. So your humble Servant with your Nonsense, you have a mind to mortify and put me out of Conceit with my self; but egad, Aunt, I defy your Malice, by which you only shew your own Want of Taste.

By my Conscience *Jack*, cry'd my Lord, thou may'st defy the whole World as well as thy Aunt. Ay, Ay, my Lord, answer'd *Jackey*, I have always your Lordship's good Word. I find Sir, said Mr. *Brown*, you gay Gentlemen turn Religion to some Account, if it does not serve for your Instruction, it does for your Diversion.
Egad

Egad Sir, that's true ; for if it was not for Religion and the Clergy, our Conversation would be as flat as that of the Ladies without Detraction. We should have but one Topick for our Wit, that I won't mention : and you know Variety is the greatest Pleasure in Life.

Then you think Sir, the Ladies cannot converse without Calumny ? said I. Really Aunt, I never heard them bright but when they pull'd one another to Pieces, and, egad, then they shine ; their Eyes sparkle and express a Vivacity, which heightens the natural Charms of their Persons. --- It gives them an Opportunity to shew the Fertility (as Mr. *Brown* terms it) of their Invention, their Command of Words, their Volubility in Speaking, and the Keeness of their Wit. When I was last in Town, I made a Visit to the Countess of----- there I met no less than a dozen Ladies : and egad I never heard so much Wit in my Life : They made a *Lucrece* a *Messalina* ; Piety, Hypocrisy ; Charity, Ostentation ; prudent Œconomy, stingy Avarice ; Modesty, Affectation ; Conjugal Affection, a matrimonial Cloak for private Intrigue. Plainness in Dress, was Cynical ; Equipage was intolerable Vanity ; Generosity, Profuseness ; Hospitality, egregious Folly ; a plentiful Table, was Luxury. In short, not an Acquaintance, not an Action of that Acquaintance, passed without canvassing.

Your Ladyship, continued *Jackey*, knows Mr. *Beadly* ? Yes *Jackey*, a very agreeable good-natur'd Companion ; he has Learning to entertain his male Friends, and Wit to make him acceptable to, and divert the Ladies.

Egad, your Ladyship quite mistakes him. Now, suppose me Lady *Keen*, for I will mention him in her Words. Ah, poor *Tom Beadly*, he's

a very weak Man, and by his much talking, seems to fear that you should not discover him. What else can be the Reason that he tires the Company wherever he comes, with a meanless Discourse which he hardly ever puts an End to, even when he has driven his inattentive Hearers out of the Room, and is left to the Entertainment of his own Voice? And you think this witty, said my Lady, do you *Jackey*? Why, don't your Ladyship? Don't it shew a great deal of quick ready Wit and Invention? It shews, in my Opinion, a very bad Heart, a very vile Principle, answer'd my Lady.

Detraction, said my Lady, is a most odious Vice; but the Censurer commonly is paid in his own Coin. Egad, my Lord, well observ'd, cry'd *Jackey*, These Ladies were very impartial; they did not spare one another; for when any of them went off, she was immediately taken to Pieces. Lady *Keen*, said one, has always fancy'd she could palm her ill Nature on the World for Wit, and that the censuring others would give an Opinion of her own Virtue and Conduct. Poor Lady, the quick-sighted World is not so easily imposed on; nor did she manage her Intrigue with that Art she flatter'd herself: And abundance more which I have forgot. Egad, I always thought she had been a Model of Virtue, 'till I heard, from these Ladies, that her Father's Butler had made her a Mother before she married my Lord.

Fie *Jackey*, cry'd my Lady, never again utter such a monstrous Falshood. I believe Lady *Keen* as vertuous as any Woman upon Earth.---- Egad, Madam, according to the Characters of a great many so called, so she may, at least, as any Woman of Quality, and yet this Story be true. There were few Ladies of Note who were not taken to Pieces;

Pieces ; your Ladyship indeed escaped the Inquisition; possibly in Regard to me.

I will be hang'd, said Lord *Davers*, if *Jack* did not fall in with some Members of the Lying-Club. You must know there is a Club of Ladies, who call themselves the Sisterhood. The World gives them the Title I have mentioned, from their laudable Practice. These have a President, and they meet weekly, but never twice in the same House. They engage to revenge any imaginary or real Insult or Neglect offered to any of the Sisters : And to this End at their Meetings, when any Sister has laid her Grievance before the Board, they then consult how they may blast the Character of the Object of their Resentment : And when they have invented some Calumny which they think may gain Credit, every Sister is oblig'd to propagate the Lie, with the utmost Industry whisper it in all Companies, and with all possible Art endeavour at its being received as an undoubted Truth. As this Sisterhood is pretty numerous, and composed of City as well as Court Ladies, they will publish a scandalous Story and spread it over the whole Town in an Instant of Time.

My Lord, said my Mother, this is so diabolical, that I hope 'tis a Scandal thrown upon our Sex. I assure you, Madam, answer'd my Lord, 'tis said, that the Discovery of such an Institution was made by a Sister of the Club, who repented ; and tho' she would name none of the Sisterhood, own'd to my Sister, that she had been a Member of this infernal Society.

Egad, my Lord, cry'd *Jackey*, the Society of Lyars is a very great Body ; for the Scriptures say all Men are Lyars. But we may distinguish them in different Classes : As there are your political

Lyars,

Lyars, your vain-boasting Lyars, your malicious Lyars, your unnecessary, otherwise your natural Lyars, and your mercantile Lyars.—

But *Jack*, said my Lord, let me advise you never to propagate any Story you hear, either from these Ladies or any one else, injurious to any Person's Character: For if you should get your Throat cut, I should place you among the foolish Lyars. I can tell you, there is not a more likely Man to do you that Piece of Service than Lord *Keen*, if he should hear you had spread such a villainous Story of his Lady, though she is not without Faults, and who among us is? All unprejudiced People having any Regard to Truth, mention her as a Woman of strict Virtue.

Egad, my Lord, answer'd he, I'll take your Advice; for I should be apt to cut any Man's Throat that should asperse my Aunt. That's my good *Jackey*, cry'd my Sister. Remember that every Lady's Reputation is equally dear to them, and let Justice and Humanity give you a Hatred to Calumny. Saying this, she turned to me and said, Dear Sister, can't we prevail on that Husband of yours to stay a few Days with us at the Wells?

Sister, answer'd Mr. *B*——, it would be a singular Pleasure to me, if my Affairs would permit my Stay. Well then, since that cannot be, do, there's a dear Brother, and I will love you dearly, do, leave my Sister with us. Look-you, Lady *Davers*, I have often told you, and told you Truth at the same Time, that I love you tenderly; but I never said that I love you better than myself.—Leave my *Pamela*! quotha; why you don't know what you ask.—How could I live a Day without her?

Egad,

Egad, cried *Jackey*, I never thought to have heard such a Question from a Husband after the first Month.—*Mr. B*— and his Lady, would make one in love with Matrimony.— Well, Brother, said Lady *Davers*, I am answered. I own it was not reasonable to desire you should prefer my Happiness to your own.

You have a mind, Sister, said I, to try if you can make me blush. No, my dear, answer'd my Lord, I am certain my Wife speaks her Sentiments: She really thinks herself happy in the Company of her charming Sister. *Mr. B*— seeing I indeed blush'd, asked my Lord, What Stay he intended to make at *Tunbridge*? This diverted the Discourse, and carry'd them to different Subjects.

In the Afternoon *Mr. Brown* gave us a fine Discourse upon Calumny. I wish, tho' no Body is more averse from that Vice than yourself, that I could send it you. *Jackey* was every now and then push'd by my Lady, and he could not help giving his Attention. I wish the Sermon may have had a good Effect upon him, I am sure it made him look sillily enough; from which I gather, that I believe it hit him home.

We passed the Evening till Bed-time in a very agreeable Conversation. My Lady, to borrow *Jackey's* Phrase, shone. Indeed she entertain'd the Company with equal Wit and good Humour. *Jackey* was very diverting, for his Tongue often ran him out of the Compass of his Understanding, and occasion'd his making several Blunders that afforded a good deal of Mirth; which was the greater, as he was ignorant of his Mistakes, and imagin'd we laughed at his Wit. When I retir'd to my Chamber, I sat me down to write to my dear Mrs. *Fervis*, whom I shall remember in my Prayers, and whom I pray the Almighty to bless and

and protect. Adieu, my dear Friend, for this Night.

Monday Night. This Morning at Breakfast, my Sister asked *Jackey*, how he lik'd the Figure of a Detractor, as Mr. *Brown* had yesterday painted it? Egad, Madam, said he, I never was so attentive to a Sermon in my Life.---- I am sure never any made such an Impression on me.--- Like the Figure!--- Egad, he who would not avoid making such a one in the Eyes of the World, must be in love with the Devil. Don't you think, *Jackey*, said my Sister, a Calumniator a very dangerous Person for a Companion? Egad, Madam, worse than a Pick-pocket. And, *Jackey*, replied she, is it not just to warn ones Friends to avoid such People? Egad, Madam, that's not a Question? Well then, *Jackey*, continued her Ladyship, you must give my Sister, and me, the Names of those Ladies who were so much delighted in tearing to Pieces the Characters of their Acquaintance. Won't that be telling Tales out of School, answered he? No, *Jackey*, it will be marking a Quick-sand which had swallowed up several Vessels, that others may shun it, seeing the Buoy. Well, Madam, said *Jackey*, I will write down and give you the Names, but you must never betray me.---- Trust to our Honour, *Jackey*. I do, answered he. I am sure they will all visit my Aunt *B*---- when she goes to Town for the Winter. They had her upon the Carpet, and are impatient to see her.---- Pray, Sir, what could they say of me? cry'd I, smiling. What could they say, Madam? Why, they could say what they had a mind to. You will oblige me, reply'd I, in letting me know what they did say. Egad, you will be angry may-be, and so will my Uncle *B*----. No, Sir, reply'd my dear Master, such Wretches as you yesterday spoke them, are below Resentment, they are Objects of Con-

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tempt :

tempt : It would be doing them Honour, and perhaps giving them Pleasure, could they know they were capable of provoking Anger.

Why, since you will have it,---- The Countess of -----, asked me how I liked my new Aunt, and if she was handsome ? I answered, No. How ! cry'd she, in a Surprise, not handsome ? No, said I. Who is she like ? cry'd Lady Keen. I answered, No Body. Phoo, this is fooling.---Come, Mr.--- tell us what sort of a Creature this is, that Mr. B----- has dug up from the Bottom of a Muck-hill, said the Countess. Ay, said Lady M-----, draw us her Picture. First, you say she is not handsome. I did ; because she is beautiful beyond Description : To say barely handsome, would be wronging her. And I told you too, she was like no Body ; for the Beauties of her Mind and Person will not admit Comparison with any thing mortal. Oh, Sir, said I, you will make me fear that you can flatter as much as those Ladies, you mention, can vilify. Egad, Madam, I speak my Thoughts ; and I appeal to all this Company, especially to Uncle B-----, if what I say is not Truth ? The Truth, and nothing but the Truth, said my Sister. My Lord, and my dear Master, maintain'd that *Jackey* had not exaggerated.---Egad, Aunt B-----, cried he, you don't use me well, to have so bad an Opinion of me ; I don't deserve it at your Hands ; and I expect Satisfaction before I'll speak a Word more. Saying this, he 'rose as in a Huff, put on his Hat with a fierce Air, and walked from the Table. Well, Sir, I reply'd, I beg Pardon. I am satisfied, said *Jackey*, and whirling his Hat away, sat down again. Where, did I leave your Ladyship ? cry'd *Jackey*, looking at me. Sir, said I, you left me at the *Muck-hill*. True : Uncle B----- had just dug you out.

When

When I had described you as before, Lady Keen cried out, O the ill-bred Monster ! what do you make of the Company. Egad, said I, your Ladyship may abuse me if you please : But I love to speak Truth. The Company is composed of very fine Ladies ; but they are Women, and I am speaking of an Angel.

By my Troth, *Jackey*, cried my Sister, I'll kiss thee for that (and so she did) you never spoke with so much Judgment before or since.---- Pardon me, Madam, said he, I have indeed, for I have said the same Thing a hundred Times, and I am sure, I think Aunt B---- deserves all the Good that can be said of her.

Mr. ----, said my dear Master, you have found the Road to my Heart. I shall ever love you for your Justice : ---- Nay, said the Countess, continued *Jackey*, she is allow'd to be tolerably handsome ; but they say she need not be told so. Well, I can't but commend the Wench, for making so good a Market of her Baby-Face. She saw the Woodcock was noosed, and would not let him escape. Methinks, said Lady Keen, Mr. B---- might have had her on easier Terms, by marrying the Bauble to his Chaplain. Oh, cry'd Lady---- Mr. B---- is none of your over-thinking Men: He has shewn that he is no deep Politician ; for if I have been informed right, his House-keeper in *Lincolnshire* is a thorough-paced Bawd ; did all she could to gratify her Master's Passion, and would no doubt, for Money, be as industrious to debauch his Wife, as she was to ruin his Maid ? yet (I beg Pardon for what follows, Sir, said *Jackey*) the Fool, the Oaf keeps her in his Service. My dear Master knit his Brows, and bit his Lips. Really, dear Mrs. *Jervis*, I could have kissed

Jackey Tell-Truth, for what he said. Between you and me, I have observed *Jackey*, when his Tongue is set a going, does not much consider what he brings out. Would you think, my dear *Fervis*, that I could ever be pleas'd to see my dear Master nettled? yet I own I was this Time; though indeed indeed, my good Friend, I heartily forgive Mrs. *Fewkes*. 'Tis true, I am not fond of her, and she has, I fancy, too much Sense to think I possibly can. However, I am resolved to treat her civilly, as long as my dear Master shall think fit to keep her. But I won't longer postpone your Pleasure, by delaying to give you Mr. *B.....*'s Answer. He paus'd a Moment: Well, said he, if these Ladies were as just in their censuring of others, as they were in condemning me, I think they would be a useful Society, did they publish their Animadversions. But the *Fool*, the *Oaf*, can never doubt his *Pamela's* Virtue, and is therefore more excuseable in not punishing a Woman for the Fault he himself had prevailed on her to commit. However, though I know my little Angel's Goodness can forgive this Woman, yet I am satisfied she must see her in her House with some Reluctance; and for that Reason, Mr. *Longman* has, in his Instructions, Orders to discharge her, with a Piece of Money to put her into some way of Life, before we go into *Lincolnshire*.

Indeed, Brother, answered Lady *Davers*, you have done very prudently; and I am sure your *Pamela* will never quarrel with you for discharging her House-keeper, without having first consulted her on that Head. I consulted, as I always shall do, her Ease, reply'd my dear Master. I cried out, Every thing you say or do in an additional Obligation laid on me, who am, and ever shall be,

be incapable of making an adequate Return. You over-pay, my *Pamela*, all I can say or do, by your endearing Goodness, answer'd he. But, pray Sir, addressing himself to *Jackey*, go on. I dare say you cannot mortify my Charmer: Conscious Virtue cannot be shock'd by the Efforts of malicious Envy.

To proceed then, continued he, Lady *Keen* said, the little *Minx*, they tell me, gives herself most intollerable Airs of Quality. Ay, answered the Countess, and of Devotion too! Well, said Lady *Sneerall*, how shall we return the Obligation *M. B*—— has laid us under, by descending so much below himself to bring to Light, from the greatest Obscurity, so much Virtue to be a Pattern to Ladies of Quality? By my troth, cried Lady *Frances Sparrer*, we ought to leave that Care to our Husbands, they are alone to reap the immediate Benefit of our copying after this Model of Virtue. We alas! must trust for our Reward till we are got into another World——Ay, said the Countess, the Concern ought to be that of our Husbands; and even they won't be under any Obligation till *Mr. B*—— has produced among us this Jewel which he found in the Hog-wash.

Lady—— looking on her Watch, said, she was under an Engagement which deny'd her the longer Enjoyment of the good Company: She made her Honours, left the Room, and the Ladies dropping Aunt *B*——, fell Tooth and Nail on the departed Baroness.

Lady *Sneerall* was the next who went off, and gave me an Opportunity of learning her Character, which in few Words was that of a Prude, a false-affected Wit, an awkward Ape of Quality, and an Upstart; the Vanity of whose Father had shut him in a Jail, by foolishly and knavishly giving the

Produce of many Years Industry, and his Creditors Money, to Lord *Sneerall*, a Bankrupt, that his Daughter might have a Coronet. He was, it seems, a Laceman in the City. I own I thought her Quality did not sit easy upon her; and I observed by her Countenance that she applauded her own Wit; at least I could not help thinking so.

I thanked *Jackey* for obliging me with the Picture those Ladies had drawn for me. My Sister and I went to her Chamber, where we chatted till it was Dinner-time. She told me who composed the Company at the Wells, and gave me, I dare say, impartial Characters of the Ladies she had left there. Do my Lady Justice, she is so far from ill-natured, that she will rather cover over, than expose any one's Faults. She told me what Ladies she was satisfied would visit me, when I should come to Town for the Season, and named those, who, to use her own Words, were most worthy of my Acquaintance.

We passed the Afternoon in walking, and at Cards, while the Gentlemen took an Airing to shew my Lord the Estate. As we are to set out To-morrow, my Lady and I retired to our respective Chambers earlier than we had done before, and I wrote this Letter to my dear Mrs. *Jervis*. Adieu, my dear Friend; pray for me, as I never fail praying for you.

Tuesday. We were all dress'd, and in the ParLOUR by a little after Five, where we found at our Entrance Mr. *Brown*, who came to wish us a good Journey, sitting with my dear Parents. Breakfast was ready, and we took some Chocolate. I thanked Mr. *Brown* for obliging me with his excellent Afternoon Discourses, and entreated him to wear the Ring I then presented him, as a Token of the Sense I had of the Favour. He answered,

swered, he would, if he durst, refuse the Honour done him; but it ill became him to dispute the good Pleasure of his Superiors and Patrons, making a low Bow to M. B----- and me.

When my Lord's Equipage was come from the Inn, for we had not Room for either of his Servants or Horses, we took our Leave of my dear Parents; Mr. B----- in such a respectful manner, that I could not restrain my Tears of joyful Gratitude: 'Tis impossible for me to paint you this Scene. When my Father gave me his parting Embrace and Blessing, he said, my dear Child, always bear in mind that the Continuance of these Blessings, which infinite Bounty has showered on your and us, in a great measure depends upon our selves. Let us not forfeit them by a Neglect of our Duty; and if infinite Wisdom, for Reasons we ought not to dare to inquire into, sees fit to deprive us of them, let us learn to submit with the most humble Resignation. Remember he humbles the Prince with the Beggar, and takes the most abject from the Dunghill to set him among Princes. Ever keep in mind the Meanness from which he has raised you, and that he can again reduce you to the same low and contemptible Ebb of Fortune. Let nothing be an Excuse for neglecting the Duty you owe your Creator, and I am certain you will, in some measure, repay the great Debt due to this your generous Benefactor by being a dutiful, observant, and obliging Wife.----I could answer him with my Tears only.

My Lord and Lady being got into, and their Chariot driven off, Mr. B----- put me into his Coach, embraced my dear Parents, promised to see them once or twice a Year, and getting in, ordered *Robin* to follow my Lord.

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We arrived at *Tunbridge-Wells*, and lodged with my Lord and Lady at Mrs. *Penny's*, 'tis a noble House, and well furnished. We drove gently all the Way, and though I felt no Fatigue, my dear Master would have Supper early that I might the sooner go to Rest. We are now my Lord's Guests. He keeps a very elegant Table, and has two Cooks, one *French*, and one *Englishman*, in his Retinue. Heavens protect my dear Mrs. *Fervis*. Adieu, my good Friend.

Wednesday. After Breakfast we went to the Walks, where we saw a great deal of good Company: some came for the sake of the Waters, others for the Diversions these public Meetings commonly afford. My Lady made me put in for a Raffle with her; Lady *S.* Mr. *M.* her Husband, an *Irish* Gentleman of a good Estate, Mistress *G.* Daughter of a City Knight, who is a Merchant and Oilman, with Mrs. *I.* remarkable for her good Humour and Fat: She is never out of Temper, and is of a Size, that the Side of her Coach must open to receive her.

The Raffle was for a Gold Snuff-Box of thirty-five Guineas. We were looking round for a seventh, when my Lord and my dear Master passed the Shop; Mrs. *I.* called to my Lord, and told him we were distressed to make up the Raffle, he put in his five Guineas, won the Box, and made me a Present of it.

After Dinner my Sister asked me to take an Airing in the Chariot. We drove upon the Heath, attended by two Servants on Horseback. We had been on the Heath about half an Hour, when a good genteel Man, with a Paper in his Hand, asked one of the Servants if that was not Lord *Davers's* Chariot? being answered it was, he came to the Door, made us a low Bow, and presented

my

my Sister the Paper, which was a Petition to this Purport. That he was an unfortunate Man and obliged to take to a Course of Life which he abhorred. That he was tender of frightening Ladies, and therefore presented his Petition, not to compel, but to ask their Charity, though indeed he did not use the same Precaution with his own Sex. When my Lady had read it, she seemed frighten'd and whisper'd, giving it to me, Sister we are robb'd. As I hope to be saved this is a Highwayman. Saying so, she pulled out her Purse in which were seven Guineas, and taking off her Watch, said, here Sir is all I have about me. My Sister is with Child ; pray, Sir, don't frighten her. Nor for the World Madam, replied he, keep your Watch, I never meddle with Ladies Ornaments, I am satisfied with their charitable Benevolence. I hope the other Lady will by her Generosity give me Reason to thank and pray for her. I took out my Purse, but had no more than three Guineas, which I gave him with his Petition, saying, indeed, Sir, there is all I have.

Ladies, said he, I return you a thousand Thanks, I wish you a pleasant Airing, and immediately went off. As he was mounted on a fine Horse he soon got out of Sight. The Servants, who were about fifty Paces behind, thought it some Gentleman who had Business with their Lady, especially when he rode by the Chariot Side, which did not stop. I don't know whence I had the Courage, but I was not in the least frighten'd, though my Sister was more than she was willing I should perceive.

When we got home, and told my Lord and Mr. B.----what we paid for our Airing, they both laughed at the genteel manner of the Man's robbing. Mr. B.---- said, if he could know and meet

meet the Man, he would sooner give him something to assist, than prosecute him. My Lord was in the same way of thinking. *Jackey* came in when we were talking of this, and my Sister cried, Oh, *Jackey*, if we could have found you to 'squire us we should not have been robbed, as we have been of ten Guineas. As I hope, said he, the Loss will ruin neither of you, I am very glad I was not to be found; egad, I have a good deal more in my Purse, and the Gentleman might have asked my Charity. I am very compassionate, Aunt, and 'tis probable I should have given my Gold rather than have put him to the Expence of his Lead.

But, *Jackey* you ride with Pistols.----- True, Aunt, there's ten Guineas more saved; egad, I was a lucky Dog to be out of the way, for as my Pistols have Silver Furniture, may be the Gentleman might have liked them, and it would have been Ill-manners to have refuse them.

Ay, but *Jackey*, he would have been afraid if he had seen you with us with Pistols. Egad, that's a Question, Aunt, replied *Jackey*. Now, Madam, 'tis possible he was rather desperate. Suppose me, on the other Hand, a little Quixotish: He says, d---n ye, deliver, with a Pistol in his Hand ready cock'd: I fire, and miss him; he fires, and lodges a Brace of Balls in my Head; what a pretty Figure I should make! but let us say I kill him, and come off unhurt. Why, I send a poor Wretch headlong to the Devil, because his Necessity is too hard for his Honesty. Egad, Madam, I should never enjoy myself after: I should damn a poor Creature to save a little Money I should not miss if lost, which may perhaps relieve his Wants, and put him in a way of being

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an honest Man for the future. Egad, Madam, I would have none but House-breakers, cruel Robbers and Murderers hanged. I believe he's a good honest Fellow that borrow'd your ten Guineas, and I should be glad to take a Bottle with him. By my Conscience, said my Lord, my Nephew talks like a Man of Consideration, and he's not often thus guilty of deviating.

When we went to the Dancing-room on the Walks in the Evening : The News of our having been robbed brought upon us so many impertinent Questions, so many tiresome Compliments, and such Expressions of Terror from some Ladies, who would certainly have died with the Fright had the Misfortune fallen to their Lot, that they drove us home sooner than we had propos'd.

After Supper I went pretty early to my Chamber, and having written this to my dear Mrs. *Fervis*, I am now going to prepare for Bed. I pray the Almighty to have you in his keeping. I forgot to tell you Mrs. *Worden* is here. Her Submissions and Compliments on my Family are quite fatiguing. Adieu, my dear Friend.

Thursday. My dear Master and I are now at *Seven-oak*. This Morning we took Leave of my Lord, Lady, and *Jackey* ; they seem'd really sorry we could not make a longer Stay : My Sister in particular shew'd me a very tender Affection, and could not help letting drop some Tears when she bid us the last Adieu. My dear Master proposes to be in *London* To-morrow Night, we shall set out from hence early in the Morning.

When my dear Mr. *B---* had handed me into the Room where we shall lie, he took a Turn in the Town and I repos'd my self on the Bed till I was told that Supper was ready, and my dear Mr. *B----*, with another Gentleman whom he had met in the
Town,

Town, and brought to sup with him, waited for me in the Parlour. I immediately went down; but how great was my Surprize, when Mr. B--- presented to me, under the Title of Capt.----- his Friend, and an honest Gentleman, the very Person who had robbed us!

The Gentleman perceived it I am sure, and could not but know me again. However, I recovered myself as suddenly as I could, and made him a Compliment as Mr. B----'s Friend. My dear Master seemed to have a Value for our Guest. When Supper was over, and Servants gone, Mr. B---- said, shaking him by the Hand, Dear *Will*, here is only my Wife present, do Things go any thing better, does my Lord ----- do for you as becomes so near a Relation? Faith, Sir, answered he, I have found more Friendship from Strangers in Blood, than from my nearest Kinsmen, though all Men of Title and Fortune.

I could not help eyeing him, and I did it, as much as possible by Stealth, but found he had caught my Looks fixed upon him once or twice, and that it gave him some Confusion, wherefore I soon made an Excuse, and retired to my Chamber. Adieu, my dear *Jervis*.

Friday. Last Night when Mr. B---'s Guest was gone, and he in Bed, I asked who was the Captain that had supped with us? He answered, an honest Gentleman of a very noble Family; but who suffers very much on account of his former Love for Play: His Relations make him, now and then, paultry Presents; but I believe indeed his Acquaintance are kinder to him: He is going to *London*, and has been some Days at my Lord----'s, about two Miles distant from *Tunbridge-Wells*. Pray tell me, said I, did you make him any Present?

Why,

Why, my dear *Pamela*? I have a Curiosity to know; if that Curiosity is impertinent I have done with it. Not at all, my Charmer; I made him a Present of ten Guineas? Does Lady *Davers* know this Gentleman? I believe, my dear *Pamela*, she never saw him. Yes, yes, she has seen him, said I, and made him a Present too: I saw her give him seven Guineas Yesterday, and as I was ashamed not to follow her charitable Example, I gave him three Guineas, all the Money I had.

This is saying my honest Captain robbed you? As sure, my dear Sir, as your Sister and your *Pamela* were robbed. I am sorry, my dear, you are so positive, as I am loath to think a Gentleman of his Birth, and one whom all his Intimates distinguish by the Epithet of *honest*, capable of falling so low; but you call to my Mind his one Day justifying as legal the plundering all who had more Money than himself. I drew no Consequence from what he had advanced, as I thought it said merely to amuse the Company.

I don't, said I, conceive what he could say to justify an Action which the Laws of God forbid, and those of every civilized Nation condemn as criminal and punish with the most infamous Death. He laid it down, answered Mr. B---, as an undeniable Proposition, that God brought no Man into the World to starve him, it being inconsistent with his infinite Mercy to give any Creature Existence only to make it wretched, and perish miserably. That as the Light of the Sun, the Benefit of the Air which we respire, and the Waters which we drink are general, not peculiar, Blessings, and designed for the Advantage of all Mankind; so was also the Earth, the only Element that could be parcelled out and appropriated; could

the other be divided among those who have shared and taken to themselves the Land, no doubt but they would deny any Part of it to the Poor but on hard Conditions, as we see they do their Grounds, though every Man has a natural Right to as much as will support him and his Family : That Fraud, or Force, or both, carried on from Generation to Generation, had divided us into two Classes, and made the one great, the other mean, and therefore if a poor Man, driven to want the Necessaries of Life, makes free with the rich and powerful, he only makes a Reprizal on what Nature had given him a Right to, and which was monopolized by a few tyrannical Usurpers, who, after they had combined to rob the rest of Mankind and engross to themselves a Blessing design'd by Providence for the Support of all, had also united and made Penal Laws to secure their Possessions ; and while they transmitted all that the World calls Good to their own indolent Generations, entail'd Misery on the Poor, whom they rid with the Bit of Conscience in their Mouths, the Saddle of the Law on their Backs, and the Spurs of future Re-tributions in their Sides, which made them gently bear the Burthen of their oppressive Riders.

How, Sir, said I, wou'd the Gentleman like this Reasoning in another, had he himself an easy Fortune ? But, does not the Almighty in his Commandments forbid Stealing, nay, even the Coveting of what belongs to another ? Was there not always a Subordination among Men ; always Governors and Subjects, Masters and Servants, Rich and Poor ? His Argument wou'd introduce incessant Confusion, a continual War-fare ; and Murders wou'd lay waste a Nation, tho' ever so populous : or if an End, to the Desolation, was by general Consent agreed to be consulted, what other

Means

Means cou'd be propos'd than what is now practis'd and has been agreed to in all Nations and in all Ages ; to wit, wholesome and coercive Laws to restrain the Violent, and protect the Weak ?

My dear *Pamela*, a Person proposing to relieve his Wants by unjustifiable Means, will at first find some inward Checks, some Struggles with his Conscience ; this he endeavours to quiet by the most plausible Reasons his Wit and Invention can produce ; and, no doubt, this Gentleman, who cannot bear to live below the Rank of his Birth, has by the false Way of Reasoning I have repeated, made his Conscience easy, and he apprehends no Danger but from the Law ; for his Personal Bravery no one can dispute, he has given too many Proofs of it. Mr. ----, my Lord's Nephew, (as this Gentleman is the Highwayman, the Word shocks me) was right in supposing the Robber might not be afraid of his Pistols ; however, I am glad he did not frighten you, and that he behav'd with the Generosity and Decency he did. I am glad you were robb'd by, and knew him. 'Tis possible these two Accidents may alarm his Relations, who fearing for the Honour of their Name, may make him an Allowance, that will put an End to this abominable dangerous and scandalous as well as wicked Course of Life. I will find Means to let them know the Road he is in, which leads him to inevitable Destruction, and must bring a Blemish upon them.

We set out this Morning early, drove gently, and reach'd Mr. B----'s House in Town in the Evening ; he proposes to go to *Lincolnshire* on *Monday* next, if I think, I can bear the Fatigue. I am, Heaven be praised, by this Driving about the Country in better Health than ever, and not in the least fatigued.

At our Arrival a Servant brought a Letter directed to my dear Master, in which was one inclosed to me. I send you the Copies, so need not say from whom they came : That to my Master runs thus :

S I R,

THE Obligations we owe you, must have been abundantly less considerable in themselves, and your Favours bestow'd in a much less generous Manner, if I cou'd have hoped to make any Return of Acknowledgments in the least adequate. It is certain you expected none, by having render'd it impossible for us to make any : However, our Gratitude shall ever make you the Subject of our Blessings ; and our constant Prayers shall be, that the Almighty may shower the greatest upon you : That you may long, long enjoy whatever is desirable in this, and eternal Happiness in the Life to come. These are, and shall never cease being the Morning and Evening Prayers of,

S I R,

Your most obliged,

Most affectionate,

And most devoted,

Humble Servants,

John and Elizabeth Andrews.

Our dear Child,

THOUGH we hope you can never forget the many Mercies you have experienced from our great Creator, and the many Obligations we have to the generous Mr. B---- our common Benefactor,

who

who has raised you to Ease and Affluence ; yet, our dear Pamela, you will not think our Concern, when you consider our incessant Tenderneſs, too great in obſerving to you, that we have often ſeen the very Reaſons for our Gratitude become the Grounds of the moſt ungrateful Neglect. An unexpected and ſudden Fortune, has obliterated a mean Birth ; and neceſſitous Circumſtances, has baniſh'd Humility, and introduced Arrogance ; many have forgot the God to whom they owed the Mercy, and have not ſeldom turn'd their Backs upon the Friends, to whom they were indebted for the greateſt Favours.

Our dear Child, check the very firſt Attack of Vanity, and bar the Doors of your Heart, that Pride may not get the leaſt Admittance ; that Vice is eaſier repelled than expelled : Be ever on your Guard in Company, and take Care of the Contagion of Example. Never, our dear Child, depend upon your own Strength, but rely upon the Divine Aſſiſtance only, which, we hope you will never fail to implore, and which we are ſure will never be reſuſed to thoſe who aſk with Fervour and Humility.

As you are not now to be taught your Duty to a merciful God, and that to an indulgent Husband, we ſhall only exhort you to keep ſteady in the Performance of both, and recommend you to the Divine Protection. We are,

Dear Child,

Your affectionate Parents,

J. and E. Andrews.

My dear Pamela, ſaid my tender Maſter, we ſhould loſe the Reſpect due to theſe good Parents, in delaying, tho' but for a Poſt, to give them the Satisfaction of knowing you are ſafe arrived, and well. Mr. Andrews, I perceive, thought it needleſs to give us a Hint of this, by making an En-

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quiry after our Journey and Health ; he trusts to your Affection, and my good Manners, to give them this Account, without being put in mind of our Duty.

As I shall be busy all Day to-morrow, and my Affairs may make me guilty of ill Manners, I will immediately write. Which he did in the following Lines.

Sir and Madam,

I Received at our Arrival in Town the Favour of yours, which I should have read with greater Pleasure, had you treated me more like a Son ; who has done that, only, which was incumbent on him. Your Ease, I assure you, will always contribute to mine, and your Daughter's Happiness ; the dear Creature is in perfect good Health, and we have had a very pleasant Journey. I wish you both all Happiness, and shall often trouble you with my Letters. I beg, for the future, you will treat me less like a Stranger ; and allow me the Honour to subscribe myself, with sincere Respect,

Your affectionate Son, and
Very humble Servant.

Mr. B---- left his Letter to be enclos'd in mine. We retir'd to our Chamber pretty early : My dear Master went into his Clofet, and looked over some Papers, which Employment took him up an Hour's Time ; and I, in the Interim, wrote the above. My dear Mrs. Fervis, adieu ; believe me your unalterable Friend, and constant Beads-Woman,
P. B-----

Saturday.

Saturday. After my dear Mr. B---- went out, which was immediately after Breakfast, I sat down and answered my dear Parents Letter. This is the Copy.

My dear Parents,

THE Concern you shew for my Happiness is no more than what I might reasonably expect from that incessant Tendernefs to which I have been indebted from my Infancy, and to which I owe my present surprizing good Fortune. I beg you will often continue the same Goodnefs, and give me the Assistance of your pious and parental Advice, to which I shall, I hope, always pay the Deference I ought. I am fully satisfied of the Danger of trusting to our own Strength, and the fatal Example of St. Peter will ever be a momento to me. I shall often read your Letters, and I question not, with the Divine Assistance which I humbly pray for, shall avoid the dangerous Shelves and Quicksands you mention in yours.

I was surprized and sorry we did not see Sir Simon, Cousin Jinks, and their good Ladies, at the Wells; I hope no cross Accident deprived us of that Pleasure, with which I had agreeably flatter'd myself.

Lady Davers, and self, were robb'd in taking the Air on the Heath; but it was after so genteel a manner, that I was not frighted, and neither of us grudged the Trifle lost: The polite Gentleman refusing to take our Watches. His Words were, That he never meddled with Ladies Ornaments. This very Person supped with Mr. B----- at Sevenoak. I knew him again: He is a Man of Family; a handsome Person, well-bred, but poor.

At

At our taking leave of Lord and Lady Davers, they both express'd for me a very particular Regard; my Lady a very tender Affection. We lay one Night on the Road, and had a safe, easy, and pleasant Journey.

When you see any of our good Relations, to whom I have the Honour to be known, Mr. B---- joins me in desiring, you will make them a Tender of our most humble Respects. He also prays you, to assure Mr. Brown of his Esteem and Friendship.

Do me the Favour to give my humble Service to the Reverend Gentleman, and remind him that he promis'd me the Characters of Cousin Jinks; he must have forgot it, as indeed I did, when I was leaving Kent.

My dear Parents, assure yourselves I make you all the Return I am capable of; for I never fail, Morning and Night, to pray the Almighty to protect you. Though Mr. B----- writes to you, he has ordered me to give his very humble Service to both. I conclude with begging your Blessing,

My dear and tenderly beloved
Father and Mother,
Your affectionate and
Dutiful Daughter,

P. B.

My dear Master returned at three; after Dinner he called for Pen, Ink and Paper, and wrote the Letter here copy'd.

My dear Sister,

TH^{O'} I am in some Hurry, as I set out next Monday, I would not omit acquainting you with our safe Arrival in Town after an easy, pleasant Journey,

Journey, in perfect good Health, as I am satisfied the Account will be agreeable to you. I flatter myself, my dear Pamela will write to you ; and as she has more Leisure, you may expect she will be more particular. My best Respects attend my Lord ; my warmest Affections, my dear Sister ; and my humble Service Mr. ----- his Lordship's Nephew. I wish you Health to relish the Diversions of the Place where you now are. I am, dear Sister,

Your affectionate Brother, and
Most humble Servant-----

He gave me this Letter, and said, I am sure your Sister *Davers* would think herself obliged, if you would write to her I am sure, answered I, there is nothing in my Power, I would not do, to have the Honour and Pleasure of obliging my dear Master's Sister ; nay, any one Person for whom he shews the least Regard.

He embraced me, and said, I was always his good, his charming *Pamela*. Then ordering a Chair to the Door, continued, I will return time enough to sup with my Angel. When he was gone out, I sat down and wrote this Letter.

Dear Madam,

WHEN I consider, on the one Hand, your Ladyship's great Goodness, on the other, how little I merit the condescending Tenderneſs with which you have commanded my most humble Reſpect, and affectionate Acknowledgments, I confess, I receive some little Mortification ; as I am, in Justice, obliged to attribute these Marks of your Friendship, entirely, to your Ladyship's Good Nature, and Affection for your most generous, and most valuable Brother. However,
Madam,

Madam, I will endeavour by my observant Respect to be some way worthy of the Honour your Ladyship does me ; and to deserve a Continuance of your Regard, which I prize as a Happiness, next that of my dearly beloved Master ; whose Letter to your Ladyship, I enclose, by his Command.

As I have also received his Orders to be particular, your Ladyship will, I hope, excuse me, if my Fear of disobeying him, makes me troublesome to you. [I here, dear Mrs. Jervis, gave her an Account of the Captain's Supping with us, and concluded.] As I fear I have, by this, tired your Ladyship's Patience, I shall, with all possible Respect and Defence, subscribe myself,

Dear Madam,

Your Ladyship's

Most obliged,

Most affectionate Sister,

Most humble and

Obedient Servant,

P. B.

P. S. May I presume to entreat your Ladyship's making an Offer of my humble Respects to my Lord, and his Nephew, acceptable ? Yes, I am sure Lady Davers will excuse the Liberty, since her Goodness has encouraged it.

Indeed, my dear Jervis, I respect and honour Lady Davers, as the Daughter of my good Lady and Mistress deceased, whose Memory I shall always gratefully revere : For to her Goodness I owe all the genteel Education I have, and what is much more valuable, those Sentiments of Virtue, Honour, and Justice, Humanity, Charity, and Humility, which, though first instilled by my good Parents, her Ladyship ripen'd, by her Precepts and Example

Example ; and I love her Ladyship, as she is the Sister of my dear Master.

A little before six a Hackney-Coach stopped at the Door, out of which alighted Mr. B---- and two Persons who look'd like Traders. One of these and John brought a Box into the Parlour, into which Mr. B----, followed by the other, was already come. After saluting me, and the other making me a Complement on my Marriage, Mr. B----- said, John, set Mr. C----- a Chair. Then turning to me, my dear, said he, I have been to execute a Commission for our Friends in Kent. The Fashion of their Family Plate is quite old.----But I would have your Approbation before I ordered the engraving of the Arms.----John, opened the Box. But the Journeyman, as I perceived he was, prevented him by being the nimbler of the two.

Mr. C---- set upon the Table two Cases of Silver-handled Knives, Forks, and Spoons, a Dozen of every Sort in each Box ; one was for the Dis-serve. After these he set on all the Plate necessary for a Side-board handsomely furnish'd.

Dear Sir, said I, won't our Friends be displeased at your laying out so much Money ? I will run the Risque of that, answered he, do you like the Fashion, or do you observe any thing wanting ? The Fashion, reply'd I, is very handsome, and far from finding any thing deficient, I think many things superfluous. Mr. C----- who is a Man of strict Probity, answer'd my dear, says there is nothing but what is necessary ; and if I was no Judge, I should pin my Faith on his Sleeve : For his Interest will never let his Tongue run counter to his Conscience. If he was not here I should say more Mr. C---- answered with a Bow. My dear, said he, next Winter you may have Opportunity

tunity to serve him, pray let none slip, for he is a Man I value. To-morrow I have taken the Liberty to promise you will keep me Company and dine with him, that you may know his House. He proceeded, on my making an assenting Bow. Mr. C---- get the Arms engraven as soon as possible, and send the Plate according to the Directions I have given you. Let your young Man take it back in the Coach, and do you pleasure us with your Company at Supper. Sir, answered Mr. C---, I should gladly accept the Honour offered me, were I not engaged about this Time on Business of Consequence, therefore I hope you will excuse me. Business, reply'd Mr. B----, must be preferred to Ceremony. Mr. C---- having taken his Leave, and no one with my dear Master and self, I cry'd, Dear Sir, when will your Liberality put an End to the daily Blushes with which it covers me? Why, Sir, such a Expence of what, if I may say so, is needless for my humble Parents, dependent on your Bounty, and on that alone?

My dear *Pamela*, I think it necessary; the Expence is to be measured by the Fortune from which it is made. I own it might be called profuse in better Men than I am, but I look upon it scarce worth mentioning. Beside, my dear *Pamela*, continued he smiling, as you are the only Child they have, 'tis possible they may leave you sole Heir, and 'twill be an Honour to me to have the Arms of the *Andrews* and *Jinks* mixed in with my Plate.

You are, I see, Sir, disposed to be merry with my being an Heiress.----Indeed, I have heard, and your way of Living proves you are Master of a very great Estate in Land as well as of great Sums of Money; but I never durst presume to enquire into Particulars as I think it ill becomes an observant Wife to desire to know more of her Husband's

Husband's Affairs than he pleases to acquaint her with.

And what Estate, my Charmer, have you heard I was Master of? I have heard, my dear Sir, that you have a larger than Lord *Davers*, and he is said to have Twelve Thousand Pound a Year. He has, my little Angel, a Rent-Roll of such a Revenue: But he is agreeing with a Purchaser to sell off Two Thousand a Year, and then he will have a better Income: To this I have with much Persuasion induced him.

He owes Forty Thousand Pound, for which he pays Interest, and a considerable Land-Tax, to have the Name of possessing the Land, whence arises this Interest-Money. In fact, 'tis only for the Name, as the Mortgagee swallows the Income. Now if he sells the Land and pays the Debt, he will pay for his own clear Revenue alone as it may be taxed. Besides, this Estate lying within half a Days Journey of *London*, exposes him to a (prodigious Expence, such as really makes that Seat a Burthen to the whole Estate. If it were mine, I should either pull down the House and demolish the Gardens, or place a Farmer in the one, and turn the other into Meadow.

You see, my dear *Jervis*, whatever Estate Mr. B----- has, he is a great Economist.-----Indeed, the greatest Fortune would easily be ruined if the Owner, instead of looking into his Affairs himself, left every thing to the Management of Stewards; was above examining Accounts, and too thoughtless or too indolent to balance his Income with his Expences, and proportion the latter to the former.

Mr. B----- not only observed this, but farther said, there was not a more eating Canker in an Estate than a Tradesman's Book. Of this,

continued he, I will give you two Instances. A certain Person of great Quality went to the Shop of Mr. -----, in *King-Street, Covent-Garden*, to chuse a Piece of Silk. When his Grace had fix'd upon one, he asked the Price. My Lord, said Mr. -----, does your Grace book it or pay ready Money? Why, Mr. -----, where's the Difference? Only my Lord this, I will not take under four Pound ten a Yard ready Money; but if I book it I must set down nine Pounds a Yard: For you Persons of Quality who do pay, are so very long-winded, that if we did not charge our Book-Debts at a hundred *per Cent*, we Tradesmen must infallibly break. Thank you Mr. ----, said the Duke, for the Information, I will profit by it.--- I assure your Grace, it would be for the Interest of both the Person of Quality and Trader, if we kept no Books.-----Well, I owe you nothing, Mr. ----, and I assure you I never will. Pardon me, my Lord, your Grace owes me 500 *l.* ----- How! and turning to his Steward who was with him, did not I order you to pay every Tradesman out of the last half Year's Rent? My Lord, answered the Steward, the Money would not hold out. I paid as far as it would go, reserving the necessary for your Grace's Family. I and my Family shall either Part, or they shall live with me upon an *Irish* Diet, Potatoes and Butter-Milk before I will pay such exorbitant Interest.----Sure you have Money enough to discharge the Debt due to Mr. ----- Yes, my Lord, a great deal more, but --- I will have no *but* ---- pay him this Day. 'Tis no Wonder I always wanted Money, and never wanted a Levy of Dunns. I will take a new Course, and from hence forward, I charge you, Sir, to order that nothing enters my Doors but what the House-Steward pays for.

I my self, my dear *Pamela*, about ten Years since was at the Shop of this same Mr. ----- to buy a Brocade for a Waistcoat and Breeches, as was then the Fashion. I chose a Silk, and Mr. ---- called for a Pair of Scissars, having been told by my Taylor who was with me, that he must have eight Yards, and bid his Servant book 'Squire B--- eight Yards of Brocade, at seven Pounds a Yard. Hold, said I, no Booking, (tho' I was a Lad I apprehended contracting Debts) I will pay ready Money. On that Account Sir, answer'd he, I will 'bate ten Shillings: I thought it too dear at that Price, and was going away. To make short, before I got into my Mother's Coach, which waited, he fell to four Pound a Yard. This gave me such a disadvantageous Idea of the Probity of the Man, that I refused to deal with him, drove off to another Shop, where I bought for five Pound a Yard a Silk twice as rich. I have never, and I never will run into any Man's Books, and if Lord *Davers* had resolved the same, he would not have purchased a great many Superfluities, or have owed the Sum which now obliges him to lop off a Part of his Estate.

Men who run in Debt and have a Principle to pay, are, my dear *Pamela*, to use no severer Term inconsiderate: And such as make use of their Credit without any Design of paying, are worse than Highwaymen, and 'tis pity there is not a Law to punish them as the worst of Robbers: For they not only plunder an industrious Family, but are guilty of a black Ingratitude, by making a Tradesman suffer for his good Opinion of them. My dear Angel, you are a Stranger to the Town, and very young; you may see a great many fine Things which may take your Fancy; I shall be pleased with your gratifying your Inclinations,

and shall never think much at your purchasing any thing that you have a mind to have, do but keep my Name out of Shop-Books. Never scruple asking me for Money, you shall never be deny'd, and never called to account how you have disposed of it : I know your Prudence.

I answered, his Generosity had made me so a liberal an Allowance, that I should think my self blame-worthy did I throw away a quarter Part of his Bounty in Trifles, and hoped I should never so ill answer the Trust his Goodness had reposed in me, as to divert his Benevolence to unhappy Objects, to other Uses.

Saying this, I pulled out my Pocket-book, and proceeded. I hope Sir, my Accounts will approve me a good Steward. I open'd it and read---- An Account of the Charities of my dear Master from---- He clapped too the Book, and embracing me, said, No more, my Charmer, 'tis the only thing of your Writing which I should not read with Pleasure : this, I own, I can niether look into nor hear with any Satisfaction, for I can't bear to be adorned with borrow'd Virtues. Let us talk of something else.---- Do you think you are well enough recover'd from your last, to undertake a fresh Journey on *Monday*?

My dear Sir, I find no Fatigue ; but can I be sensible of any while in your engaging Company ? Methinks I could be always on the Road, if I had always you by my Side. My lovely *Pamela*, reply'd he, the most trifling Question will afford you a Subject to say something obliging and endearing.

Just as he said this, somebody knocked at the Door, and *John* coming in said it was Doctor *Williams* of *Lincolnshire*. Desire him, said my dear Master, to walk in, and rising, met the Clergyman

Clergyman at the Parlour-Door. Doctor, said he, I am glad to see you. What brought you to Town? and how did you know I was here?

Sir, said Mr. *Williams*, I am glad to see your Honour and good Lady in perfect Health, your respective Looks speak you both. In answer to your Questions----Right Doctor, cry'd Mr. *B*----, I love Method; therefore before you answer those Questions, pray sit down.----*John*, set the Doctor a Chair. He being seated, went on. In answer to your Questions, I must premise that an Aunt of mine, a Maiden Gentlewoman worth some Money, lately departed this Life, and left her Fortune in the Hands of a Banker, in trust, to be equally divided between the Children of her two Sisters *Jure representationis*.---Pray Sir, said I, what is that? (I wrote down the Words in my Pocket-Book, and Mr. *B*--- seeing me, read and corrected my Spelling, which he said was wrong) Madam, answered Mr. *Williams*, the Words signify according to, or by Right of Representation.

I was advertised of her Death, and desired to come to Town. The Money she left was twelve hundred Pounds. Now, I am the only Offspring of one Sister: the other Sister left three Children, and the Banker would have given every one of us three hundred Pounds. This Sum I refused to take and insisted on one half, and the other half I averred was to be divided among the Children of the other Sister. This the Banker and they thought unjust, and threat'ned me with a Law-Suit.

I was sorry to hear this, as our Cloth lies under the Imputation of being litigious. It is a Scandal, I hope unjustly cast upon us. I considered your bountiful Goodness, my generous Patron, had

provided me with a Sufficiency, and that my Relations were poor: But on the other Hand I thought if I departed from my Right, I should rather be laughed at than thanked, and therefore answer'd, that they had better consult some Counsellor learned in the Law than squander the Money left them, in Hopes to get more than what they could justly claim.

The Banker said my Advice was salutary. In a Word, we at length agreed to refer the Dispute to two Counsel, one on their, and one on my Side. This Afternoon we met at a Tavern opposite to St. Clements Danes, and our Case being laid before the Lawyers, they all agreed (having read the Will) that one half belonged to me: and added, that all the Judges would be of the same Opinion. This Award they drew up in Form and signed, and as we had entered into Arbitration Bonds, my Relations could not refuse standing to it. They were, I found, uneasy: but we parted good Friends. I told them I considered the Difference of our Circumstances, that mine were by God's Mercy, and my Patron's Goodness, as easy as I wished theirs. That I did not indeed care to be wrangled or frightned out of my Right, but could willingly give it up to assist them, and would consent to take no more than a Quarter instead of a half Share.

They seem'd surprized, returned me grateful Thanks, and the Banker and Counsellors applauded what I had done. The Banker gave me three hundred Pounds in Bank Notes, and I gave him a Receipt in full. When I parted from my Company to get to my Lodgings, I saw your Honour get into a Hackney-Coach, standing at a Goldsmith's Door, and two Men follow you.

I went

I went strait to my Lodings, lock'd up my Treasure, a much greater Sum than ever I was at one Time Master of, and thinking it my Duty, I then walked hither to know if your Honour had any Commands for *Lincolnshire*, whither I intend to return on *Monday* next. I have now Sir, answered your two Questions.

Doctor, said my Master, we also set out for the same County on the same Day, and if our easy Journies will not tire your Patience, we should be glad of your Company. I would offer you a Place in my Coach was there one vacant. Sir, you do me great Honour, reply'd he, I shall be proud to make one of your Retinue.

Supper was brought in, and I took Notice the Doctor (for he has now a Scarf having taken his Degrees) behaved with great Reservedness; he spoke very little, hardly at all to, and scarcely ever looked upon, me. He staid about half an Hour after the Table was removed, and then took his Leave, saying he would wait on us *Monday* Morning to enjoy the Honour offered him.

When he was gone my dear Master said, My dear *Pamela*, did you remark the Doctor's Behaviour? I will be hang'd if the foolish Parson is not afraid of making me jealous. Oh dear Sir, answered I, don't tax him with so mean a Thought of you. Nay, it is possibly taxing him unjustly with a monstrous Vanity, reply'd my Master. May-be this Stiffness in his Carriage is owing to his new Scarf, which he has not worn long enough to have it sit easy upon him. If that's the Reason, Time will get the better of his Starchness.

When Mr. B----- went to his Closet I sat down to write this to my dear Friend Mrs. *Fervis*, to whom I wish all Happiness, both in the present

present and a future State. I shall quit you here to recommend you in my Petitions to infinite Mercy, Goodness and Power. Adieu.

P. B

Sunday Evening. After having performed my Morning Duty I went to Breakfast with my dear Master, after which, as I could not go to Church, I asked him if his Town-house afforded no Entertainment for the Mind?---You want some Book, my *Pamela*, and rising, went to a Cabinet, took out a Key, and giving it me, said, the Room up two Pair of Stairs which looks upon the Green-Park, was my Mother's; this Key opens the Closet, where you will find a great many Books to your Taste, which I will sell you for ---- a Kiss, my Charmer, and taking me in his Arms, he kiss'd, and bid me go and examine my Purchase; I made him a low Curtesey, and said he was so obliging a Bookseller, and asked so little that I could not, in Conscience, but give him more than he had required; and taking him round the Neck, I gave him half a dozen Kisses. He held me in his Arms, and said, he could not, in Conscience take so much, and would return what was over and above the Price he had set; and kissed me, till I was almost stifled. Well, my Charmer, said he, you know what Coin is current with me; I can furnish you with Toys, Silks, Laces, &c. as well as Books, for I am a Jack-of-all-Trades; pray let me have your Custom, nobody shall use you better. I replied, I give you my Word, Sir, I will deal with nobody else.---- My dear *Pamela*, I dare give my Oath of it: I am now stepping out, but will soon return, and take you to my honest Friend Mr. C----'s; a worthier Man breathes not.

He

He went into a Chair, and I up to the Closet, which is large enough for a handsome Bed-Chamber, but I need not tell you either this, or the Number of devout Books it contains. I laid my Hands (by Accident) on *Herbert's Divine Poems*. As I had heard it ridiculed for a silly Production, and his writing Verses in the Form of Crosses and Altars, &c. laughed at, I had the Curiosity to read a little ; but must own, I cannot join with the Wits who make a Jest of this pious Author, who, I think, shews us a Heart penetrated with the Almighty's Goodness and Mercies, and who, in his Writings, breathes fervent Love, and humble Gratitude ; who thinks greatly of his Creator, and meanly of himself. As to his Conceits, I think them pretty *Memento's* of the great unspeakable Love of God, in our Redemption. I was so pleased with their representing to my Mind, that ineffable Bounty, that invaluable Victim, who, though the Author of Life, suffered Death, to make us, by a Reconciliation with our offended God, capable of that Immortality, we had forfeited, by the Fall of our first Parents. I was, I say, so pleased, that I have endeavoured to imitate this way of writing, as you will see.

O holy

O holy Lamb,
O glorious King,
Poor as I am,
Yet will I sing

*Thy Praise. To thee I'll lift my flowing Eyes,
Nor wilt thou, O my God, my Poverty despise.*

To Man undone,
Thy Mercy sent
Thine only Son ;
The Innocent,
Our Miseries move
(O wondrous Love)
To quit the Skies,
Immortal Joys,
On Earth to bear
A Life of Care,
For us he dies
A Sacrifice,
And Bliss foregoes
For Life of Woes,
And he whose Breath
Gave all Things Birth,
For us on Earth
Submits to Death.
The Heav'nly Host
Must sing thy Praise,
For I am lost

In Wonder

and Amaze.

I am satisfied I should be censured by many, were this to be seen, as childest, and pleased with Trifles. I don't pretend to a strong Judgment, I am far from such Arrogance ; but, my dear *Fervis*, can we see the Cross, without reflecting on our Redeemer's Sufferings ? And can we call them to mind, without Love and Gratitude ? If these fond Conceits, as I have heard them called, have these Effects ; in my Opinion, far from being childish, they are excellent Monitors to keep us steady in our Duty, that we lose not that happy Immortality, which our blessed Lord regained for us, at the Price of his most precious Blood. This little Book entertained me, in an instructive and agreeable manner, till my dear Master returned.

My dear *Pamela*, said he, we shall cause some Disorder in my Friend C----'s Family, if we exceed Two o'Clock, which, or a little after, is commonly Dinner-time in and about the City : Wherefore, if you please, I will wait on you : I have one of *Blunt's* Coaches to attend us. I answered, That I was ready to obey his Commands. He put me into the Coach, and in stepping in himself, ordered that no Servant should go with us.

Mr. C----- received us with a chearful Countenance, and seem'd really pleased with our being his Guests. When my dear Master was a *Westminster* Scholar, it was this Goldsmith who paid him the Money for his Board, Books, Cloaths, and Pocket. My Lady, to accustom him to the Use and Value of Money, would have all his Expences pass through his own Hands. Thus when he came to his Fortune, Money was nothing new to him, and he was not tempted to squander it in Baubles.

Mr. C---- gave us two Courses of seven Dishes each, and a handsome Dis-serve. His Dinner was elegant

elegant and very well dressed ; his Wine *French*, and Mr. B---- said excellent ; but the most agreeable Part of the Entertainment, to me, was the old Gentleman's Chearfulness, and the Pleasure with which he eyed Mr. B----, whom he looked upon as a Foster-Child.

We returned home a little before Eight ; Supper was on Table at Nine, and we withdrew before Ten. To-morrow, my dear *Jervis*, we set out for *Lincolnshire*, where we shall make but a short Stay ; and then take our Journey to *Bedfordshire*, to continue at that Seat till the Meeting of the Parliament. Adieu, my dear Friend. You may expect to hear from me, by the first Opportunity.

P. B.

Friday Evening. Last Night, my dear Friend, we came safe, and in perfect Health, to my dear Master's Seat in *Lincolnshire* ; but that I may be a little methodical, I shall begin at our setting out, which was on *Monday*, about Six in the Morning ; half an Hour before which Time, Mr. *Williams* came on Horseback, and after taking a Dish of Chocolate, we turned our Backs on the famous Metropolis, LONDON.

The Particulars of our Journey are not worth relating : The first thirty Miles we drove with a Set of *Blunt's* Horses, and Mr. B----, who had sent his own before on *Friday*, discharged and sent these back. We went but easy Journies, as you may guess by our having been four Days on the Road.

When we arrived, a very genteel Gentlewoman met, and welcomed us : My dear Master saluted her, and asked if her Aunt was well. Then turning to me, said, My dear *Pamela*, this is your new

new House-keeper, and I dare say you will not like her the worse for being Mrs. *Fervis's* Niece. My dear Sir, replied I, every Action of your Life loads me with a fresh Obligation. I saluted her, and found an immediate Inclination to love her, both from the Goodnature, visible in her Countenance, and from her being so near a Relation to my dear Friend.

I had forgot to tell you, that good Mr. *Longman* met us at *Stamford*, and all Mr. *B----*'s Tenants, at about two Miles distant from his Seat ; where, at our Arrival, Mr. *Longman* regaled them, and sent Money to the Ringers, who had set the Bells a going, the Moment we came in Sight.

Dr. *Williams* supped with us, and lay last Night at my dear Master's, but took Leave this Morning as soon as Breakfast was over, to return to his Parish : He was hardly gone, but the Rev. Mr. *Peters* came to make us his Compliments on our Arrival, and said, his Spouse would do herself the Honour to wait on me, when she thought I had recovered from the Fatigue of my Journey. He made but a very short Stay, and I thought his Looks spoke him under the Pressure of some weighty Misfortune. I took Notice of this to my dear Mr. *B----* ; and he said, My Charmer, you have read him rightly, for certainly a greater cannot happen to a Parent ; his only Daughter, a Girl about Fifteen, is ruined by his Coachman, and is big with Child.

And is that an Affair, said I, to make Mr. *Peters* uneasy ? How ! said he, could I have expected such a Question from the humane *Pamela* ? Sir, replied I, what I said, was to remind you how trifling a Matter the Ruin of a Child appeared to him, when it was the Case of a poor Parent. I

am really sorry he experiences the Affliction my dear Parents must have sunk under, had not the Almighty protected me, and touched your dear Heart. Give me leave, my dear Sir, to shew you in how different a Light one and the same Misfortune appears when it is another's, or our own. In doing this, I entreat you to believe me, that I have no manner of Resentment ; and far from exulting in this terrible Infliction on the poor Gentleman, that from the Bottom of my Heart I pity him : Pray Heaven to assuage his Grief, and give him and his poor Lady Constancy to get the better of it with a Christian Courage. I got up, saying this, and going to my Room, brought down the Letter Mr. *Williams* had written to me in my great Distress, when I was abandoned by the World, and had no Hopes of Protection but from Heaven. Indeed the only one that will not fail the Innocent, and which we ought to rely on, tho' we may be allowed to ask human Succour.

This Letter contains, you may remember, the Discourse between Mr. *Williams* and Mr. *Peters* ; but as you may have forgot it, and I will not give you the Trouble to look into the Transcript you complimented me in making of my Papers, I will copy what I desired Mr. *B----* to read, *viz.*

“ I have hinted your Case to Mr. *Peters*, the
 “ Minister of this Parish ; but I am concerned to
 “ say, that he imputed selfish Views to me, as if
 “ I would make an Interest in your Affections,
 “ by my Zeal. And when I represented the Du-
 “ ties of our Function, and the like, and pro-
 “ tested my Disinterestedness, he coldly said, I
 “ was very good ; but was a young Man, and
 “ knew little of the World ; And tho' 'twas a
 “ Thing

“ Thing to be lamented, yet when he and I set
 “ about to reform Mankind in this Respect, we
 “ should have enough upon our Hands; for, he
 “ said it was too common and fashionable a
 “ Case to be withstood by a private Clergyman or
 “ two: And then he uttered some Reflections
 “ upon the Conduct of the present Fathers of the
 “ Church, in regard to the first Personages of the
 “ Realm, as a Justification of his Coldness on
 “ this Score.

“ I represented the different Circumstances of
 “ your Affair; that other Women lived evilly by
 “ their own Consent; but to serve you, was to
 “ save an Innocence that had but few Examples;
 “ and then I shew’d him your Letter.

“ He said it was prettily written, and he was
 “ sorry for you; and that your good Intentions
 “ ought to be encouraged; but what, said he,
 “ would you have *me* do, Mr. *Williams*? Why,
 “ suppose Sir, said I, you give her Shelter in your
 “ House, with your Spouse and Niece, till she
 “ can get to her Friends! — What, and im-
 “ broil myself with a Man of Mr. *B*——’s
 “ Power and Fortune! No, not I, I’ll assure
 “ you! — And I would have you consider what
 “ you are about. Besides, she owns, continued
 “ he that he promises to do honourably by her;
 “ and her Shyness will procure her good Terms
 “ enough; for he is no covetous nor wicked
 “ Gentleman, except in this Case, and ’tis what
 “ all young Gentlemen will do.”

My dear Master shook his Head, and said, this
 Unconcern for *Virtue in Distress* is terribly come
 home to him, you have not heard his whole Mis-
 fortune. His Niece, (who had two thousand
 Pounds) when Mr. *Peters* would have patched up

his Shame by marrying his Daughter to his Servant, declared she had been six Months his Coachman's Wife.

Poor Gentleman, said I, his Misfortunes are really deplorable.—I heartily condole with him. But let us, my *Pamela*, reply'd Mr. B—, quit this melancholy Subject.—You don't ask what is become of your Friend Mrs. *Jewkes*? I don't suppose, said I, but your Generosity Sir, provided for her Support when you dismissed her.

She had before, answered he, provided for herself. She has been privately married to a Servant of Farmer *Beadle's* one of my Tenants, these ten Months. He is a hale, lusty, strong, robust Fellow, of about twenty-five, who expected to have a Fortune in Mrs. *Jewkes*: but finding himself disappointed, he beats her much oftner than I fancy she could herself hope to be carressed.

Longman one Morning seeing him come out of her Bed-Chamber, discovered the Secret, and made it a Handle to discharge her, having allowed her Accounts, in which, he says he proved to her Face that she had cheated me at least twenty *per Cent.* out of all the Money that had passed through her Hands, though she had not twenty Pounds in the World to bless her. I had ordered *Longman* to give her a hundred Pounds; but he said, that as she had been her own Carver, and did not trust to my Generosity, he withheld the Present designed her, as it would not near make a Compensation for what she had cheated.

That after she was put out of the House, she went to her Husband, who had taken a Farm of twenty Pound a Year near *Stamford*, being assisted by the Master of the Post-House, where he had formerly been Hostler. That her Husband stripped her of all her Cloaths, put her in-

to

to Stuffs suitable to her present Circumstances, and makes her a very Slave.

Longman one Day after she was gone from hence, was talking to a Neighbour of her dishonest Management in my Family, and wondered what she could have done with her Money! The Man answered, he could account for it---- She has, said he, a Bastard Daughter, whom she has hitherto kept like a Gentlewoman at the Boarding-School at *Lincoln*. All her Money went to keep this Girl fine.---- How know you that? reply'd *Longman*.---- I'll tell you, answered the other.---- I have the Care of Mr. *Bradford's* Estate near that City, which obliges my going there often, and I paid for the Girl's Board and Cloaths with the Money Mrs. *Jewkes* gave me for that End.----- I suspected how the Affair was, and one Evening when she was at my House, and had got a little Sup in her Eye, for you know she wou'd now and then give Nature a Fillip, I put it home to her, and she fairly owned the whole Truth, and that the Girl was by a Trooper who quartered at her Sister's while she was Bar-keeper.--- You know her Sister keeps an Inn at-----.

You see, my *Pamela*, Heaven revenges your Injuries, and the Woman who contributed all she could to your Ruin, is herself exposed to that and Shame. I pray God forgive her, said I, and may her present Punishment produce in her an unfeigned Penitence and secure her future Happiness.--- As I had said this, a Servant came from Sir *Simon Darnford* with the Compliments of his Family; and another from Lady *Jones* on the same Errand.

After Dinner my dear Master went to his Library, sent for Mr. *Longman*, and was lock'd up with him all the Afternoon. I retired to my

Chamber, where I read some Time and then began this Letter to my dear Mrs. *Jervis*.----- I am highly pleased at the agreeable Change in the Family, and that instead of having a wicked Woman always before my Eyes, whom I can forgive, but like better at a Distance. I now have a Woman of Virtue (for I am sure such she must be, having been, as I am informed, brought up by you) to converse with.

Just here came in Mrs. *Vaughan* your Niece to ask if I pleased to order any thing in particular, and to shew me the Bill of a Fare she had made for Supper. Mrs. *Vaughan*, said I, pray draw a Chair and sit down. She made a Courtesy and answered, I have been taught, Madam, 'tis ill Manners to dispute the Will of our Superiors, especially of such as have a Right to command us: and taking a Chair she made a very low Courtesy and sat down.---- I am writing, Mrs. *Vaughan*, to my dear Friend your good Aunt, and as you came in, had just made Mention of you.---- Read those Lines. She read, and returned them with a Courtesy, saying, Your Ladyship is extremely good and obliging; but I am not surprized at your answering the Character all who have the Honour of your Acquaintance, or that of belonging to, give your Ladyship.

Mrs. *Vaughan*, said I, if you have had my Character, you must have heard I abominate nothing more than Flattery: nay, what borders upon it, alarms and sets me upon my Guard. I love and esteem your Aunt, and if you think my good Opinion worth gaining, it must be by your Vigilance in the Trust my dear Master has reposed in you, and in never offering me any Incense. I have no Alteration to make in your Bill of Fare, and you need not for the future give your self any
Trouble,

Trouble to consult my Appetite, which I thank Heaven, is grown nothing more delicate by my Change of Fortune. Mrs. B—— can still be pleased with what contented the humble *Pamela*. If my dear Master is content, you will always find me satisfied.

Your Neice made me no Answer, but rising with a Curtesy left the Room. Soon after *Rachel* brought me Word that Mr. B—— had left the Library and was in the Parlour. I immediately went down, and he embracing me, said, How has my Charmer passed her Time while Business denied me the Pleasure of being with her? I answered, that I had read, the greater Part of the Time he was in the Library: but, continued I, you might enable me to pass some of my Time, while I am deprived of the Pleasure and Advantage of your dear Conversation, more agreeably, as I cannot always be intent on Books.— And how, my charming *Pamela*? You cannot give me greater Satisfaction than an Opportunity to oblige you. I would, if possible, go before your Wishes. I have, Sir, said I, been silent a long while and not reminded you of an obliging Promise you made me: For, as I have heard you say, a Man of Prudence will deliberate before he engages his Word, and a Man of Honour, let what may be the Consequence, will never break it when once given, as I know you both, I feared being impertinent in reminding you of a certain Promise you made your *Pamela*. What was it my Angel? — And does not, said I, my dear Sir remember? Be it what it will, answered he, you may depend on my Performance; and if, my Charmer, it has slip'd my Memory, do me the Justice to believe it was not Want of the most tender Affection and most ardent Desire to please you; but to Business:
For,

For, my lovely Bride, (a Bride thou'lt always be to me) a Man of Fortune who will look into his Affairs, has not so much idle Time on his Hands as the World may imagine. I have, perhaps, as honest a Steward as ever had the Management of an Estate, in Mr. *Longman*; but it behoves me, notwithstanding, to be as much Master of my Affairs as he is; or how should I regulate my Expences, and keep a Medium, that I may not incur on the one Hand, the Character of a parsimonious Man, or on the other, that of a Spend-Thrift? How should I know if my Table is hospitable or profuse; my Equipage becoming my Fortune or extravagant? besides, should Mr. *Longman* die or quit my Service, how do I know whether an honest Man or a Knave may succeed him; and if I was ignorant of my own Affairs, and a new Steward should prove of the latter Class, what an Opportunity should I give him of making his own Fortune upon the Ruins of mine? ---- But, my dear Life, this has led me from the Subject. ----- Tell me what Promise I have made and not performed?

You may remember, my dear Sir, when you carried me to Breakfast at a certain Place where I saw some pretty Misses who were at a Boarding-School, that among them ----- Oh, my obliging dear, said he, embracing and kissing me, I have never forgot the Promise I then made you, but reflect, my Life, I have had no Opportunity to make it good. We shall make but a short Stay here, before we go to *Bedfordshire*, I will there give you Miss *Goodwin* into your Tuition, and you shall take her to Town with you, and do with, and for her, just what your own innate Goodness shall prompt you to. Nay, I will make such an Allowance for her Education in particular,

particular, as you shall think requisite. My dear, dear Sir, said I, 'tis impossible for me to say how greatly you oblige me:—*Abraham* came and told us Supper was upon Table in another Parlour.—*Mr. B*—ordered him to call *Mr. Longman* to keep us Company. Indeed, he never fails sending for the good Old Gentleman when no Strangers are at the House.

At Supper, I said to *Mr. Longman*, I am heartily sorry to hear the Misfortunes which have attended good *Mr. Peters's* Family. — Ay, Madam, reply'd he, they are dreadful Calamities.— When I was told the Particulars, as the Child related them, I could not help reflecting on his Discourse with Doctor *Williams*. He finds Lewdness is not confined to the Circle of the Gentry ; that the lowest People can be as wicked as their Betters ; and Servants bid Defiance to the Gallows as well as their Masters. — What mean you, said *Mr. B*—, by bidding Defiance to the Gallows ? I mean, reply'd the good Old Man, perpetrating Crimes, which the Laws punish with Death ; as Violation of an innocent Virgin.— I was afraid this Subject should be carried farther, as I know *Mr. Longman* very often speaks his Mind with a Freedom which *Mr. B*— could not bear with in any other, and to turn the Discourse, I asked if it would be impertinent to desire he would acquaint me with the Particulars of these Misfortunes ?

Madam, said he, the Story *Miss Peters* tells is very short.—She was at the Boarding-School at *Lincoln*, from whence her Father sent his Chariot to bring her, and the Coachman, being on the Heath, and no Body in Sight, forced her. But this she refused to make Oath of before the Justice.

The

The Niece of this Reverend Gentleman has made Oath, that she has more than once catch'd her Cousin in the Coachman's Room ; and suspected that she had Thoughts of marrying him, but did not believe any thing criminal had pass'd between them till it was now but too apparent that her Cousin had wanted Prudence, and then she suspected her Husband the Coachman, was the Author of her Misfortune. That she taxed her with it, and she could not long deny, her Suspicion being just. That she the Niece, then reproached her Husband with his Ingratitude to her who had stoop'd so low to raise him to an easy Fortune, and his Baseness to his Master. He answered, he was sorry for what had pass'd, which had never been if Miss had not encouraged him. That as to what regarded her as his Wife, he acknowledged the Honour done him ; but that this Commerce was begun before he had any Reason to expect the Happiness he owed to her Generosity. That he was so far from desiring to continue it, he would leave his Place to get rid of his young Mistress, and desired her, Mr. *Peters's* Niece, to prepare to go off with him, and that they had designed so to do, when her Aunt discovered, and her Cousin did not deny, that she was with Child.

What, said I, is become of the Coachman and young Lady who married him ? As Miss *Peters*, reply'd he, would not swear the Story of a Rape, and could not deny what the Niece swore and I have repeated, the Justice could do no more than take Sureties of him. Nay, it was his private Opinion, that Miss had rather tempted the Fellow, than the Fellow her. As to the Niece, she did not hesitate at declaring she loved her Uncle's Coachman, and as she could not live without him, she herself had propos'd their Marriage.

Pray,

Pray, said Mr. B----, is the Fellow handsome? In my Eye, reply'd Mr. Longman, he is the Reverse. He and the young Lady have left Mr. Peters, and taken a large Farm near *Huntingdon*, which is stocked with Part of her Fortune.

I went to my Chamber soon after Supper, continued this Letter, and wrote the following to my dear Parents.

My dear Parents,

WE left London on Monday, and got safe and well to Mr. B-----'s Seat in *Lincolnshire* on Thursday Evening. I bless God he is the same tender indulgent dear Gentleman I found him, the first Day that he honoured me with the Title of Mrs. B-----. My constant Prayers and Care shall be to give him no Cause to repent his Condescension and Goodness, or to alter his Behaviour to me.

The Almighty is infinitely merciful, but such a Series of Prosperity, without any cross Accident to ruffle it, makes me ever upon my Guard against, and prepared to meet with Constancy, and humble Resignation to the Divine Will, whatever Misfortune may break in upon my present happy Tranquility: The greatest would be a Decay of my dear Mr. B-----'s Affection; which greatest Heaven avert, for I doubt my having Courage to support so dreadful a Trial; in Comparison of which, the being reduced to my former Poverty, and servile Condition, I should hardly term a Misfortune.

But, my dear Parents, I have no Reason given me to apprehend any Tempest will ruffle my present Calm of Life; they are the common Vicissitudes of the World, to which I am liable, that alarm me.

Mr.

Mr. B.....'s Tenderness promises me a Continuance of the Blessings I now enjoy ; and, O ! may the Divine Assistance make me worthy of them.

A very Terrible Misfortune has happened in the Family of the Reverend Mr. Peters ; the reading the following Account will, I am satisfied, excite your Compassion. I pray Heaven comfort the unfortunate Couple, who are deprived of that they hoped, from an only and tenderly beloved Child.

[I here, my dear *Jervis*, gave them the Account you have, and concluded with begging their Prayers.]..... Assure yourself you are never forgot in mine ; and that, to the utmost of her Power, you will find an unalterable Friend in

P. B.

Saturday Evening.

My dear Mrs. *Jervis*, this Morning my dear Mr. B..... got on Horseback, and took an Airing for a couple of Hours after Breakfast ; he had not been long returned, when Sir *Simon Darnford* came in, without our having any previous Notice ; he had no Servant with him, rode directly into the Stables, where he himself put up his Horse, and came, without meeting any body, through the Hall into the Parlour, where I was sitting on my dear Master's Knee, with one Arm round his Neck.

So, so, young Lady, have I catch'd you ? said he ; these are pretty Familiarities indeed. Adad, 'tis no Wonder your fine taper Shape is spoiled. My dear Master, and I, 'rose up ; the Gentlemen saluted each other, like friendly Neighbours ; and Sir *Simon* saluting me, I asked after the Health of his Family ?

Thank Heavens, my pretty Neighbour, said he, we are all well ; and my Girls, in particular, grown

grown more sprightly than usual on your coming down. If *my very humble Service*, and *my Respects*, and many more of these Messages, and good Wishes and Congratulations, had been but as weighty as so many Corks, adad, I must have either led or driven my Horse before me, for the poor Beast would never have been able to have brought them and me too. I am highly obliged, answered I, for the Honour the Ladies of your Family do me in that kind Remembrance and good Wishes.—Adad, not a Whit, not a Whit, my charming Neighbour, said Sir *Simon*. As we never saw any thing so lovely, 'tis impossible you can ever slip out of our Memory; and as we never met with any one so deserving, 'tis as impossible not to love you: and we cannot help wishing well to what we love.—I find, Sir *Simon*, said I, you are resolved to put an End to my conversing with you, by putting it out of my Power to make an Answer.—Adad, I speak my Sentiments, and those of all who know you, and I am very sure those of my good Neighbour here. Indeed, Sir, reply'd Mr. *B*—, my dear *Pamela* is every way good.

Well, Madam, I am come to see if a Visit from my old Woman and the Girls, will not be troublesome this Afternoon? Far from it, Sir *Simon*, my Lady and the young Ladies will do me Pleasure and Honour.—Well, Mr. *B*—, said Sir *Simon*, have you forgot your old Custom of obliging your Neighbours, when you came down, with what new Pamphlets were published at *London*?

My dear Mr. *B*— answered, that his Bookseller had sent him down a Pacquet, which he had not opened; but would fetch it out of his Library and lay in Sight in the Parlour, that

one of Sir *Simon's* Servants might take them home.—When you have read them, Sir, it will be Time enough. Really, Sir *Simon*, I don't know when I may have that Leisure.—But why need you go yourself—? I trust no Servant in my Library but Mr. *Longman*.—I will be instantly with you.

When my dear Master left us, Sir *Simon* said to me, Madam, I suffered some severe Keprimands from Lady *Darnford*, and a Remorse of Conscience for not having granted you an Azyle in my House when Mr. *Williams* acquainted me with your Distress, and asked my Protection of your Innocence: I hope what I have undergone; a Reflection, that possibly, it was the will of God I should be insensible to your Sufferings, and the Good to which Omnipotence turned the Evil, will make me find an easy Pardon with a Lady of your Humanity and Piety and avert any Misfortune falling upon me or my Family from Heaven for my Cruelty in abandoning Innocence.

Sir *Simon*, said I, there is nothing more easy than to forgive Injuries done us, when we consider it is a Duty so incumbent to perform, that our not complying with it shuts us out from all Hopes of Mercy from Heaven: but you, Sir, mediately and negatively only injured me, by suffering worldly Views to blind you, to what became your Character. You have done me too much Honour, Sir, in this generous Submission to ask Pardon, for me not to give you my best Wishes and hearty Prayers for your and your Family's Prosperity.

Said Sir *Simon*, dear Lady, your Goodness has no Equal upon Earth; and, I am certain, the Intercession of such a Saint (though I am no *Roman* Catholick) must be effectacious.

Mr.

Mr. B—— came in with a Pacquet which he threw on the Seat of one of the Windows, saying, my dear *Pamela*, when Lady *Darnford* does us, this Afternoon, the Favour we hope, remember, should I forget, to order this Pacquet into Sir *Simon's* Coach.

About a Quarter of an Hour after Sir *Simon* 'rose to take his Leave. I there enter a *Caveat*, Sir *Simon*, said Mr. B——, you must stay Dinner. I know your Lady and Family, if you go out, never stay past the Hour; because you have so commanded. Nay, nay, answered he, I shall need no Violence to indulge my Inclinations.

Sir *Simon* very obligingly enquired after my good Parents, and said that he felt a very sensible Pleasure and was greatly surprized at their Christian Fortitude, when Mr. *Longman* favour'd him with their Story.

I retired to my Chamber to give *Hannah* some Orders, and left Sir *Simon* and my dear Master B——, on their entering upon the Subject of Publick Affairs. Sir *Simon* who is naturally of a chearful Temper, and what they call a little wag-gish, endeavoured to be very entertaining Company all Dinner, and though I perceived him pretty cautious of what he said, he put me more than once to the Blush. He was at length thoroughly sensible that he had given me some Uneasiness, and was compassionate enough to repress his Wit.

We had not long dined before Lady *Darnford* and her two Daughters came. After the first Complements were past, Lady *Darnford* told me no Body had received greater Satisfaction than herself by the happy Reconciliation in Mr. B——'s Family.

292 PAMELA's CONDUCT

Truely, said Sir *Simon*, I must beg Mr. *B*——'s and Lady *Davers*'s Pardon, if I am so free as to say her Ladyship would have shewn more Prudence in being rather reconciled by the lovely *Pamela*'s Virtues, than by the Discovery of her Sister's Family. Does she despise the Gold and rich Silks she wears because one is dug out of the Earth, and the other the Work of a Worm? Do her Brilliant Diamonds lose any of their Lustre from a Reflection that they are hewn out of a Rock?

Indeed we Mortals, when we will give ourselves Time to consider, appear in the Eye of Reason, very silly Animals. We are of, almost all, the most necessitous, and are obliged to plunder others to supply our Wants. We rob the poor Sheep of it's Wool, to keep us warm; the labouring Ox we strip of it's Hide, to preserve our Feet from the rugged Ground; and when we have broken open the Earth for her Mines, and laid some glittering Dirt upon this Cloathing, and possibly, plucked the Tail of an Ostrich to adorn our Heads, how are we puffed up with Pride! How do we glory in these Spoils! which in fact are Marks of our Tyranny and Insatiableness. Adad, we are very silly Creatures. Very silly, in troth.

You are, reply'd Mr. *B*——, extremely just in your Censure Sir *Simon*.——Nay, Mr. *B*——, answered the old Baronet, we are so mean, so foolish, that we stoop to make Use of the Excrements of Beasts, and think they contribute as much to our intrinsic Worth as they do to the gratifying our Pride. Why do the Ladies use Civet? Why sew up their Arms and Hands in Horf-dung at Night, as I have heard some do? Why? to smell sweet and have white Hands. Foolish, very foolish.—

foolish——mean, mean: Adad, I can hardly think on these Things seriously but I am almost out of Patience.

Then, again, to remark our Vanity.——Man, forsooth, is the Lord of the Creation, and is distinguished from the other Animals by the Gift of Reason. Now, let a hungry Lyon or a Tyger meet this Lord of the Creation in a Wood, or a Shark spy him in the Sea, and what Respect will any of them shew their Sovereign? Adad, I believe they would not consider his Dignity, but make a Meal of his Lordship without the least Ceremony.

Now for his Reason. By my troth there's little to be said for it; for the brute Creation shews more. Few among the Brutes will run into any Excess, and we see Numbers of Men shorten their Days, and make the Span of Life one continued Scene of Wretchedness, by indulging their irregular Appetites. How many of us want the Prudence of the Ant? Nay, who among us does not? That little Creature, in the Summer, provides its Store for the Winter Season; now give me leave to say this Life is our Harvest, and if we do not treasure up while on this Side the Grave, we shall have a very bad *Hereafter*. I acknowledge my own Unthriftiness in this, but I hope it is not yet too late to mend, tho' it may appear rather the Effects of Necessity, than any Virtue at my advanced Age; and so, Sir and Ladies, I have made an End of my Sermon; and my humble Service to you Mr. B——, I drink Health to my good Congregation. Saying this he filled and drank a Glass of Wine, for a Bottle was on the Table.

Indeed Sir *Simon*, said I, you deserve the Thanks of your Congregation for your excellent Discourse, I return you mine in particular; I as-

sure you I have not lost a Word of it. I shall treasure it up in my Mind, and apply to it on any Attack from Pride or Vanity as an excellent Antidote to their Poison, and an admirable Cataplasim for the Tumor of Self-Conceit.

Adad, Madam, when I am preaching against Vanity, you bid fair to make me vain: Who would not be proud to hear himself praised by a Lady of your solid Judgment and incomparable Merit?

I answered, I wish, Sir *Simon*, my Judgment may be solid enough to make me thoroughly acquainted with my little Merit. Lady *Darnford* said, my excellent Judgment was one Part of that Merit which the World acknowledged in Mrs. B——. Madam, replied I, you impose me Silence, by putting it out of my Power to answer your Ladyship's Compliment; I wish indeed your Ladyship may always think I have some Merit, because I shall be always proud of being honoured with your Friendship. Come, come, cried Sir *Simon*, we know you very well tho' you won't seem to know yourself; so don't let us grow serious. Here, *Nancy*, (speaking to one of the young Ladies his Daughters) you say you have a Demand upon Mr. B——. Nay, that we both have, Papa, answer'd the other Sister; he promised us the Fiddles when he was last here. and a Man of Honour has as much Regard for his Word given, as for his Bond. Adad, said Sir *Simon*, that puts me in mind of an excellent *Spanish* Proverb, which says, *hold a Man by his Word, and a Cow by her Horns*. When Mr. B—— has answer'd, I will tell you a *Spanish* Punctilio in Point of Honour with regard to a Promise made.

Sir, answer'd Mr. B——, the young Ladies need only chuse their Company, and appoint their Day,

Day, they shall find me as just to my Word as any *Spaniard*. So, Ladies, let me know Tomorrow, after Church is done, your Resolution, and, Sir *Simon*, pray favour us with your Story. The young Ladies made their Curtesy, and Sir *Simon* began thus.

A certain *Spanish* Nobleman, whose Name does not now occur to my Memory, was Governor of a certain Town which I have forgot, but it was besieged by an Enemy, which I don't remember. You see, Sir, I am very particular; but if all these Things, which now lie buried in Oblivion, were fresh in my Mind, my Story would not be one Ace-point more edifying or more entertaining, consequently they are not of Consequence.

Sir *Simon*, cried Lady *Darnford*, if you throw in so many Episodes, I think they are called, when will you have made an end? why never, Wife, answered the Baronet, if you bring in a number of Questions which are nothing to the Purpose. He that tells a Story judiciously, will spin out what may be said in a quarter of an Hour to the Length of a Day; you are a Stranger to the modern Method. I have known an artful Speaker, when I was in Parliament, keep the House gaping and attentive for two Hours together, and after that time nobody could make Head or Tail of what he had been haranging about; and if he had not, while he was amusing us, by Emiffaries got his Posse together, he would have talk'd on till Night and no one in the House have been a jot the wiser.

But the Story, Papa, cried Miss *Nanny*. Hussy, said Sir *Simon*, do not interrupt me. I must convince your Mama of her want of Judgment. Now, Lady *Darnford*, this incomparable Art,
which

which is call'd that of *Spinning* or *Wire-drawing*, is as useful to, as much esteem'd, and practis'd by our modern Authors as our publick Orators. I can name you some late Productions which speak their Authors great Proficients in this Art; for they will draw out to two or three Volumes what might have been said in so many Pages. I hope you are now convinced, my Dear, that I am both methodical and modish in my Story, with which I proceed.

This same certain Governor of this nameless Town, besieged by this unknown Enemy, wanted Money to pay his Garrison, which was on the Point of coming to a general Mutiny. Now, my Dear, continued Sir *Simon*, to oblige you with Brevity I will here pass by a fine Opportunity of being eloquent upon the Nature of Soldiers, the Foresight of State Ministers in seeing that Garrisons are well provided for, and the OEconomy necessary to be used by Governors of fortified Towns; but as I said, to oblige you I will sacrifice this Opportunity of shining. Many Thanks, good Sir *Simon*, answer'd my Lady.—To proceed then, this certain Nobleman, who was the Governor, sent to the Magistracy of the Town and asked them to lend the King a hundred thousand Crowns. They desired to know on what Security. I will give you one, said he, and twitching off a few Hairs from one of his Whiskers, cried, there's a Security. They, fearing being plundered, took the Hairs and brought the Money. Here again I could shine, said he, but my Vanity shall give place to my Complaisance. The Town was saved by this Supply, but the Governor, tho' he long solicited, could never get the Court to repay this Money. The Town still keeps these Hairs for a Pledge, and the Governor's Family

has

has paid Interest for the Money above a hundred Years already. Mr. B—— thank'd Sir *Simon* for his Story, which he said, was well told, and romantick enough for a *Spanish Don*.

Indeed, said I, Lady *Darnford*, I could almost chide you; for we have lost, by your means, a great many fine Remarks. Sir *Simon* cried, she does not know what an Advantage she has lost to the Company, and herself. O, answer'd Lady *Darnford*, we all know you so well I shall be easily forgiven.

The Tea-Table was set and we took Tea. The Company was very entertaining, and the Conversation on different Subjects carried on with a good deal of Spirit by the two Miss *Darnfords*.

When they set out for home, my dear Master said he had some Papers to look over, in his Library, and I withdrew to my Chamber, where I wrote this long Epistle to my dear Friend Mrs. *Jervis*.

Monday. Yesterday, my good Friend, I rose pretty early, and having perform'd the Duty incumbent on me, sat down and read several of the Psalms, and hope I have reaped some benefit. The first Psalm shews the last End of Man, which will certainly be such as his Life has deserved. God, no doubt, and I don't know if it would not be Blasphemy to think otherwise, design'd our whole Race for Happiness, which the holy Prophet shews us is to be attained by being acquainted with, and observing the Laws of the Almighty. But,

My dear *Jervis*, to what purpose should we be so often admonish'd of our Duty; why should the Almighty, by his Prophets, by his blessed Son and his Disciples, shew us the terrible Effects of our neglecting it; and lay before us the
glorious

glorious Rewards which divine Mercy will bestow on the Obedient; why should his Compassion condescend in a manner to woo us to accept a blessed Immortality. If this, I think, monstrous Tenet has any Foundation, *viz.* "That God, before the Foundation of the World, did Elect a certain Number of Men to be justified, sanctified, and glorified, who alone will be saved, and he, leaving the rest to themselves to follow the Imaginations of their own Hearts, which are incessantly evil, are at length justly punished with everlasting Destruction."

This is a terrible Tenet, my dear *Jervis*; but what Sir *Simon* on *Saturday* said was industriously propagated by a Set of Men who call themselves the *Elect*, and by this Doctrine, which they call the *Election of Grace*, they deny good Works being necessary to Salvation; and if they really hold this Faith, 'tis no Wonder they should; for they must look on all Mankind, who are not of the number of the *Elect*, as so many Vessels of Wrath, so many Devils incarnate, who were made to be eternally miserable, consequently Humanity shewn to such would be an Offence against God. I shall in the Afternoon return Lady *Darnford's* and her Daughters Visit, and I will put Sir *Simon* upon giving me a farther Account of these *Sectaries*.

But to proceed in my Diary: After Breakfast my dear Master and I took an Airing till Church-time, when we went to that of the Parish; it was a Stranger who officiated, and I hope with a Devotion which was not only seeming; he gave us a very good Discourse, and delivered it in an affecting manner.

After Sermon Lady *Jones* came up to, made me her Compliments, and said she would have paid me

me a Visit to welcome me into the Country, but was afraid, as I might not have so soon recovered from the fatigue of my Journey, she should indulge her own Inclinations at my Expence, by being troublesome. I answer'd, that her Ladyship could never be; that I should always esteem the Honour of her Ladyship's Visits a very great Advantage as they would afford me so many Opportunities for my Improvement. She reply'd the *Whole*, my Dear, *want no Physician*, and making me a Courtesy went to her Coach. Sir *Simon*, and the Ladies of his Family made us their Compliments, which, having return'd, we went to our respective Coaches.

When we got home I asked Mr. *B*—— if he knew the Clergyman who preached? He answered his Name is *Cleaves*, a very good Preacher, and a Man of exemplary Life. He was Curate to a Parish about five Miles off; the Living is worth about four hundred Pounds a Year, and is in the Crown. He now enjoys it, though he never aspired to it.—The Story is remarkable.

The Living being in the Crown, the Lord Chancellor presents to it. A young Gentleman of Family and Interest was, by a Nobleman, recommended to his Lordship, upon the Death of the late Incumbent. The Lord Chancellor finding no flaw in the young Clergyman's Character, who was thus recommended to him by a Person of Quality whom he was willing to oblige, promised him the Living.

Mr. *Cleaves*, who had been Curate twenty four Years (for he is fifty Years old, though he looks not of that Age) at thirty Pound a Year, and had a large Family of Children, got the neighbouring Clergy and Gentry to give him a Character, which they did, that he might apply to the succeeding

ceeding Incumbent to continue in the Cure. With these Testimonials he went to Town, and not knowing where else, address'd himself to my Lord Chancellor by Petition; in which he acquainted his Lordship with the time he had served the Cure, the Salary allow'd him, and the great Family he had to maintain. His Lordship was so good that he sent for him to his Chamber, and read the Testimonials Mr. *Cleaves* had brought with him. After which he said, Sir, I have given my Promise of the Living to Mr. —, and I don't question his continuing a Clergyman of so fair a Character.—I assure you I will speak to him in your behalf.

Mr. *Cleaves* return'd his Lordship Thanks and was taking Leave, when a Servant told my Lord, that the new Rector was below. Mr. *Cleaves*, said his Lordship, step into the next Room, I will call and present you to him; and do you, speaking to the Servant, desire Mr. — to walk up.

As soon as he came into the Room my Lord began thus, for Mr. *Cleaves* heard and saw what pass'd as he had left the Door in part open. Mr. —, I have a Favour to ask you.—Your Lordship will do me Honour in Commanding me. A Clergyman, continued my Lord, who serv'd Curate to the late Incumbent of — twenty four Years, at a small Salary, comes to me very well recommended, and desires to be continu'd. Now, this is what I ask you in his behalf.—Really, my Lord, 'tis unlucky, answer'd the other, that it is not in my Power to oblige your Lordship, for I have already promised the Cure.—Pray, to whom? give me his Name and Address; this he did in Writing, and then said, I must entreat your Lordship to order my Affairs to be

be dispatched, for I have Business in Town which requires my Return as soon as possible after my Induction. — I will take Care, Sir, that your Business shall not be retarded by your Absence. You have nothing else? — No, my Lord, but to return your Lordship Thanks. Saying this, he took Leave.

My Lord then called in Mr. *Cleaves*. Sir, said he, you may possibly have heard how little Interest I have with this young Gentleman? — I heard the Sentence of Want, my Lord, pass'd on myself and poor Family. — Well Sir, said his Lordship, may I hope to succeed better in asking a Favour of you? — I have heard your Lordship's Character, answered Mr. *Cleaves*, and from that conclude you cannot jest with Misery. Sir, replied the Chancellor, that is no Answer to my Question. My Lord, you may command my Obedience and Diligence in whatever Manner you may please to honour me with your Orders. — Will you, Sir, make the Clergyman whose Address the young Gentleman left me, and whom I know a very honest Man, your Curate, and allow him fifty Pounds a Year, (the Salary I intended to have asked for you had I succeeded) and I will give you this Living. Answer, Sir, directly to my Question. — With Joy, my Lord, nay whatever your Lordship shall please to appoint. — 'Tis sufficient for a single Man, as he is, since you could maintain a Family on less. Go Sir, the Living I irrevocably give you, find him out, here take his Address, and come to me in three Days, your Affairs shall be dispatch'd, the young Gentleman may stay in Town to look after his, and you may go down to take care of your Flock, which I find he did not trouble his Head about. I will have no Thanks, so am your humble Servant, I wish

D d

you

you much Joy with all my Heart. Saying this his Lordship went into his Closet. Mr. *Cleaves* found out the Clergyman, and telling him what had pass'd, desired he would prepare for his Journey. At the End of three Days he went with his Curate to my Lord Chancellor's, his Business was done, and sending a Servant up to my Lord to know if he had any Commands, his Lordship sent Word he was busy, and wished them both a good Journey.

I forgot to take Notice that the young Gentleman to whom his Lordship had promised this Living, was in Possession of a very good one, but had a Dispensation for a Plurality.

Indeed Sir, said I, I applaud my Lord's Procedure in my Heart. Don't you think, my dear Sir, that these Pluralities are a Discouragement to such of the Clergy as have not Interest? Is it not hard, that a Man of Learning and Virtue should in a Manner starve, while another whose Birth and Interest are, perhaps, his only Recommendations, should have great Revenues for doing nothing? As such commonly take Care of their Flocks by Proxy.

We must not, my *Pamela*, set up for Reformers: We should lose our Labour, and be laugh'd at if we did. It has been always thus.—Pardon me, dear Sir, if I presume to say, that I have read in former Days, the Revenues of the Church were employ'd according to the Design of the first Donors. That was to repair and beautify the Temples of God; to give a decent Support to his Ministers, and to relieve the necessitous, and to these Ends, as the properest Person the whole Revenue of the Church was entrusted to its respective Priest, and not to keep a luxurious Table; Hounds; a Stable of Horses, and an Equipage.

Hold

Hold your dangerous Tongue you little Prattle-Box. If I was to inform against you to Gownsmen of my Acquaintance they would excommunicate you. Nay they would not be content with giving you to the Devil, they would make you as black as he is, while you live. Ad my Life, what a Doctrine are you for broaching or reviving. Take Care you don't talk thus before any body else.

I hope the greater Number of the Clergy are worthy good Men ; but I assure you there are some *Petit Maitres* in black Gowns, as well as in tyed Wigs ; Men of Wit and Gaity, as polite and modish in their Principles and Practice as any Layman, take what Liberties he will. Should you fall under their Indignation you would be the Subject of twenty Lampoons immediately ; your Picture, the Reverse of what you are, hung up in every Pamphlet-shop, for some Time, and then be turn'd over to the Pastry-cooks to bottom Pies. The common Fate of most of our young Poets Productions. Remember I give you fair Warning.

Indeed, my dear Sir, I am sorry there are any such among the Clergy.—So am I, my charming *Pamela*, but the Proverb says, *it is not the Habit makes the Monk*. Remember there was one Traitor among the twelve Disciples. But how many young Gentlemen who would themselves have chosen a red Coat, have been forced to put on a black Gown, because their Parents had good Livings in their Gifts ? Is it to be expected, that Compulsion will make Saints ? Are Learning and Capacity, Religion and Virtue attached to a perpetual Advowson ? Because I can give my younger Son a Living of five hundred a Year, must he necessarily be fit for it ? People may vilify the Clergy, and there are certainly some among them that are a

Discredit to the holy Function ; but it is a Fault of the Laity, if they would present to none but worthy Subjects ; if Character, not Interest, was to determine their Choice ; if they would reject, even a Son, unworthy the Dignity of the Cloth, and prefer a Man of Virtue ; the Invectives against the Clergy would cease ; for such Rectors would admit no Curates but of their own Character, and this would make a general Reform. We should have the Clergy shining Lights, and both the young and old among them would be held in the highest Esteem, and rever'd for their Piety and Virtue,

The valuable Mr. *Brown*, said I, observed rightly that the exemplary Lives of a Number of most worthy Clergymen, shall be overlook'd, at least not much Notice taken of : But the dissolute Behaviour of one, *tho' he hath not enter'd into the Sheepfold by the Door, but has climbed up some other Way*, I mean though he has been compell'd, or has taken the Cloth with Wordly Views only, shall be made a Handle to asperse the whole Body without Distinction.

Dinner was by this Time brought in, and my dear Master sent for good Mr. *Longman*. As we were at Table my dear Mr. *B*—— said, do you think, *Longman*, but Lady *Pamela* here, is for having the Clergy as abstemious as Anchorets?—— Troth Sir, answered the good old Man, there are too many of them forced to live so, and I am sorry for it. About two Years since, your Affairs, Sir, called me into *Yorkshire*. I went in the Stage Coach. A Man rid behind, and dined with the Coachman on what came from the Passengers Table. At *Helphardby* I happened to go into the Kitchen when these two were at Dinner, and heard the Coachman call the other Doctor.

Doctor. I asked his Reason for it. Why, Sir, said he, because he is a Minister. A Minister, said I! yes, replied the Clergyman, I am an unworthy Priest of the Church of *England*, and have a Living of ten Pounds a Year, two Days Journey on the other Side *York*. Some Affairs called me to *London*, but as I wanted Money to purchase Justice, among the Lawyers, I found by sad Experience I might as well have saved a Walk of very near two hundred Miles. The honest Coachman's Parents live in my Parish, and his Charity gave me a Place behind the Coach, and has supported me on the Road, for I am indeed pennyless.

It made the Tears stand in my Eyes to see the poor Man's dejected Looks, and to hear a Minister of Christ's Doctrine talk of being obliged to the Charity of a Stage-Coachman. I left the Stage at this Town; but took an Opportunity to slip a Piece of Money into his Hand.—Prithee, said my dear Mr. B——, good-natur'd *Longman*, what did'st give him? I know thou hast a compassionate Heart; I am sure it was Gold. It was less, indeed, Sir, answer'd he, than I would have given him, could I have spared Money: For a Clergyman in Distress, obliged to comply with Things below the Dignity of his holy Office, for which I have the greatest Veneration, cuts me to the Heart.—Well, but let us know what your good Nature did give him? Since your Honour will know, it was a Broad-Piece, though a very small Piece, considering his Character and Distress. Methinks I could have kissed the good old Man, for his Tears were ready to gush out of his Eyes when he told the Story.—I suppose, said my dear Mr. B——, this was your own Money? Yes, Sir, answer'd the good old Man. Now, my *Pamela*, cried my dearest Benefactor, what do

you think of this trusty Steward of mine, who having an Opportunity of laying out my Money to Advantage, puts his own to a hundred *per Cent.* Interest.—What do I say, makes a hundred-fold of it, while mine lies idle? Truly, Sir, answered I, no-body can condemn this piece of Self-Interestedness. Looke-ye, Sir, reply'd Mr. *Longman*, I don't deserve this Reproach. In the first place, I had no Money of your Honour's then with me. In the second, I think, as I lay out so much of yours upon the same Security and with the same selfish Views, I think it but just when I have an Opportunity, to look a little to my own Profit.—Believe me, Madam, there is not this Way, a greater Usurer than my Master. If I was to tell what I know,—but I am enjoined Secrecy.—Don't mind him, my Charmer, I never do, when once I see him a little warm.—The least Word now, would provoke him to call me as great a Miser as himself.—Nay, Sir, since you go such Lengths, answered the good old Man, you are not only a greater than I am, but a greater than any I know in the *British* Dominions, I wish I durst, I would prove to my Lady (notwithstanding you are in the Flower of your Age) what an avaritious Husband she has. Did I not tell you this, my *Pamela*? said my dear Master. I answered, indeed, Sir, I must believe Mr. *Longman*, since I myself have been your Agent in putting out your Money to unspeakable Interest, and at the same Time on infallible Security. Nay, nay, replied he, if the Wife of my Bosom takes Part against me, 'tis time to give over my Defence. You are conscious, Sir, said Mr. *Longman*, I can support my Assertion by Evidence; so you are in the right to drop the Dispute. 'Tis prudent in a General, answered my dear Master, to sound

found a Retreat, and make the best he can, when he finds himself oppressed with Numbers.—Two to one, *Longman*, are great Odds.

My dear Master was very gay all Dinner, and I never saw Mr. *Longman* in so chearful a Humour. When it was time we went to Church, and Mr. *Cleaves* read Prayers, but we had no Sermon. Mr. and Mrs. *Peters*, soon after we had got home made us a Visit. They both seem'd to have a settled Melancholy. My dear Mr. B—— and I took Care to let drop nothing that might indicate our Knowledge of their Misfortune, though we cannot imagine they suppose us ignorant of it. My dear obliging Spouse when Supper was brought in, our Company being gone, sent for Mr. *Longman*, and when I withdrew kept him to drink a Bottle 'till past ten.

Adieu dear *Jervis*.

P. B.

Monday. My dear *Jervis*, my Looking-Glass this Morning caused in me some Reflections, which produced the following Lines.

* *Here's an Inanimate will show
What, possibly, few care to know:*

For,

* 'Tis evident that the Lady did not at the Time she wrote these Lines, understand any other than her Mother Tongue, (tho' as the Papers we have by us prove, she made herself, in process of Time, Mistress of several Languages) or we should be apt to imagine she had taken the Thought, nay the very Words from the *French* and *Italian*, and had out of two Sonnets in those Languages composed her own. But had it been so, the Affectation visible in that of the *French* is thrown out:

Misr

For, void of Flattery it tells,
 What mortifies our Beaux and Belles.
 Tho' dumb it is, and motionless,
 It speaks Defects in Face or Dress
 And every Motion does express.
 Tells you your Features, shews your Shape,
 And each affected Grace will ape:
 Seems what-e'er you do, to do,
 Frown you at this? Why that frowns too.
 But should you laugh at what you see,
 That seems to laugh as heartily.
 If you put on an Air of State,
 That stately Air 'twill imitate.

Smile

Miroir, peinture et portrait qui donnes et qui reçois
 Et qui portes en tous lieux avec toy mon Image,
 Qui peux tout exprimer, excepté le langage
 Et pour être animé n'as besoin que de voix:
 Tu peux seul me montrer, quand chez toi je me vois,
 Toutes mes passions peintes sur mon visage:
 Tu suis d'un pas égal mon humeur et mon âge,
 Et dans leurs changemens jamais ne te dérois,
 Les Mains d'un artisan au labeur obstinées
 D'un pénible travail font en plusieurs années,
 Un portrait que ne peut ressembler qu'un Instant.
 Mais toy, peintre brillant, d'un art imitable
 Tu fais sans nul effort un ouvrage inconstant
 Qui ressemble toujours, et n'est jamais semblable.

The Italian runs thus:

So' una mia cosa la qual non à viva,
 E par che viva: se gli vai dinanti,
 E se tu scrivi parerà che scriva:
 E se tu canti parerà che canti:
 E se ti affacci seco in prospettiva,
 Ti dira-i tuoi difetti tutti quanti:
 E se sdegno gli homeri le volti,
 Sparise anch'ella, ce torna se ti volti.

*Smile with Disdain, and that will too
Smile as disdainfully as you.*

*If it's Reproaches you can't bear,
And turn your Back, 'twill disappear,
Seems not to heed if you take Snuff,
But walks away as much in huff.*

*Happy were I, but cou'd I find
A Friend to shew me thus my Mind,
Each weak, each vain, each idle Thought
If thus before my Eyes 'twas brought;
How shou'd I blush when I should see
The Picture of Deformity.—*

In dressing I could not help reflecting that our Minds were as much disguised by our Words and Actions, as our Bodies are by our Cloaths: People very seldom appear what they really are. How different do our Stays, our Hoops, Shoes, Headcloaths, and the rest of the load of Things, in which we are bundled up, make us from what we really are. Were it not for Custom, how ridiculous would our Dress make us. I fancy if one of us was to be dropped in full Dress among the Inland Inhabitants of *Africa*, they would fly her sight, as some distorted Production of Nature; they must certainly look upon her as a Monster.

In the same manner, if all the Craft, the Wiles, the deep Designs, Schemes and Projects of some Men's Brains were exposed to view? were all the silly, romantick, fantastical Things, all the airy Castles which employ the Mind of some of our Sex set to Light, 'tis possible those Men who bear the Character of great Probity, and some Ladies, who are said to have good Sense, would appear the Reverse of what they are now thought.

As my dear Mr. B——'s Affection is the greatest Blessing I wish on Earth, I am glad he reads me
with

with Partiality; but I assure you, my dear *Fervis*, his Praises (tho' they are Musick to my Ear) have often mortified me, as I was self-conscious he was deceived in his Opinion. I have often catch'd my Thoughts wandering on such childish Nonsense, that I have really blush'd at my own Weakness.

My Looking-Glass made me, I thought, a fine Remonstrance as I was before it endeavouring to adjust my Dress so as to make me most agreeable in the Eyes of my dear Lord and Master. You are mighty careful to adorn that perishing Body, said my dumb Monitor, which shortly must be Food for Worms, and to heighten the Graces you owe to Nature, which minutely decay and make way for those succeeding Wrinkles and Deformity, old Age reserves as a Reward for your Vanity: And to what End? To please, you will say, your Husband, your Lord and Master. Speak out, have you no secret Pleasure farther than this? Is there not mingled with it a Vanity you are ashamed to own? But who is this Husband, this Lord and Master? I will allow he is an excellent Man; but is he more than Man? Do you take as much Care to cultivate and adorn your Mind, to embellish that, to make your Passions and Follies subject to Reason, and to be pleasing in the sight of your Creator, your much, infinitely much greater Lord and Master? Go, don't flatter yourself, it is not abstracted Desire to please your Husband, you would also appear agreeable in the Eyes of all. You love Praise, indeed *Pamela* you do, and tho' you have Sense enough to disguise this Weakness of the Mind, yet believe me, you would have more Sense if you got the better of it. Come and visit me often, I scorn Flattery, and I will always shew you to yourself what you are; I will no more hide your
Wrinkles

Wrinkles when you are old, than I will enviously conceal what share of Beauty you can now lay Claim to; but which, remember, is not owing to yourself, and for that very Reason you have no Ground to be Proud on that Score. Well, my dear *Fervis*, if my Looking-Glass will always hold me Discourses of this Nature, I shall be fonder of it than ever, as I hope its Admonitions will strengthen my Weakness, and correct my Errors. Perfection is not in Mortals, who is the least faulty we may say is the most perfect, and I will endeavour to be as clear as possible from my own Reproaches, which I find I am often liable to; nay, I may say I am the only one that is severe with *Pamela*, every body else treats her with Indulgence; but the Reason is obvious, I know her thoroughly, and see all those Foibles, which I fear she takes more Care to conceal from others than to correct in herself. I assure you, if I was not always tutoring her she would grow a little, impertinent, proud Hussy; but if it is possible I will get the better of her Follies, I will either master them, or she shan't be a Minute free from my Remonstrances, let her take them as she will. That I may do this, I mean conquer her Imperfections, I will constantly lay before her the difference, the wide difference between Time and Eternity. I will incessantly remind her what poor transitory Things are all Mortals. To-day priding themselves in their Youth, Strength, Beauty, Power or Riches; and in a little space, may be To-morrow, mingled with the Dust. I will often admonish her to look back, and consider what are become of all the great Men, the Heroes and Politicians, all the celebrated Beauties of past Ages, that she may reflect she will, like them, be forgotten in the succeeding Generation. I hope by these
means

means to keep her Head from turning by the height she has attained to; you know high Places are apt to make us dizzy, when we look down, but if we look up to Heaven there is no danger of our falling.

This Afternoon, my dear Friend, we return'd the Visit we were indebted to Sir *Simon's* Family. When I had a fair Opportunity offer'd me, I endeavour'd to put Sir *Simon* on the Topick of the absurd Tenets now endeavour'd to be propagated; but he answer'd, Madam, the Teachers themselves differ, there is already a Schism among them, and if they don't themselves know what they hold, it is impossible for us. Some of them teach that Faith alone is necessary to Salvation, that every thing else is needless; consequently good Works. Others, that good Works ought to accompany Faith, but the strongest Faith, and the best Works are to no purpose without a Pre-Election. Let us leave these Enthusiasts to their own wild Notions, saying this, he turn'd the Discourse.

The young Ladies have pitch'd on *Thursday* for the Ball; I wish with all my Heart this Fatigue, which we are oblig'd to submit to, was over. We Supp'd at Sir *Simon's*, and return'd by Moon-Light. When I got to my Chamber, after the performance of my Duty, I sat me down to this Letter, which I conclude with my Prayers, that Heaven may protect you, my dear Friend. Adieu.

Pamela B——.

cetera dividantur

F I N I S.



